April 29, 1933

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Thomas W. Lamont - Charles Brackett - R.G. Kirk - Art

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA, KANSAS

MRS W HENDERSON
2924 E 28TH ST
KANSAS CITY
MO

APRIL 29, 1933

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILLUSION:

The magician shoots the arrow—apparently *through* his lovely assistant—and it fixes itself in the very *center* of the bull's-eye! And the girl smiles while the audience gasps!

EXPLANATION:

The arrow which the marksman "shoots through" his assistant simply folds up into the crossbow! The arrow which is embedded in the target is shot by the girl herself from a belt concealed under her dress when she touches a little spring. The girl also releases a ribbon from the front of her dress—the continuation, seemingly, of the ribbon attached to the arrow in the target.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Let's look at the *illusion* in cigarette advertising that by certain magic processes raw, inferior tobaccos can be made as soothing as cough syrup.

EXPLANATION: The easiest cigarette on your throat is the cigarette that is made from the choicest ripe tobaccos. Cheap, raw tobaccos are, as you would naturally expect, *harsh* in their effects upon the throat. If you have to consider your throat, the quality of the tobacco in your cigarette is important.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Camels are as non-irritating as a cigarette can be because Camels use choice, ripe, costlier tobaccos... in a matchless blend.

KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

NO TRICKS — JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If we lose our figures...we lose our jobs"

say GRETA NISSEN and ADOLPHE MENJOU

Enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" on location between scenes of "Circus Queen Murder"—the new Columbia production.

The "Hollywood Lunch" helps movie stars "keep fit without fat"

EXCESS weight can cost a star popularity —and even a job! For almost every contract sets a limit to the pounds a star can gain.

That's why screen favorites know what foods build energy—give nourishment—without adding a fraction to the silhouette.

No heavy lunches!

At lunch time especially, you'll find few stars eating a heavy, fattening meal. They need *energy* to pull them through the afternoon. And they get it from a light, nourishing lunch —the famous "Hollywood Lunch."

Look at the picture above. It was snapped on location as Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou took time out for lunch between scenes of "Circus Queen Murder"—the new Columbia production.

Notice they're eating, not a heavy meal, but a "Hollywood Lunch"—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk.*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit

If you want to stay slim—and at the same time keep fit—forget the heavy lunches. Instead, for lunches, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted — Borden's Malted Milk!

***Borden's is* better!**

Borden's is a finer malted milk. Richer in nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Make tomorrow's lunch a "Hollywood Lunch!" And don't forget—for home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

A FEW scattered deaths on the Riviera. Nothing much out of the ordinary. But enough to alarm the French police. They summon Dr. Petrie.

And then, in his improvised laboratory on the shores of the Mediterranean, Petrie makes his hideous discovery. In the blood of the victims he finds parasites resembling those of sleeping sickness but associated with the dread bacillus of the plague. The combination is sinister; the circumstances point to a *human* agency of distribution.

By now the awful truth must have dawned upon you: Dr. Fu Manchu, the arch-foe of Western civilization, is once more at work. Petrie is stricken down. Sir Denis Nayland Smith takes up the battle for humanity, assisted by a young American, Alan Sterling, who is fighting not for humanity alone but for the beautiful and mysterious Fleurette, destined to be "The Bride of Fu Manchu."

Sax Rohmer's latest and most fascinating serial begins next week.

THIRTY-TWO is young for a Superior Court judge. Too young, many people thought when Thayer Holden was appointed. But for a time they seemed to be wrong. He was an exemplary judge until—

Bettina Bauchart invaded his chambers. Her hair was red, her skin a white glow in the darkened room and her purpose was to corrupt the court. Judge Holden ejected her bodily, but that was not the end of the matter. Perhaps it was the red hair that was at fault, perhaps it was the slipper she left behind; in any event Judge Holden became involved in a series of adventures which brought him to the verge of despair. Stephen Morehouse Avery tells you how the affair was "Settled Out of Court."

LARRY WYLE was a mechanic by profession, a plumber at odd moments and a racing driver by avocation. He was also an inventor. And so he should have had better sense than to go to New York and buy a diamond ring just because summer love had suddenly become a very serious thing. Especially when the girl happened to be the daughter of George Rockhill, the motor magnate. In a gay short story Eric Hatch describes this young man's unaccountable actions, which turned out surprisingly—as sometimes happens with "Summer Love."

H. I. PHILLIPS contributes an uproarious article on "Fallen Fathers." John B. Kennedy writes the Short Short Story. Don Marquis, Arthur Somers Roche, Alan LeMay and others bring their wits and wisdom for your diversion.

This Week

April 29, 1933

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Better Days Are Here. **The nation believes it: here's why they're right.** **Page 7**

GREGORIO SOMERS
The Loveliest Girl in Caracas. **And the man who risked his life to see her.** **Page 8**

DON MARQUIS
The Glad Eye. **High-minded madness.** **Page 10**

CHARLES BRACKETT
Her Hero. **A thing of beauty, but unserviceable.** **Page 11**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Her Name Was Eve, **by R. G. Kirk.** **Page 13**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part IV. **Martha's engagement.** **Page 14**

THOMAS W. LAMONT
Henry P. Davison. **Our banking practice and banking needs.** **Page 16**

EDGAR FRANKLIN
Stay Out of the Moonlight. **Or take the consequences.** **Page 18**

ALAN LeMAY
Cold Trails, Part IX. **Horse Dunn at bay.** **Page 20**

ARTHUR F. KRAETZER, M. D.
What to Eat. **Sane advice from an expert.** **Page 22**

CLINTON W. GILBERT
Lucky Woodin. **That's only part of the story.** **Page 23**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Information—authoritative, precise and amazing.** **Page 24**

EDITORIAL
Oats for the Iron Horse. **Page 50**

Any Week

DON MARQUIS, father of Mehitabel and Archie, and The Old Soak's *alter ego*, asks us to reply to this one from Mr. Ray B. Graham of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Graham reports a discussion among his friends about the pronunciation of Mr. Marquis' name. Is it Mar*quiss* or Mar*kee?* Mr. Marquis informs us that the last person to pronounce his name Markee in his presence is now trying to get along without ears. So if you must speak of or to the man at all call him Marquiss. Better add the Mister too, just to play safe.

AND Mr. W. F. Woolard of Champaign, Illinois, urges that in the light of "the recent depression" it would be well for all of us to ponder on the words of Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson: "We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it and stop there lest we be like the cat that sits down on a hot stove lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove lid again—and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one any more."

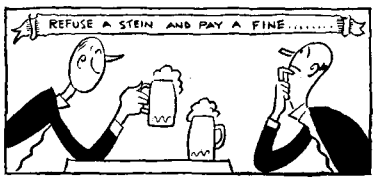
BITTERLY Mr. Joseph B. Calhern of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, considers the times. Here, says he, he sees the jails are bulging with bankers and tight-rope financiers. Mortgage foreclosures are being postponed for a year. Beer is lubricating the human heart. Politicians are riding in street cars. Loan sharks are selling apples. And Mr. Calhern's doctor has warned him that his heart will not stand the strain of even a mild celebration. If you don't think we weep for Mr. Calhern, look at us.

"I UNDERSTAND," says Mr. E. A. Steele of Kansas City, Missouri, "that in Pike County they are sharpening the teeth of the descendants of old Champ Clark's hound dogs against the happy day when Bennett Champ Clark, United States senator, comes back to the old home county, preferably with his friend Huey."

"I DO wish," writes Mrs. B. C. Allen of Scarsdale, New York, "that you would publish at least one story where the girl marries the rich villain and manages to live happily with him ever after. I am so fed up with this sentimental tripe where the girl marries the poor but handsome boy! Bring on your villains."

"VILLAINS in fiction and the movies never marry the beautiful heroine," says Mr. Albert H. Morney of Baltimore, Maryland. "But it is not because they are really villainous; they are just cagy."

"NOW," writes Mr. Edward N. Richards of Exeter, New Hampshire, "that the Noble Experiment appears definitely proven just that, would it not be well to suggest to our legislators that they consider fines and penalties for those individuals who refuse a sociable glass of beer?"



A MERE suggestion and no harm meant, from Mr. Lester C. Bush of Muncie, Indiana: "I suggest that prohibition appropriations be expended for radio equipment for the Senate and the House, and each member of Congress compelled to speak into the mike when he speaks at all. This, I believe, will produce a country-wide demand that the number of senators and representatives be reduced at least seventy-five per cent, thus reducing the national budget and saving business from a complete collapse."

MR. JOSEF HOFMANN, director of the Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, takes exception to Wilfred Pelletier's statement in "Voices for Sale" that Miss Rose Bampton, contralto, was not encouraged by the Institute to sing operatic rôles. To the contrary, says Mr. Hofmann, she was not only encouraged but coached in the Institute for her appearances with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company and is still a student there.

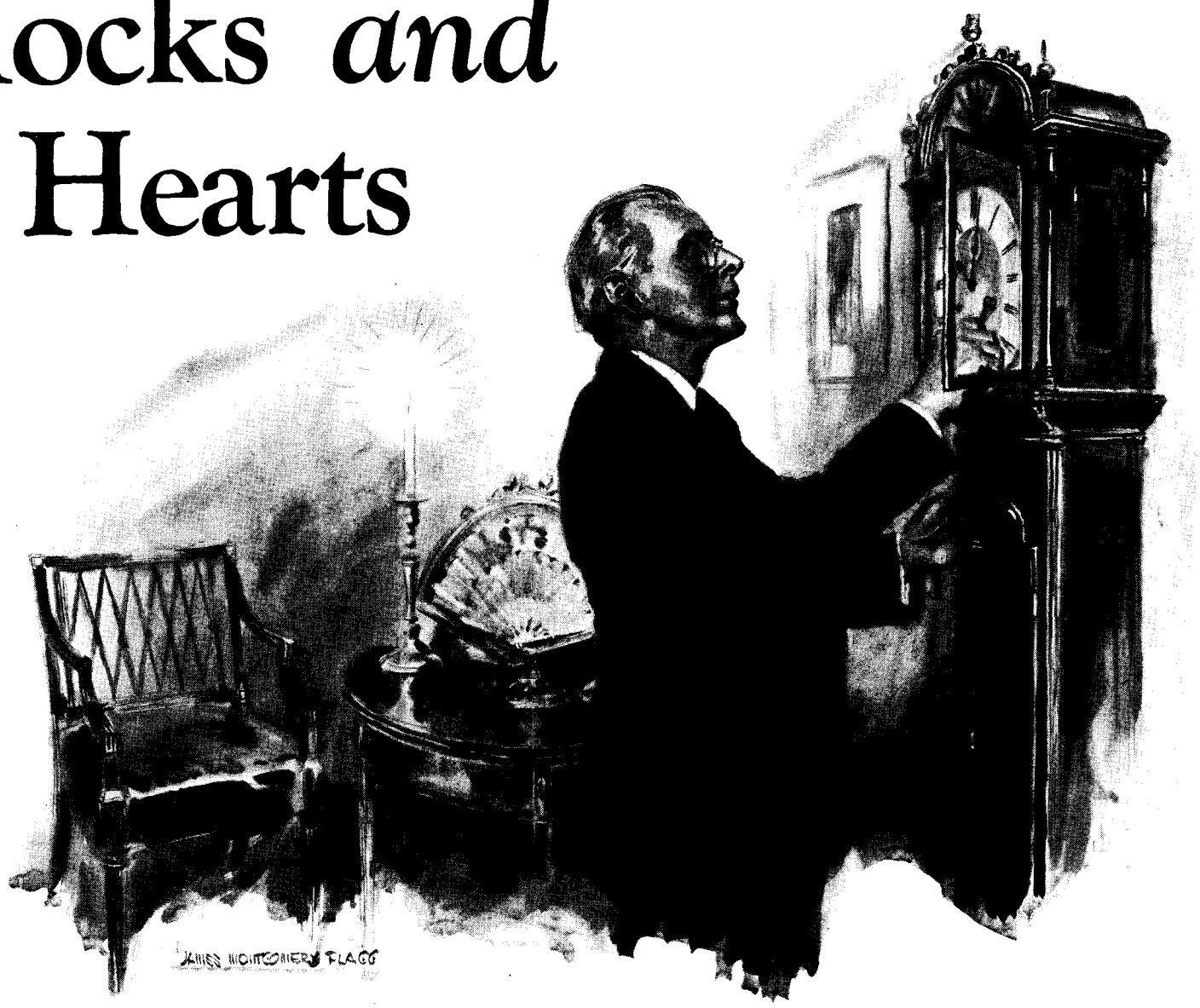
PROOF that the depression is just about ready to retire comes from Mr. Mike Mario of Chatham Square, New York City. He announces that Mr. Ludwig Consumo, champion heavyweight, free-style eater, whom Mr. Mario manages, is now ready to post one thousand dollars to back up his contention that he can eat more food and drink more beer at a sitting than any man in America. Mr. Consumo's only stipulation is that the loser must pay for all the food and drink absorbed by the contestants during the match. Challengers may nominate their own and Mr. Consumo's victuals, set the time and name the place for the contest. Mr. Mario advises that "my man will eat any guy in the world and carry him home afterwards."

Vol. 91, No. 17. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1933, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $3.50 a year to Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clocks *and* Hearts



Too prolonged overstrain at any age in life may cause heart trouble. There are, however, three general groups of heart difficulties:

FIRST—***the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains," tonsillitis and stiff and painful joints) frequently cause heart disease. Diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts.***

SECOND—***heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, toxic poisoning, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses and elsewhere.***

THIRD—***heart ailments of old people which may result from one of these definite causes or from hardening of the arteries.***

Many people whose hearts have been damaged are adding years to their lives by hygienic living, rest and intelligently balanced exercise.

WHEN you look at a beautiful clock which has kept almost perfect time for nearly a hundred years, you marvel at the skill of its maker.

However, it could not have kept ticking 31,536,000 times a year if it had not been regularly inspected and kept in good repair during its long life.

But far more remarkable than the old clock is the engine made for you by Nature, which pumps faster than the clock ticks — your own heart which has throbbed more than 35,000,000 times a year with no stopping for repairs. Your very life depends upon its continuing ability to pump blood to all parts of your body.

Do you take good care of your heart? It will serve you longer, make you happier, make your life more worth living if you do not abuse it and if you do not neglect it in case it beats too fast or too slow, too faintly or too violently.

A man with a bad heart—*who has learned how to take care of it*—frequently outlives men who persistently abuse their hearts. Some of the most efficient and useful people in the world have had heart trouble for years.

In sharp contrast to people who have real heart ailments are the many persons who worry about imaginary heart trouble. Indigestion, lung trouble or nervousness may cause symptoms near the heart, while the heart itself is entirely sound.

If you would keep your heart beating contentedly, like Grandfather's clock—seventy, eighty or perhaps a hundred years—give it attention—at least an annual examination by a competent doctor. He will tell you what to do if it needs help or special care. The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Give Your Heart a Chance." Address Booklet Department 533-C.

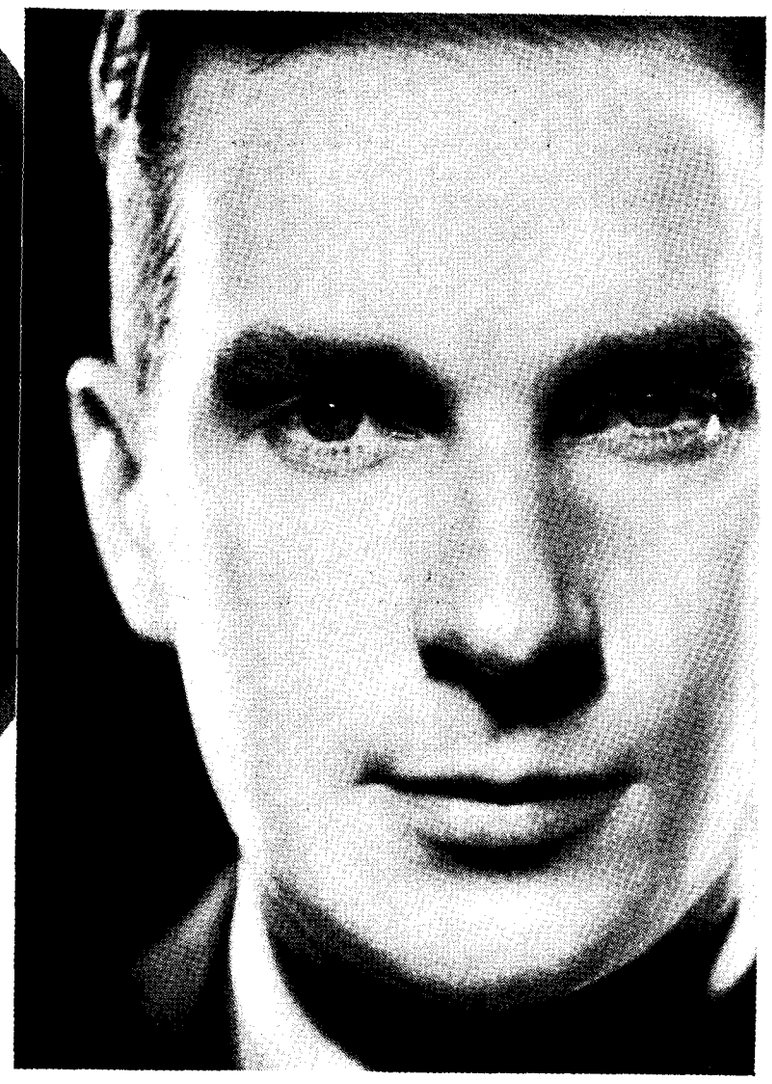
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For rough chins *and thin skins!*

So many faces are sore at incompetent razors that Gem's smooth work has convinced millions of men (who never before knew the comfort of a straight-blade shave) that *only* a Gem can keep rough chins and tender skins on friendly terms.

It cost us $660,000.00 to translate the tugless, barber-shop stroke into a new frame which dual-aligns the edge so precisely that it can't scuff, skip or skid—and glides through the wiriest stubble without an ouch or a grouch in its wake. Gem Micromatic Razors are built in one piece with no removable parts. Designed with such simplicity and strength that we'll bet a lifetime guarantee you can't break yours.

Surgical steel Gem Blades (single- or double-edged) won't "welch" either. 50% thicker—stropped 4840 separate times—and you can't exhaust their keenness until you've had many times your money's worth in shaving and saving.

We may toot a loud horn, but there are so many things to "blow" about in the Gem Micromatic and its amazing blades, that for 25c we'll forward any Doubting Thomas a complete test set with a single- and a double-edge blade, and the latest gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor, now being featured in Gem's regular $1.00 outfits. *Coupon, do your duty!*

GEM
MICROMATIC
RAZOR *and* BLADES

© G. S. R. C. 1933

Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C5, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1.00 outfits.

PRINT NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFTER this article was written Collier's decided to test its cheerful forecast by sampling current public opinion. Accordingly a well-known and conservative research organization was employed to gather the information.

In a hundred cities and towns all over the United States thousands of men and women were interviewed by experienced research workers. 15,634 interviews were obtained and five questions were asked. The fifth and significant one from the standpoint of the business outlook was:

"Do you feel more certain of recovery than you did before the banking holiday?"

Responses to this question were:

Yes	*No*	*Don't Know*
87.9%	10.7%	1.4%

Such a heavy preponderance of optimistic sentiment means that your neighbor thinks as you do that better days are not only ahead of us; they are here.

As a further check upon this surprisingly optimistic expression regularly employed members of the Circulation Department of Collier's throughout the nation questioned [illegible] men and women. Their replies were:

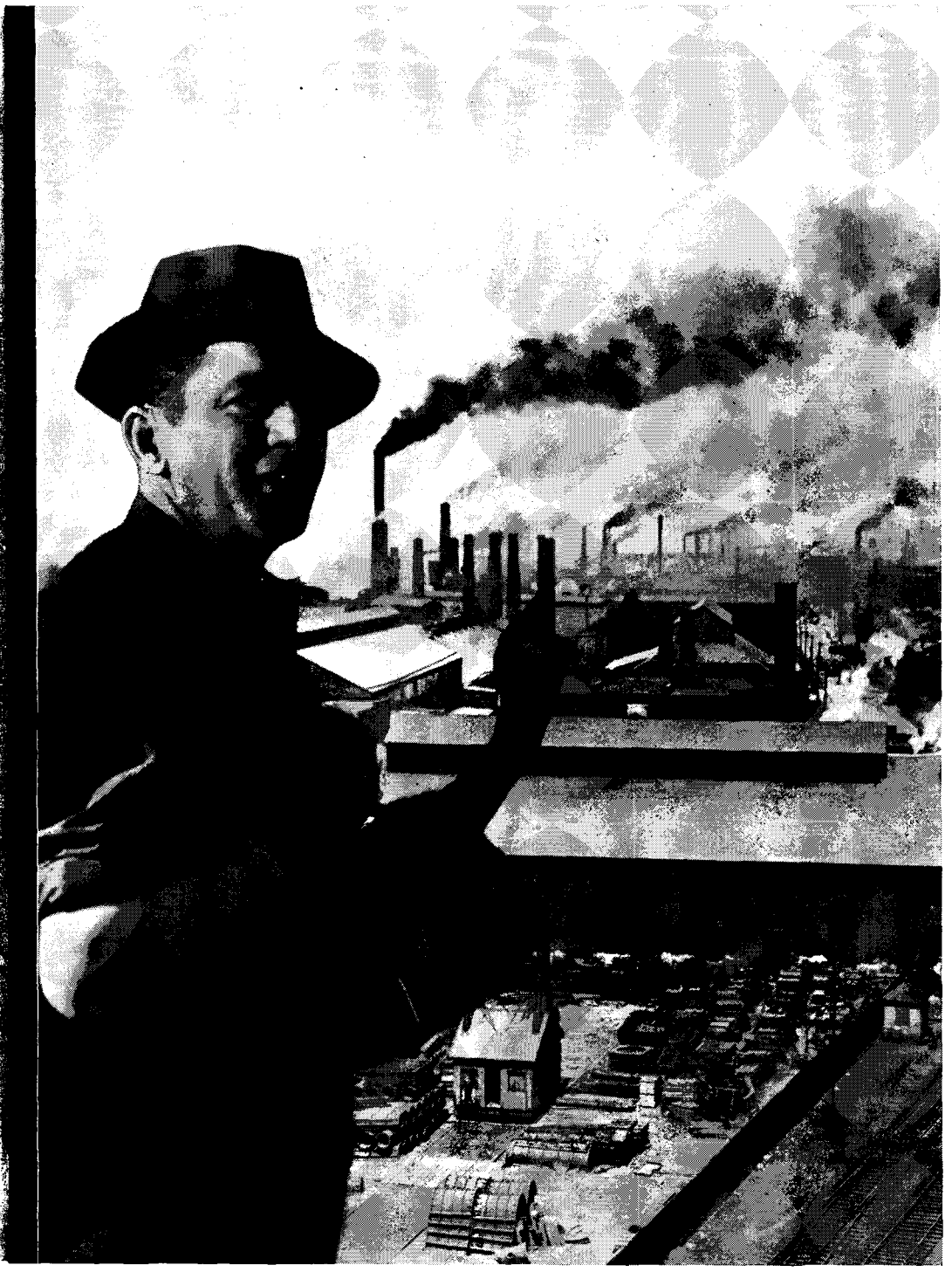
Yes	*No*	*No Answer*
95.7%	3.5%	.8%

The even greater optimism revealed may be due to the fact that the latter group was composed exclusively of Collier's subscribers.

Although these groups, totaling 29,464, are relatively small, statistical experience shows that expanding the numbers would not alter the results and that they are fair samples of [illegible] public opinion.

The same general sentiment of courage and hopefulness prevailed.

The other four questions were designed to show the attitude of the people toward giving President Roosevelt greater power to deal with unemployment, the farm problem, the reduction of governmental costs, and other urgent problems. Both surveys showed that upward of 80% of the people, regardless of party affiliations, favor giving the President the needed authority.



Bert Clark Thayer

Better Days are Here

By William L. Chenery

Editor of Collier's

WE ARE getting out of the woods. The long days and nights of blind wandering are past. We know whither we want to go and we are well on our way. Unless we make some incredible mistake, within a few months we shall be far along the road to recovery. Measured by anything we have known during the last year and more, this coming September will be a prosperous month. In the annals of this depression we even now can reasonably forecast that the autumn of this 1933 will be remembered as the happy season of good times.

In making this estimate we do not have to rely upon cheap optimism. Nor do we have to make our wishes father to our thoughts. The soundest and most substantial reasons stand behind this conclusion. They assume, however, a continuance of the sanity and the firmness of purpose which have characterized our behavior during the weeks and months of early spring.

Various and widespread as have been the evil symptoms of this depression, it is true that we have suffered nothing which a moderate and continued rise in prices would not cure. Look wherever you will and this is true. Falling prices withered our capacity to buy and to consume. Rising prices inevitably will stimulate us both to buy and to consume. This is true wherever we live and whatever we do. It is true of Tennessee and it is true of New Zealand. It is true of Nebraska, of the Argentine and of South Africa.

Falling prices, however, were a result, not a cause. Our present solid expectations are built on the judgment that at last the causes which forced prices downward have been overcome and that at this moment the currents are flowing in the opposite direction.

Of the fact that confidence has returned in this country there is not the slightest doubt. Confidence is intangible but, in the long run, invincible. It is the sum of the beliefs, feelings and judgments of a hundred million people. The change in popular sentiment during March was almost miraculous. Nothing comparable has happened within the memory of living men. More than that, this new confidence rests on solid foundations. We have not hypnotized ourselves into cheerfulness. We are sanguine because at last the facts are with us and not against us.

Let's get down to brass tacks. What are the factors which will improve any business now? Better prices and a larger demand are the answer. The two go hand in hand. Firm and rising prices will stimulate demand. A large demand will stimulate prices.

What are the reasonable grounds for concluding that prices will be somewhat higher and demand considerably larger during the months ahead? First, and most important possibly, is the change which has occurred in our thinking as a people. We have confidence and courage now in place of doubt and fear. There was never any question of the fact that the tide would turn. Anyone who has any historical perspective has always been sure of that. When the turn would come has been the question hard to deal with because the answer lay so largely within us. When would our feelings change? When would our courage return? This is Item Number One.

Even our periods of discouragement were not altogether unreasonable, however, and so it is fair to ask what assurances we have that our mood will not again become gloomy and that defeat, not victory, will be in the air. Fortunately we are on solid ground here.

The largest element of fear in this country last winter arose from uncertainty concerning the future value of money and the stability of our credit institutions. These questions have been boldly and brilliantly answered by the

(Continued on page 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For two years he had heard only one human voice—that of his enemy

The Loveliest Girl in Caracas

By Gregorio Somers

A story of love, hate and vengeance, in a land where men learn well the meaning of all three

SHE was the S. S. Carúpano, four days out of New York, bound for Venezuela with a stop at San Juan. The sea had turned a tropical blue. The flying-fish were scattering from under her bows just ahead of the spray. And the jagged green mountains of Puerto Rico lay just out of sight below the line of the southern horizon.

On the deck near the door of the smoking-room stood Captain Fuller, leaning his six feet of stalwart, middle-aged Yankee strength against the rail. For a time he watched the braided cord of the patent log as it twisted busily, ticking off the miles between New York and San Juan. Then he glanced over his shoulder.

It was Ricardo Sanchez who stood behind him—a young Venezuelan passenger about whom Captain Fuller possessed a certain curiosity. He was perhaps twenty-five years old, a pure Spanish Creole without a drop of colored blood in his veins. His complexion was rather light for a Latin. He was leanly handsome—hawklike Spanish nose, red lips, and heavy black eyebrows. He leaned against the rail beside the captain and stared silently at the log-line. After a few moments he made a faint suggestion of a bow, and addressed the captain in excellent English.

"Captain," he asked, "for how many feet does that little string revolve each time?"

"About one turn to a fathom," said the captain.

"One hundred thousand more turns, then," said Sanchez, "before we get to San Juan."

"That's about right," said the captain.

Then another voice joined the conversation. It was Herr Bauer, elderly German merchant from Caracas: philosophical, soft-spoken, and an old friend of the captain.

"One hundred thousand more turns in American waters, my friend Sanchez," he said. "Then six hundred thousand to Venezuela. *And have you six hundred thousand drops of blood in your throat, my friend?*"

Sanchez smiled politely.

"Captain," he said, "this good friend of mine has been trying to make me afraid of my own country. He thinks my health would be better if I left your ship at San Juan. But I should not like San Juan."

"It is a nice little city," said Bauer. "And very healthy."

SANCHEZ shrugged his shoulders. "My government has promised to welcome me in Venezuela. Bygones will be bygones. And perhaps I shall be allowed to serve my country once more."

"Yes," said Bauer somberly. "You will be welcomed. But there are no bygones in Venezuela."

Sanchez shrugged his shoulders again and strolled off into the smoking-room, where he took a chair at a table and sat staring at the brass ash tray in the center. When he was out of hearing, the captain turned to Bauer.

"Who's that fellow?" he asked. "Another revolutionist—out to 'get' the General?"

Bauer looked over his shoulder carefully. On a boat bound for Venezuela one mentions "the General" with caution. "The General" is the President and practically the owner of Venezuela. His well-trained army, his horde of spies, his airplanes, prisons and firing squads command respect even north of Puerto Rico. But the deck was deserted.

"Captain," said Bauer in a low voice, "shall I tell you about Sanchez?"

"Tell away."

"Very well. I think you have heard of President Barco."

"Sure, I have," said the captain. "He was sort of tough, wasn't he?"

Bauer nodded emphatically.

"Yes, he was *very* tough. He liked drink, and he liked murder, but women were what he liked best. And especially he liked the young daughters of the better families of Caracas. It was revenge, they say, for certain insults. He would pay for the girl in money or official position. He would keep her a little time and then send her home to marry any man who would have her. If her father refused to let her visit the palace, it meant death or prison. And the girl would be taken by force."

"I've heard of that business," said the captain. "Nice country."

"But it was not exactly Barco that stole the betrothed of Ricardo Sanchez. It was Jesus-Maria Guzman who wanted her most. He was then Minister of Hacienda. He is now governor of the Federal District."

"That's something I never *did* understand," interrupted the captain. "The rest of the Barco gang beat it when Barco went to Europe for that operation, and the General took charge of things. Only Guzman hung on."

"That is a mystery," said Bauer. "They say the General is grateful to Guzman for something. And the General does not like to forget a friend."

"Well, who was the girl Guzman swiped from Ricardo Sanchez?"

"HER name was Lucia Vargas. She is now his wife. It was five years ago, and she was eighteen years old. She was the prettiest girl in Caracas. I saw her once before it happened. She was little, and she had blue eyes. She was always smiling. She does not smile much now, but she is still the most beautiful woman in Caracas."

"Well, what happened?"

"Ricardo Sanchez and Guzman both asked to marry her. Sanchez won. Guzman is not of pure white blood, and the Vargas family would not even have him in the house. Perhaps they told him the reason too frankly. He cursed them all and promised to get revenge. But nothing happened for a time—no shooting, no arrests, nothing. Guzman was making a plan.

"So those two were engaged to be married. It was arranged for the next Sunday in the Inglesia Mercedes. But it did not happen. President Barco invited all Caracas to a ball at his palace in La Victoria. Lucia Vargas and Ricardo Sanchez went with the rest. They had to, for the invitations of Barco were commands. And they have not seen each other since."

"Barco just took her, did he?" asked the captain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No, no, my friend." Bauer waved his finger before his nose in an emphatic Spanish negative. "No, no. Barco liked to do things with a certain style. Also he liked his little joke. I remember it so well."

Bauer shook his head.

"I was at that party."

"Come on, come on," cried the captain. "I'm getting interested."

BUT Bauer was not to be hurried. "You must know first," he continued deliberately, "that Barco did not like the old families of Caracas. He was not one of them, and he hated them with a hatred such as we Northerners cannot imagine. He would have killed them all if he had dared. But he did not dare. So he took his revenge slowly, by tricks. It was easy and it was safe. Also the pleasure lasted longer.

"The leader of the Caraqueños then was old Don Francisco Vargas, the father of Lucia. He was seventy years old and a peaceful man. He did not plot against Barco, but he tried to build up a party which would govern the country honestly when Barco was gone. He was an old gentleman with white hair. Barco hated him more than the others. But he did not wish merely to kill him. He had a better plan. They say it was Jesus-Maria Guzman who thought of it."

Bauer shook his head solemnly and looked into the captain's eyes.

"I was there, Captain," he said. "I remember it so well. It was five years ago, and I remember it like yesterday. It was in the great palace of Barco at La Victoria. All Caracas was there—the government people, the old families, the foreigners, the merchants of the city. There was a company of cavalry outside the door. The national orchestra played the music for dancing. The president sat on a high platform against the wall. He sat in a big chair with high back and arms. Those arms and the back were of steel covered with velvet."

"Yes," said the captain. "I've heard of that chair."

"I can see him now," continued Bauer, "so fat and so cruel in his steel chair, while all the beautiful women and handsome men of Caracas danced before him on the bright tile floor.

"They were all a little nervous—the Caraqueños. They felt that something was going to happen, but they did not know what it would be.

"Jesus-Maria Guzman sat in a little chair beside the president. They would whisper together, and then they would laugh.

"AT TWELVE o'clock the orchestra stopped playing, and President Barco stood up.

"'Don Francisco Vargas!' he called in his deep voice.

"The room was very still. I could hear a burro braying on the mountain across the valley.

"'At your orders,' said Don Francisco. His voice was soft and quiet. He came across the dance floor, and the people scattered to give him room. Finally he stood below the president's platform, looking up at him. There was a smile on his lips, although he felt, I think, that his death was near.

"The president looked down at him for a moment. Then he spoke, in a voice loud enough for the most distant to hear.

"'Don Francisco,' he said, 'we have been enemies long enough. You are a man of intelligence and courage. Venezuela needs such men. I have gathered the people of Caracas together tonight to hear me make peace with you. I offer you the presidency of the state of Apure. I trust you will accept.'

"There was a moment of silence; then a burst of cheering from the Caraqueños around the dance floor. Perhaps the long years of terror were over. Here was Barco offering an important post to their leader. They cheered and clapped their hands.

"Only one man did not cheer. That was Don Francisco Vargas. It was a grave moment, he felt. He bowed to the president, and when silence came, answered in a voice so low that only a few could hear.

"'Your Excellency,' he said, 'I am an old man, and I have no experience in governing. But in spite of this I shall accept gratefully the presidency of the most remote, the most unhealthy, and the most lawless state in the republic.'

"For a moment Barco frowned. He did not quite understand this acceptance speech. He had hoped that Don Francisco would accept with a real smile. The rest of the joke would be more fun. But he bowed politely in return.

"'I thank you for accepting,' he said. 'I am sure that you will do well at your post. And now may I ask if your prospective son-in-law, Lieutenant Sanchez, is with us this evening?'

"'He is here, Your Excellency,' answered Don Francisco. He must have guessed what would follow, for his face, I think, turned a little whiter.

"'Ricardo Sanchez!' called the president loudly.

"'At your orders,' said Sanchez, stepping forward. He was very handsome in his uniform, and he looked much younger than he does now.

"'Ricardo Sanchez,' said Barco, 'I have heard good reports of you. I wish you to go to Apure with your prospective father-in-law. You will be his chief of staff.'

"Sanchez saluted. 'At your orders,' he said.

"Then the president took a step forward and looked down at the young man with what he probably intended for a fatherly expression.

"'I am told,' he said with kindly interest, 'that you are about to be married. I should like to see your fiancée—at once!'

"A COMPLETE silence fell over the hall. Old Don Francisco looked as if he had turned to marble. Ricardo Sanchez did not answer, but stood silently at attention. A squad of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, entered the room.

"'Well?' said the president impatiently.

"The silence continued. No one moved. No one spoke. I think that some did not breathe. Then there was the sound of light footsteps on the tile floor. From a group of girls at the far end of the room came Lucia Vargas. She walked slowly across to the president. I remember her so well. She was so little and so pretty. She wore a white dress, and her arms were as white as the satin. Her hair was shining like polished tortoise-shell, and her eyes were big and round—trying not to be frightened.

"She stopped in front of the president and curtsied.

"'You are very fortunate,' he said to Don Francisco Vargas, 'to possess so beautiful a daughter. But I cannot allow you or her prospective husband to run the risk of taking her with you to Apure. The state is too lawless and unhealthy.'

"He turned to Ricardo Sanchez.

"'I shall take good care of your betrothed. I shall see that no harm comes to the loveliest girl in Caracas. I shall take care of her in my own palace.'

"There was a moment of silence—the silence of frozen horror. Then came a little giggle from Jesus-Maria Guzman. Then the wild sound of the president's laugh. He threw back his head and shouted until the echoes rang through the hall. He laughed like the mad beast he was. And for a moment no one moved or spoke.

"Then hell broke loose. Lucia Vargas slumped to the floor in a faint. Ricardo Sanchez got out his gun and fired two ineffective shots at the president before he was seized by the secret police. Other shots were fired, by the guests, by the police and soldiers. Then more soldiers burst in.

"WHEN it was all over, Sanchez and Don Francisco were led away to that terrible prison—San Carlos.

"Then the president stepped down from the platform, laughing his hideous laugh, picked Lucia Vargas up from the floor, and carried her through a small door into the inner patio of the palace. That was all."

(Continued on page 24)

Illustrated by George Howe

"Will he live?" she asked, her voice trembling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was all I could do, but I tried to put emotion into it. "Oh, Lord!" she cried, "did you see that?"

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

The Glad Eye

By Don Marquis

I AM probably one of the few persons who ever took a ride to his own funeral through the crowded streets of a big town and lived to tell the tale.

Four or five years ago, out in Hollywood, old John Q. Error rose up one evening and kicked me right on the heart with both hind hoofs at once, and said cardiac organ enlarged like nobody's business—it spread like a big soft snowball flung against a barn door.

A day or two later they shoved me into an ambulance which was the queerest ambulance I ever inhabited—the queerest I ever saw, in fact—to take me away from where I was at. It had glass sides; it looked exactly like a hearse without plumes.

I lay in it on a little white cot in a white hospital suit with a white sheet over me, and I was conscious that I looked exactly like a corpse who is out hunting his coffin. And I was about as animated as one; I couldn't raise a whisper, let alone a finger.

For a few minutes I lay there and enjoyed the joke that I wasn't dead, but that everybody who looked in thought I was. Then my hearse and I got into a traffic jam near the old Hollywood Hotel, at the corner of Orchid Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. And too many people got to looking in and speculating on who had stolen a poor stiff's coffin right out from under him. I began to think I *was* dead.

JAMMED almost against the glass on my left side was a perky little roadster with two girls in it; this outfit was really only a few inches from my head, and as I lay there feeling sorrier and sorrier for myself because I was dead I heard this conversation:

Driver: It's an elderly man, isn't it?

Other Girl: It's got gray hair, anyhow.

Driver: I wonder why they haven't got it in a casket.

Other Girl: Maybe they're taking it to some undertaking place, to get its coffin.

Driver: I didn't know they ever took them this way.

Other Girl: Neither did I.

Driver: I wonder what it died of?

Other Girl: I hope nothing contagious!

Driver: So do I—with us jammed up practically against it, like this!

Other Girl: Well, the germs couldn't get out through the glass, could they?

Driver: You can't tell where a germ will crawl to; they're so little.

Other Girl: You think the germs could crawl around the edges of the glass?

Driver: How do I know? You can't ever tell *where* germs will crawl to, I tell you! Gosh, I wish this traffic would loosen up!

I BEGAN to get more and more nettled by being referred to as "it," instead of "he." Just then the traffic started again, slowly, and moving a foot at a time.

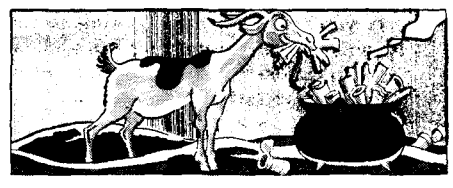
"It," said the Driver, "looks like it had been a dissipated man."

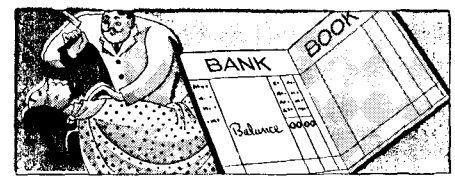
With that, I thought I would give her a thrill to remember me by. So summoning every ounce of vitality I had left, I moved my head slightly, looked her right in the eye—there were only a few inches between us—and winked at her. It was all I could do, but I tried to put emotion into it.

"Oh, Lord!" she cried, "did you see that?" She threw her arms into the air and her steering wheel, thus left to itself, propelled her roadster against a taxicab, which was properly beaned.

I played completely dead again, immediately, which was easy enough, and as my hearse and I shot forward out of the vehicular muddle I heard a lot of bumps and cursing behind us.

This is just to tell that girl, whoever and wherever she is, that I am not dead, but can now walk up a flight of stairs without stopping, and sit up and take liquid nourishment.





But I don't suppose she cares, after all these years! That's the way it goes. You meet a pretty woman under romantic circumstances, engage her interest for a moment, and then fate flings you apart forever . . . she had red hair and a peaches-and-cream complexion . . . I was not looking my best that day . . . Maybe she doesn't even remember . . . I have always been nuts about red hair . . . Speaking in a general way, communications concerning matter which appears in this column should be addressed in care of Collier's Weekly, rather than mailed to me at my home.

ARCHY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

if all the verse what i have wrote
were boiled together in a kettle
twould make a meal for every goat
from nome to popocatepetl
mexico

and all the prose what i have penned
if laid together end to end
would reach from russia to south bend
indiana

but all the money what i saved
from all them works at which i slaved
is not enough to get me shaved
every morning

because i don't shave every day
and i write for arts sake anyway
and always hate to take my pay
i loathe it

and all of you who credit that
could sit down on an opera hat
and never crush the darn thing flat
you skeptics archy

IF THE most perfect system of government could be devised and were handed down to humanity from heaven tomorrow morning, the human race would have it all messed up inside of eighteen months. It isn't the system which matters so much as the spirit and intelligence brought to the administration of almost any old system.

EVER since the repeal amendment passed Congress, the Old Soak has been a little low in his mind. "I'm afraid my interest in drinkin' liquor is gonna decline," he explains, "now that there ain't nothin' more to fight about. More'n that, I got so used to bootleg poison that I'm scared I ain't gonna like good stuff when we get it again. More'n that, I'm afraid the world has forgot how to make good stuff."

People won't kick so much on taxes when they are satisfied that the taxes they pay are sensibly and usefully expended.

Just as some of us were beginning to think we understood what Technocracy was all about we suddenly became conscious that it was one of those dead issues which had never really been alive and it didn't much matter what it was all about.

If the flea were as big as the bullfrog is,
Or the bullfrog as the bull,
I would not sit on the sandy beach
Or by the rushy pool.

"The glamour girls of Hollywood do not wear their screen clothes in their private lives," says a fashion writer, thus tipping us off to the theory that the aforesaid g. g. do have private lives.

Suggestions for Historical Film for some movie director: Washington crossing . . . the Rubicon . . . on the floating chunks of ice . . . pursued by bloodhounds.

When a man begins, "After all, one good thing about the present depression is . . ." something stupid usually follows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her Hero

A story about one of these "veritable Apollos" you read about—and a girl who was impressed

By Charles Brackett

"Trapped," she said. "The splendid male does not appreciate her"

IT WAS past Christmas but the tree still stood in the hall. Under a silvery web its lights and ornaments glistened. As the grilled doors closed behind me I had no eyes for the tree, however. At the foot of the stairs Vanessa Lane was arranging sables about her slim shoulders.

"Sweetheart!" I cried. "Tell me you haven't eaten?"

"I have, darling; soup and a sandwich."

"Come and have something more with me."

"To say 'no' makes me livid, my dear, but one more mouthful and I'd be late for my entrance."

"Oh, if it's a question of your art—"

"If it were only my art I'd say 'What of it?' But they'd dock my salary, and those lovely checks they give me every week aren't so fat as it is."

"Did you come to this speakeasy alone?" I asked.

"Alone! I came with Male Beauty in person. All-American Male Beauty. You'll see him when you go into the bar, and do watch him, will you, dearest? If he speaks to any woman knock her over the head with a jeroboam. They're holding the door for me—goodby."

It was easy to recognize the occupant of the bar Vanessa had meant. A tall youngster with a sulky, handsome face stood drinking an old-fashioned and if any further confirmation were needed it was supplied by the question a wizened friend with a blond mustache was asking:

"But who was the girl? Where is she now?"

"Oh, she's an actress—had to get to the theater."

"She was a peach."

"Yeah, she's all right."

I TRIED to realize that for a boy, fresh from college, to say "She's an actress" gives the feeling of being a man of the world, but to say it when he could have said "She is Vanessa Lane!" By those words he would have implied, "That just happens to be saying 'everything desirable on earth' "—and he had said, "She's all right!"

Not having quite reached the age to sputter: "Apologize for those words, you young puppy!" I could only leave the bar and have my cocktail at my table upstairs.

I suppose that glimpse of me had brought me to Vanessa's mind, for the next afternoon she appeared at my apartment.

"Did you see him?" she asked before she had taken off her coat.

"I think so. Who is the big cluck?"

"His name is Dennis Stoddard, and not one word against him. I'm kuh-razy about him—kuh-razy I mean, but deranged!"

It is Vanessa's fancy of the moment to garble into her conversation everything from slang of a shopgirl of 1906 to the more abstruse utterances of a dictionary of synonyms.

"Nonsense!" I said.

"It's true. I had two headaches last week, and one crying spell. He treats me like mud."

"Vanessa, I've had exactly one look at him, but if ever I saw a complete oaf—"

"Don't, darling, please. He has every masculine quality I worship: a beard that won't stay shaved-looking through a whole evening, a strong, cruel mouth, a hand as big as a platter—"

"Physical attributes."

"That's not all. There is in him a stupidity that is divine—but divine."

"So that's your ideal!" I snorted.

"But, my treasure, of course it is! My clever little mind frisks about him yipping, and he looks at it with a kind of sublime wonderment and distaste."

"I'D PREFER not to hear about it," I told her. "Where do I come in? What about *my* mind?"

I left my body out of it. Damn being gaunt, and looking faintly professorial.

"Your mind is some vast cathedral where I go to pray," she said with a giggle. "No, it isn't. It's a railroad station from which trains leave for enchanted lands, and I want the Bureau of Information. You ought to be able to help me. You're a fiction writer."

"Help you with what?" I asked irascibly, because I had felt that, for once, she had dropped in with no ulterior motive.

"With my boy friend—with Dennis. With Love!"

I didn't like it in the least, but it is very difficult to do anything but joke with Vanessa.

"Play Pandarus?" I cried. "Never!"

"I don't want you to play any active part, just write a script for me. You have a heroine, beautiful, shy—"

With each adjective her really exquisite hands fell into absurd poses, and her gayly set eyes flashed parody.

"Yes?" I said.

"She is trapped."

"Trapped! I thought that was what you wanted to be, but weren't."

"Trapped," she went on, "by that old meanie Cupid. The splendid male she loves doesn't appreciate her. What does she do?"

"She fights back an emotion unworthy of her."

"But it *isn't* unworthy of her! I have the most honorable intentions. I'm thinking in terms of ivory satin and rose-point."

"Why, that boy will lose his excuse for existence when he leaves college and can't play football any longer!"

"Your tense is wrong," Vanessa sighed. "He was quietly flunked out just after the season. But he needs no excuse."

"If you think I'd do anything to help you marry that galumping hulk—"

Then Vanessa did something new to my experience of her. She turned on me with complete solemnity.

"You think that because I have joked about this it isn't true," she said. "That's as unreasonable as to expect me to tell you about it in Russian. I'm gone. Really I am. What's that awful quotation from Byron? It keeps ringing in my head.

"'*Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;*
'Tis woman's whole existence.'"

"Byron knew something when he wrote that line." There were tears in her eyes. "Though it's one I resented

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with my whole heart until two weeks ago."

"I didn't mean to sound flip about it," I apologized.

"The thing that hurts most," Vanessa went on, "is that he really doesn't like me. I know I don't drive men mad with desire, but most of them *do* like me!"

"You haven't forgotten that *I* happen to adore you?"

She shook her head.

"Please don't."

"You used to tell me that it wasn't hopeless."

"That was before I met him. Why do you suppose he doesn't like me? If you tell me it's my brains I'll scream!"

"Your independence would probably be a better diagnosis—" I tried to be comforting. "You're a career woman, and the daughter of a career woman. You know that you can always make money, and it gives you a fundamental go-to-hellishness which he may resent, without understanding it in the least."

"I'm awfully gentle with him," Vanessa said, and she caressed an imaginary dove, which seemed to have alighted on her shoulder.

"I haven't a doubt that you put up a very good bluff, but man's intuition has saved the fool. Subconscious murmurs tell him that there's steel in those soft little gloves. Instinct will guide him to wife with a fool even more complete than he—a tiny frizz-brained blonde, whose dimpled hand will creep into his for protection when the traffic roars too close."

"You're making me ill!"

"I meant to."

"With jealousy, though! Imagine the heaven of it! To find one's Man! One's Mate."

She tossed her muff into the air, wistfully, and caught it again.

"That kind of heaven is not for you," I informed her.

"But if you were doing a story about him and this other kind of a girl—how would it come out? How would he propose?"

"Oh," I said crossly, to end the subject, "I'd have to devise some tense scene of peril from which he rescued her, realizing his great love as he did so."

"THE sawmill!" Vanessa cried. "Isn't it the sawmill scene Mother has told me about? You must be old enough to remember that too."

"Yes, I saw Charlotte Cushman play it the night Lincoln was shot," I agreed politely. "Have you heard this recording of Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day?"

The record had the hoped-for effect of diverting her, at least temporarily, from thoughts of mis-prized love.

"It's marvelous," she said. "Play it again."

I did, and she began to dance about my lamplit study, an odalisque in a wine-colored costume so chic it was almost ridiculous, and was entirely captivating.

"I judge you're dining with me?" I remarked.

"Oh, no, my precious! I have an engagement with *him*. Great heavens! What time is it? My car will have been tagged, and I'm due to meet him at this moment."

"But when will I see you again?"

"I suppose I'll go to Tony's tomorrow night. Why don't you drop in? You haven't any idea how the girl got him to come to that sawmill, have you?"

"I have not, and that is fiction, not fact. Those things don't work in life. Put it out of your silly head."

Blowing me a kiss, she was gone.

I am not an habitué of Tony's. I don't like the air or the hours, but I did drop in the following night.

Tony's is a rather wretched-looking basement which, for some reason, has turned out to have the same relation to the New York theater that the coffee-houses of London had towards English literature in the eighteenth century. On Saturday night it's always a thick muddle of actresses, actors, playwrights and newspaper people.

Vanessa sat at one of the small tables in the kitchen, which is the core of Tony's; across from her was her sulky giant.

"Hello, Vanessa," I greeted her.

"Hello, my pet. Do you know Mr. Stoddard?"

We shook hands.

"What have you been doing lately?" Vanessa asked.

"Why, nothing much," I said, with some surprise. "And you?"

"Nothing at all."

No invitation to sit down, and one couldn't mistake the effortful affability of her tone. Still, I tried again:

"Can't I buy you a drink?"

"Thank you, we've just been served."

I MIGHT have noticed that he had a glass of beer, and she her usual bottle of charged water. Vanessa doesn't drink. "I'm flighty enough, anyway," she says, with truth.

It seemed indicated that I withdraw, and I did so grumpily, going to the front room. Howard Garant sat there alone, and let me join him. He'd been stood up by a girl, and our moods chimed. We said what a horrible place it was, and listened to a red-headed newspaper man and his dingy light-o'-love at the next table.

"Who says Hemingway's any good? Hemingway couldn't hold down a job on a tabloid for five minutes."

"Did *I* say he was any good?"

"You said you cried."

"That's not saying he's any good."

Sooner or later their thickening voices would rise above the pitch considered discreet at Tony's, and Tony and Andy would come and throw them out. That wouldn't be very amusing, and I was about to leave when I felt a hand on my shoulder and, looking up, saw Vanessa.

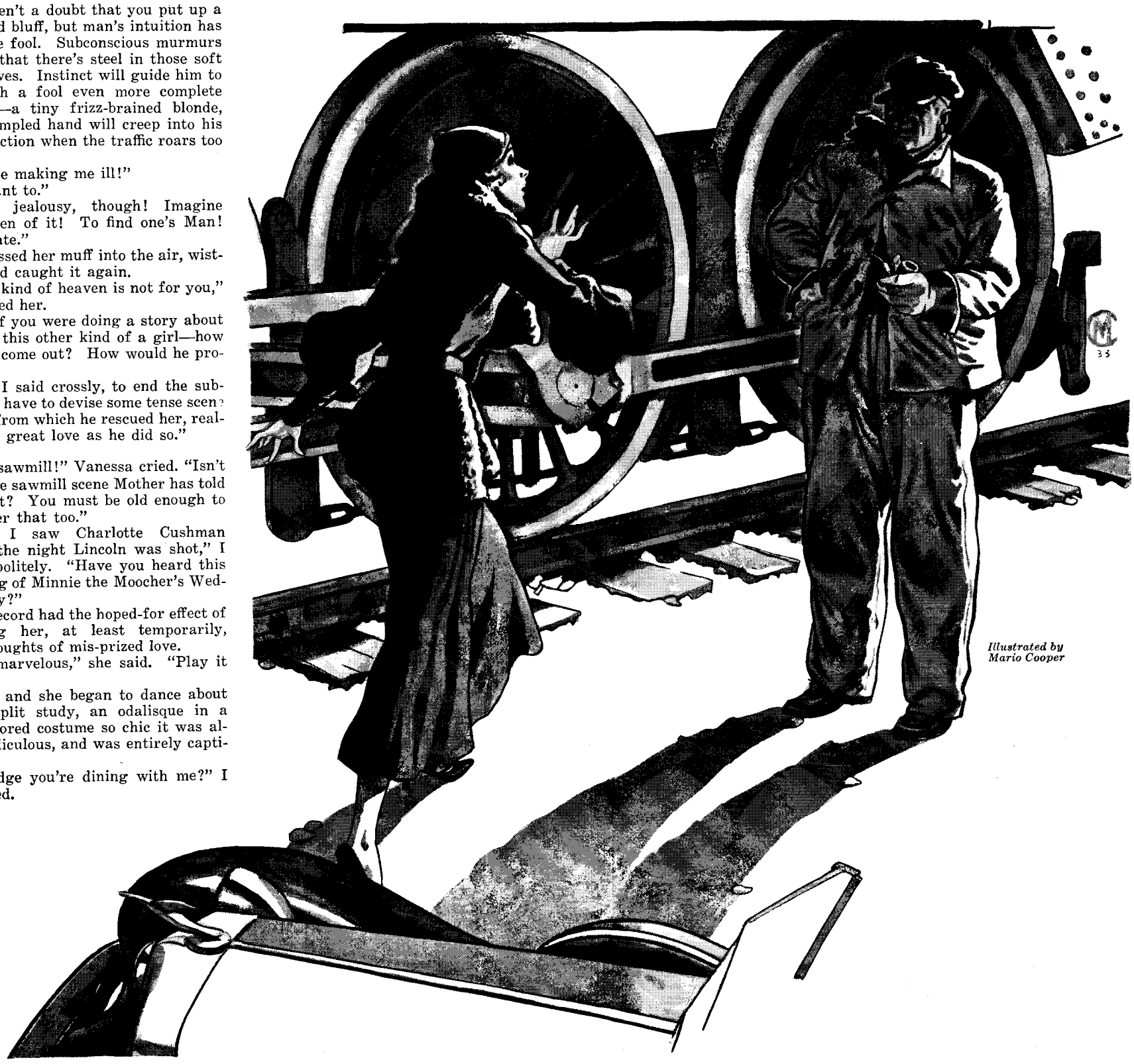
"Will you forgive me, darling?" she asked. "I wanted to ask you to sit down, but it might have made him mad, and baby is walking on eggs, these days."

"Why should you walk on eggs?"

"His feeling towards me seems to be rapidly approaching detestation, but with the matinée and all I haven't been able to follow up your suggestion."

"I made no suggestion."

(Continued on page 45)



Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"He hopped right down and talked to me. He's quite sweet"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By R. G. Kirk

Her Name was Eve

Illustrated by John J. Floherty, Jr.

Now she, too, felt the end of strength. Wild, unexplainable emotions shook her

FAR off across the roofs a dog howled. Then another, still far off, but nearer. There was no moon that night. Yet they took up that wailing, each closer than the one before:

"In the Rabbinical Book it saith
The dogs howl, when with icy breath
Great Samael, the Angel of Death,
Takes through the town his flight!"

From what dim corner in my memory did that come?

Almost beneath the windows rose a long-drawn banshee cry! Miss Martineau looked toward her patient. He was close to death. . . . I tell this just as Miss Martineau told it to me. But the dogs I heard myself. I was on duty that night in a room a few doors down the corridor from where Miss Martineau kept death watch. I was an interne then.

Down at the mills that day a pot of molten metal had upset. Kane—that was the burned man's name. Another would have been dead five hours. But this one—

Day in, day out, the bodies of men were laid out stark before Miss Martineau. She worked with them adroitly; and with consummate indifference. Poor specimens mostly. But when the scorched rags had been plucked from this one, her heart had halted. Lucifer's body, marred by fires of hell, could hardly have been more magnificent. Life was loath to vacate such a temple.

But he had to die. There was no recovery from such burns. His breathing had already the rattle of disintegration in it. Yet Miss Martineau could feel his black, unfathomable eyes, disturbing and undimmed; as though to follow her they could pierce the heavy applications that lay across them.

Two months of epidemic had about wrecked Miss Martineau. She had outgamed, outstayed us all. Now she, too, felt the end of strength. Wild, unexplainable emotions shook her. She must throw off the spell of those dark, bandaged eyes. She rose, walked to the window, listened. The night was strangely silent. No dogs howled now. She knew why when she turned. A tall shape in a shining robe was standing by the bed! The Angel Samael had crossed the town! . . . Miss Martineau can make you see him too.

His face was gentle and compassionate. He held a crystal cup in which a black draft swirled. He beckoned to Miss Martineau. And all at once, her heart one agony, she knew! This man with murky eyes and godlike body—this man, about to die—she loved!

Yet there was but one thing to do. In that cup was rest, release. And so, while anguish tore her, she slipped her left arm under the swathed head, and lifted it. And suddenly, there before them, was the awful mark of God! The brow was bare. The soothing bandage laid across it had slipped.

The brand! The sign! Miss Martineau screamed dreadfully. And the Death Angel snatched away the cup—so swiftly snatched it from the eager lips that blackness writhed across the brim and a drop splashed upon Miss Martineau's left arm. And then she screamed that second scream.

I heard both. At the first my heart froze, for I knew her voice. I had reached her door before I heard the second. I was afraid. It was not human. A corpse might scream like that. I never would have laid hand on the knob, had I not loved her. She lay upon the floor. My fingers at her wrist felt nothing. I picked her up, thinking that she was dead. Her patient lay still, breathing quietly. Incredibly, he slept.

I TOLD this to the three great specialists, just as Miss Martineau told it to me.

"What a dream!" said the oldest of the three. "No wonder her left arm is as it is."

"See the terrific power of suggestion." That was the youngest doctor. "A mere name, Kane, dropped into the subconscious mind; and then, in ghastly vision, it emerges, the world's first murderer—even to the brand of Cain across his brow!"

"Please, you will tell me," said the quiet voice of the greatest of them, Zeczy, of Budapest. "Was there, in fact, a mark unusual upon this patient's forehead?"

"Yes," I said.

"Remarkable enough, perhaps, to help bring on this so amazing dream?"

Again I told him, simply, "Yes."

Had I described it, they would have thought that I, too, needed their services.

"Clear case!" stated the youngest specialist. "Suppose we see her then."

So she came in.

Her face is as God made it, and her hair; her rich soft brows; her straight, arched feet. She does not mince, she walks; and as she walks the long curves of her flow.

She had reached twenty-nine unmarried—the reason very simple: she had met no man who could make her love. Twenty-nine? Twenty thousand years! There was a mystic lure to her that went back to the days before the Deluge, when the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair. She was ageless. She was woman.

"Your given name should be Eve, Miss Martineau," said the youngest psychotherapist.

"It is," she said. "It was my mother's too." And her smile left him speechless for a while.

I LIFTED her left arm from her sleeve. Men have smashed empires to be held in arms less beautiful. Unmarked. Perfect. To look at it, you would never know.

"For me," said Zeczy, "you will move it—no?"

She said, "I'm sorry, Doctor; but I will not even try to move it any more for anyone. I've tried so hard, so many times, that if I try once more, something will break—up here." She moved her glorious head.

"The man was Cain," she went on, patiently. "You remember. God punished him for taking life, with endless life." She quoted: "'And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.'"

"Ah," said the understanding Zeczy. "In this so vivid dream then, even the great Death Angel dared not give him death!"

Eve Martineau nodded. "He saw the mark," she said. "He snatched the cup away. A drop from it spilled on my arm. It was no dream. The arm is dead. Try needle, acid, fire, anything!"

She wheeled and left the room.

"Conversion hysteria," stated the youngest psychotherapist. "Overwork. Exhaustion. Nerves all drenched with poisons of fatigue. Breakdown at hand. Then sudden, overwhelming love—walking with death. That dream. Strange that her case is not more difficult. The medicine is suggestion. The cure is certain. But it would save much time and much work if she could see that dark millman again. He disappeared?"

"Utterly," I said. "He never went back to the mills. His recovery was miraculous. He was gone before Miss Martineau's weeks of stupor ended—even before his eyes were altogether healed."

And even as I spoke, from the corridor outside came a beautiful cry. We all knew, somehow, what it was. We all went to the door. Her arms were round that great, dark millman's neck. Both arms!

Shamelessly we listened.

"My eyes," we heard him say. "I had to go away from you until I knew. Now I see perfectly. You are more beautiful than when we dwelt together in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden."

"THAT old reincarnation stuff!" It made the youngest doctor smile. "All great lovers use it. . . . Well, fellow practitioners, that is that. When's the next train to New York?"

"God! What a pair!" the oldest specialist said.

Zeczy, of Budapest, stood at a window. Night had come. Stars burned out there in the impenetrable mystery. Zeczy, of Budapest, said nothing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

HER small, rapidly dwindling estate in the hands of Gerald Gerrish, a shrewd broker, Martha Blaisdell receives an appalling shock: Gerrish, she learns, is spreading the rumor that he is supporting her! Outraged, she acts promptly—dismisses the man, who, professing his innocence, makes desperate love to her! . . . But Martha Blaisdell's troubles do not end there. She must have more money. But how, she wonders, can she obtain it? There is only one answer: She, Martha Blaisdell—who has never been guilty of a dishonorable act in her life—must marry a wealthy man. And the right man is close at hand: *Herbie Cranston.*

Cranston is an explorer—forceful, charming, a power in "Society." *And rich.* Martha admires him, likes him. She does not love him. True, he has not proposed. But—well, if Martha encourages him, he will. She resolves to do so. . . . Meanwhile the gossips have been active. They become more active following an ugly scene in a restaurant, where, while Cranston and Martha are dining, Gerrish (intoxicated) appears, insults Martha, and is thrown out by Cranston.

The gossip worries Cranston. Loving Martha and hoping to protect her, he goes to Gerrish and informs him, in no uncertain terms, that he must cease annoying the girl.

At the Long Island estate of Bob and Trudie Lemming, Martha sees much of Cranston. And there she receives a surprise: Dr. Peter Baxter—a "charity doctor" in New York—arrives on the scene, as a guest. Having met him in New York, quite by chance, she had been impressed by his tall angularity, his flaming red hair, and his truly astounding frankness. It had never occurred to her that he could, if he so desired, move in the same circle as Herbie Cranston. But here he is—with Bob Lemming (an old college friend) singing his praises as an athlete, a friend—and a *man!*

Baxter believes in direct action. In New York he had informed Martha that he might possibly fall in love with her. Now he resumes his attentions. But the girl gives him no encouragement. She thinks him rather "nice"—*but she must marry Cranston.*

Gerrish calls her from New York, threatens her with blackmail. Martha defies him, hangs up. . . . Trudie Lemming comes to Baxter. "Peter," she says, "you must forget all about Martha. You mustn't spoil the thing that, being Martha, she *must* do." Baxter is puzzled. "What do you mean?" he says. "Exactly," Trudie answers, "what you think I mean."

IV

THERE are eight of us," Bob announced as the pleasant luncheon neared its end. "Two foursomes."

"But some may want to play nine holes only," Trudie reminded him.

"Hang those weaklings," said Dan Treman. "Let's forget them. The Lemmings beat us, Mrs. Dan, swimming. But we can take them at golf. Let the other guests take care of themselves."

"And I'm sure they can," said Trudie. "How will you team up?" She addressed them collectively.

"I'll take Pete," said Millie promptly.

"You are accepting defeat gracefully in advance," smiled Baxter. "I haven't played much lately."

"And you hadn't played much tennis," scoffed Millie, "and were all right. Anyway, I'm *good.* I admit it. I'm equal to ninety-five. How about you, Martha?"

Martha shook her head.

"You're strokes better than I am, Millie." She looked at Cranston. "How about you?"

He shrugged.

"The middle eighties—I hope."

"Then we'll have to give their best ball a stroke," said Martha determinedly, "on the par-five holes."

"Shylock," said Baxter. "You haven't even asked what I go around in."

Martha grinned.

"The idea is to ward off demands," she said. "I think I'm pretty sporting, not knowing what you play, to offer as much as I did."

"Well, if you offer blindly, we won't accept blindly," said Baxter.

And the wrangle over the handicaps enlivened the rest of the luncheon and the brief drive to Green Point. There the family match between the Tremans and the Lemmings was given precedence, and when they had all played their second shots, Martha, having been allotted the honor, drove.

It was a good match. Millie excelled herself and Baxter achieved a par on the long seventh that made his side one up. He played erratically, but with promise, Martha noted. As for Cranston, his game was steady and above the average. They ended all square, which, as there was no bet upon the result, gave satisfaction all around.

"Sure you don't want to continue?" Millie asked.

Cranston shook his head.

"I'd rather see the polo," he confessed. "But if Martha—"

SHE interrupted his quick readiness to do her will. A proposal lurked in the offing. She wanted to hear it. It meant security; it meant surcease of worry; it meant that a strong man, an attractive and delightful, strong man, would henceforth shield her from the things of life that harassed her.

"I'd like to watch the game," she said.

"Shall we play nine more?" Millie asked Baxter.

"I'd love it," he said. And if he suspected matters so electrically in the air that Martha was willing to believe the whole world knew of them, his manner gave no indication of it. He nodded pleasantly to Martha and Cranston and strolled off with Millie to the tenth tee.

Martha permitted Cranston to guide her through the maze of motors drawn up about the clubhouse. Tommy Hitchcock was playing this afternoon and so were the Guests and Hopping and Laddie Sanford and several other players from whom would ultimately be chosen the team to play in South America in the fall. In the stand and boxes some thousands of people were already assembled, and across the fairways, seriously impeding the golfers, trooped other hundreds who proposed to watch the match as best they could from the ground.

"Are you a polo fanatic?" asked Cranston.

She shook her head.

"Must I be one?"

He grinned.

"Not at all. I like the game—mildly. What I meant was that I'll find seats in a box, if you like. If you don't like, we might perch ourselves on the rocks near the fourth hole in the shade of the trees and look on."

"I'd much prefer that," she said.

Past the pretty clubhouse, where belated lunchers or very early tea-ers refreshed themselves, they walked. Had Martha any doubts before, they would have been banished now. Quite deliberately Cranston had chosen his scene, she knew. They could watch the polo quite well from the shaded rocks. Also, no one else would be there, and they could not be overheard.

She had never been proposed to before. She had read the symptoms of proposal in men several times, but had managed to evade the actual question.

Baxter cut short his words. "What do you think? That you can serve a legal summons on a Sunday? Get out of here!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

She had never wanted scalps at her belt. But those other occasions had never made her nervous; she had known that she would be able to handle the situation.

But this time—she was not merely going to listen: she was going to reply affirmatively. She was going to listen to a man tell his quick love for her. What sort of madness was in the world anyway? Two men had fallen in love with her practically at sight. And another girl had fallen, even more swiftly, in love with one of the men.

It was an age of speed. Probably—she didn't know—our grandparents fell in love less instantly; probably their emotions kept leisurely pace with the stagecoach and sailing vessel of their day. But that wasn't so. History was full of tales of swift romances of the past. But maybe these tales had gained historical place because they recounted rare experiences.

SHE smiled at her own idleness of thought. Cranston caught the glimmer of her merriment.

"Ordinary thoughts are worth a penny, I believe," he said, "but smiling thoughts are worth much more. Will you name your price?"

"There will be no price," she rejoined. "Ask me some other time and I'll tell you freely."

They had reached the vantage point by the fourth green now. From their slight height they could look across the playing field and at the color of the hats and frocks in the grandstand and boxes. Beyond, in the road, were great vans which conveyed the ponies from their stables to the game. Grooms attended them, and small boys, with an eye to futures as jockeys, perhaps, stared open-mouthed.

Upon the field, horses and men dashed about, warming up for the game. The white ball went incredible distances with deadly accuracy, and was recovered in the midst of swirling hoofs and straining horsemen.

And it was all an everyday—certainly every week-end—occurrence down here on Long Island. And after the polo there would be tea and cocktails and pleasant bridge, and then there would be dressing for dinner, and there would be the Hyslops' dance for their débutante daughter. . . . And on other week-ends there would be other polo and golf and tennis and swimming and débutante parties which the older people would attend, and bridge, and a sail on the Sound. And in the fall there would be the cure at French Lick, or a pleasant pretense of it at White Sulphur, and in the cold days of January there would be a migration south, to Aiken or to Palm Beach, and in the spring there would be a dash over to Liverpool for the Grand National. . . .

Why, anyone who had tasted of this life, to whom it had become the normal and natural way of living, would be mad to abandon it. And if one married Cranston one wouldn't abandon it. Oh, there would be variations but not abandonment. Cranston's wife would go with him to the outposts of civilization and wait for him there, to share his triumph when he returned. Perhaps, even, Cranston the husband might not find it as easy to withdraw from civilization as Cranston the bachelor had found it.

BUT this was not right. She must not permit herself to think of deflecting Cranston from the road he had chosen. If she could not give him the full measure of love he rated, surely she would be the exact kind of helpmate he needed.

Meticulously Cranston saw that she was seated comfortably on an outgrowth of grass. He offered her a cigarette, lighted one himself and then threw it away.

"I suppose you know what I'm about to tell you, don't you?" he asked.

"I suppose I do," she said faintly.

"I hope you know what you are going to reply," he said.

"Perhaps I even know that," she admitted.

"I hope it's what I want to hear," he went on.

Faint coquetry was in her voice as she replied.

"But I haven't yet been told, you know," she said.

"It won't take long, Martha. I'm mad for you. I love you. I want to marry you. I think—the moment I saw you—I knew. I wonder if you knew, too. Martha, my dearest, will you marry me?"

This was the time, if ever, to be honest with him. Indeed, the time had really been before he proposed. She had prevented other men from committing themselves, saving them hurt to heart or pride. She could not save Cranston that now. But she could save him from marrying a woman who did not love him. And for a moment she hesitated. But only for a moment. He had the things she wanted. He wanted her. The exchange seemed fair enough.

"I'll marry you, Bert," she told him.

MILLIE CRAGIN became tired at the fifteenth. It is an old device and one imagines that girls employed it when golf was an infant in Holland. Sometimes it is the sixteenth and sometimes even as early as the thirteenth. It all depends on which hole has the proper scenic surroundings, such as secluded woods, or a summerhouse by a lake, or whatever else of a romantic nature the course boasts.

Green Point's fifteenth green is flanked on three sides by noble trees, pleasantly spaced so that one may stroll easily through them, and well-defined paths lead, by various routes, back to the clubhouse. And once one dives into one of these paths one is safe from observation until one emerges by the clubhouse.

The Green Point caddies are well-trained. When they are dismissed by two people of opposite sexes at the fifteenth, the boys take short cuts back to the caddyhouse. They know that their company is not required to point out the views, or to advise against the dangers of tripping over roots.

Baxter, of course, was not aware that this particular hole marked the beginning of many romances. He only knew that his partner mentioned her fatigue and he was prompt to suggest that they quit playing. He was barely aware of the fact that the caddies had trotted off to the golf shop. Nor was he at all cognizant of the fact that Millie deliberately chose, of three roads, that which was longest.

She came to a bench overlooking part of the lake that afforded hazard on the sixteenth.

"I don't know why I should be all in," she said. "Let's sit down while I smoke a cigarette."

"Of course," he agreed.

"Yes, I do, too, know why I'm tired," she said with sudden frankness. "One can't play bridge half the night and be fresh the next day, can one?"

"I shouldn't think so," he agreed.

"And it's so stupid," she almost wailed. "I'm not sure whether or not it's wicked—playing for money, I mean—but I know it's silly. Wasting your time, tiring your eyes, smoking too much. I wish I didn't."

SHE was a very pretty girl, Millie Cragin. She was twenty-eight and looked twenty-eight, but there are those who maintain that the nearer a woman gets to thirty the lovelier she is. And despite the fact that physically and mentally she gave an impression far different from that of a *jeune fille*, she could, when she chose, assume an appearance of appealing and helpless youth calculated to deceive practically any man.

She looked quite pathetic now as she threw one arm over the back of the bench, and twisted her body until she faced Baxter.

"And it *is* wicked, too, when you let other people play who can't afford to lose. I felt so sorry for Martha yesterday. I'm sure she can't afford to lose two hundred dollars. It was wrong of me to play with her, don't you think? If she can't afford to lose, I shouldn't do anything that puts her in a position to lose, should I?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's difficult to believe that Miss Blaisdell would engage in games if she were unable to make good."

"I didn't say that, and I certainly didn't mean it," said Millie. "Of course she pays when she loses, but—it's hard for her. The depression—well, it hit her pretty hard. As a matter of fact, bless her, she has had to rely on her broker,

(Continued on page 39)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry P. Davison

The Record of a Useful Life By his Friend and Partner

Thomas W. Lamont

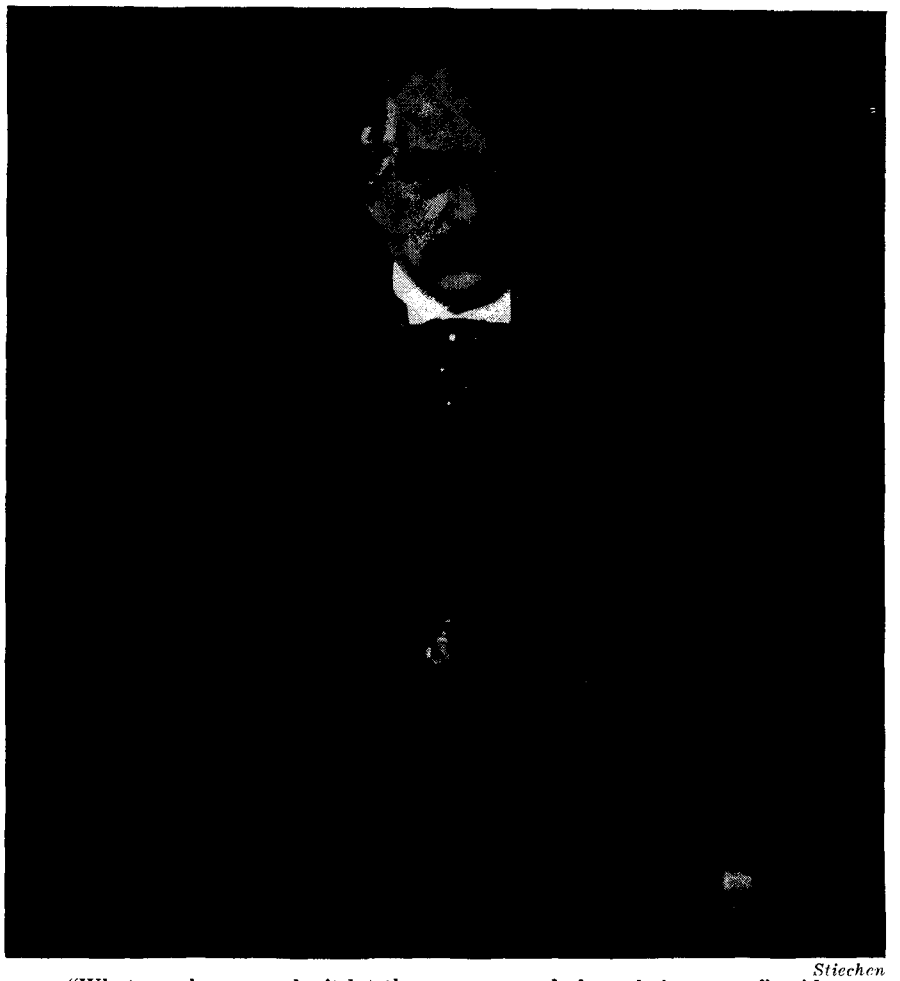
Copyright, 1933, by Thomas W. Lamont

International News

Davison's enthusiastic work for currency reform—Senator Aldrich chooses him as adviser to the National Monetary Commission—Paul M. Warburg describes the drafting of the Aldrich Bill—the author discusses the limitations of the Federal Reserve System and the present need for banking reform—Davison's work for banking stability—he plans the merger of the Guaranty, the Morton Trust and the Fifth Avenue Trust Co.—the failure of the Carnegie Trust in 1911—the elder Morgan's insistence upon protecting the depositors in the Nineteenth and Twelfth Ward Banks—how the run was stopped

Brown Bros.

Henry P. Davison in 1912, a few years after he became a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. Above, Davison's school friend, Charles H. Sabin



Stiechen

"Whatever happens, don't let those poor people lose their money," said the elder Morgan when two small New York banks were in danger

NO CIVILIZED country of modern times has suffered so cruelly from unscientific and inefficient currency and banking systems as has the United States in the last hundred and forty-five years. Within that period the country has gone through a long series of banking collapses, due largely to like causes, and bringing to the American community prodigious losses. The money panic of 1907, certain phases of which I have already described, was but another in the long series of disasters. The serious banking troubles of 1931 added another chapter to the melancholy record; and unfortunate developments of even more recent date have only served to accentuate the situation.

It took seven years, following the disastrous currency panic of 1907, to bring about banking reform sufficient to get the Federal Reserve System established. Obviously, the country cannot wait another seven years to bring about the changes necessary to prevent a recurrence of its more recent difficulties.

But, contrary to the expressed opinion of many persons, this sad history has been due not to the machinations or deviltry of men or of groups of men; but largely to the inherent conditions surrounding the astonishingly rapid development of a whole continent. In banking, the country's experience and mobile resources have never kept pace with its expansion and with its changing conditions. Unwise, reckless and, in occasional individual instances, dishonest management have added to the difficulties. Today, in the Federal Reserve System, we have a thoroughly scientific and sound foundation. But the system's scope is not yet broad enough, and the ills which the community has suffered in the last three years show clearly enough how much still remains to be remedied.

For a century and a quarter attempts to develop a scientific banking system were generally blocked by the country's deep-seated and continuing distrust of centralized banking, despite the success of such banking systems in Great Britain, France and other European countries as well as in Canada.

In the periods following the closing of the First and the Second Banks of the United States in the early part of the last century, wildcat banking ran riot and confusion reigned. Mushroom institutions sprang up throughout the country. Many of them, without even a dollar of paid-in capital, issued their notes and then when times became difficult repudiated them with what, for those early days, were desperately heavy losses for the community to bear.

The panics of 1837 and 1857, both of which are historic in their extent and fury, came largely as a result of the mad inflation caused by the hastily formed banks, operating with none of the restraints that would normally be exercised by a centralized banking authority. And again the guileless public, which is so slow to profit even by its own experience, suffered grievous losses from the appalling number of bank failures.

The Civil War helped in a way to establish, for the first time in our history, a national banking system and a uniform currency. For after the Federal government, totally underestimating the duration and cost of the war, had failed to levy sufficient taxes and had given itself over to the huge issues of unsupported greenbacks, there was finally enacted the National Currency Act of 1863-'64. This provided for the organization of banks under a Federal charter, and for a circulating medium secured by the deposit of United States government bonds by these national banks. This was the system which, working well enough in prosperous times and badly enough in times of stress or fear, carried on until the Federal Reserve System was established in 1914.

The panic and depression of 1873 and the years just following came as an inevitable result of the repercussions and dislocations of the Civil War, and of the greenback inflation that accompanied and followed it. The fight for the resumption of specie payments by the government was won in 1878. Then the struggle for sound money as against free silver was won in the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896. Meanwhile, in 1884 and 1893, the country again suffered widespread and severe banking troubles, with a climax in the disastrous currency panic of 1907.

My object, in thus briefly sketching the vicissitudes of our American currency and banking systems, and in pointing out the melancholy losses of a long-suffering people, is to provide the background for what I have to tell about Davison's work for currency reform and the part that he took in it.

One might almost have begun to think that the American people had become completely hardened to their currency troubles. But the sudden and shocking money panic of 1907, with banks failing all over the land, aroused the country as no similar trouble had ever done before to the urgent necessity of revising its currency system.

The National Monetary Commission

This public feeling, manifesting itself in Congress, was responsible for the appointment early in 1908 of the National Monetary Commission, made up of members of both houses of Congress, with Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, acting as chairman. Senator Aldrich had met Davison several times and had recognized in him the type of banking leadership so essential in the coming generation, then in its thirties and forties. He invited Davison to become the commission's adviser—not a technical adviser, but one who could bring to bear on the commission's study a common-sense knowledge of banking as it was practiced in the financial centers of the United States.

The commission's method of inquiry was to prepare a general questionnaire which the British and European bankers, in turn, would answer. With these answers as a basis the commission would then hold oral hearings, at which its members would for hours at a time put questions to these eminent and

NOTE: This and the articles to follow are taken from Mr. Lamont's biography of Mr. Davison, later to be published in book form.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friendly foreign bankers. In the preparation of the commission's report to Congress Davison was, as usual, active and helpful. Perhaps of even greater importance were his searching questions in the oral hearings held abroad.

When, on work for the Bankers Trust Company, I met Davison in Paris in the summer of 1908, he was absorbed and full of the work of the Monetary Commission and enthusiastic about its chairman, Senator Aldrich. The work of the commission on this European pilgrimage and its subsequent report to Congress formed, of course, the basis of the bill which Senator Aldrich introduced as a measure of currency reform. The Aldrich Bill never became law, but Paul M. Warburg has given in his book, The Federal Reserve System, a comparison of the Aldrich Bill with our Federal Reserve System as it stands today, in order to show how much our present law is indebted to the researches and conclusions of the commission of which Senator Aldrich was the head.

At this time, as at previous important junctures, politics, of course, served to confuse the discussions in Congress and the progress of banking reform generally. There was almost a revival of the old debates of President Andrew Jackson's time over the ill-fated Bank of the United States. The debates dragged along through the Taft administration, and a plan of banking reform was gradually evolved and built up. In the private discussions at this time, Davison was much in demand. He was frequently called to Washington to explain orally to members of Congress the practical effect of certain clauses they were discussing, and to make clear the workings of certain of the foreign currency systems which they were trying in part to adapt or to adopt.

An Advocate of Banking Reform

A prior development, of importance in leading up to the later organization of the Federal Reserve System, was the Aldrich-Vreeland Act of May 3, 1908. This was an interim measure designed to provide the country with additional currency in times of emergency. Davison had much to do with the preliminary discussions looking to the passage of this currency act, and with the preparations leading up to the formation in July, 1910, of the National Currency Association of the City of New York.

Davison had been fully cognizant that the Act of 1908 was a makeshift measure. Yet he had been so deeply impressed by the calamities of 1907 that he threw himself heart and soul into the work of helping to establish some adequate emergency machinery, although he knew full well that what the country needed, and must have, was a thoroughgoing revision of its banking and currency systems.

In the autumn of 1931, nine years after Davison's death, the country found itself again in the throes of a new banking crisis which even the Federal Reserve System, with all its strength, had been unable to avert. Smaller institutions all over the country were failing by the score, and the situation seemed to be daily growing worse. At that juncture (early October, 1931) President Hoover summoned to Washington almost a score of New York bankers. As the result of one evening's discussion with President Hoover, Secretary Mellon and Treasury and Federal Reserve officials, the country's bankers organized the National Credit Corporation, for the relief of sound but hard-pressed banks throughout the country. And at the suggestion of the New York bankers, the form of the new credit corporation was largely modeled upon the old National Currency Associations of 1910. The same principle of regional banking coöperation was made to apply. Thus Davison's active work on the Currency Association plan, back in 1908, 1909 and 1910, again served a purpose. He had cast bread upon the waters that was to come back after many years.

Senator Aldrich had asked Davison and others to make some practical suggestions that he might consider in his work of framing the original Aldrich plan of currency reform. And the resulting discussions formed an interesting episode in Davison's active life. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, the author of Senator Aldrich's biography, which appeared in 1930, writes entertainingly of the so-called Jekyl Island trip, which was made in November of 1910. Davison himself, after the trip was all over, told a few friends of it. Now it has become history.

Davison invited on this "duck-shooting" trip to Jekyl Island Paul M. Warburg, then of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., a thorough and experienced student of the art and science of banking; Frank A. Vanderlip, the head of a great banking institution, and himself widely versed in both domestic and international banking—and, as well, a clear draftsman; and Dr. Piatt Andrew, the special assistant to the Monetary Commission and an economist of standing. These four together with Senator Aldrich proceeded quietly to Jekyl Island, and when they returned after ten days of protracted and indefatigable discussion and labor, Senator Aldrich had worked out his plan. Mr. Stephenson, in the Aldrich biography, speaking of this conference, says, "In managing people, Mr. Davison had the magic touch. It was fortunate that he had."

But Paul Warburg, several months before his death, was good enough to furnish for this narrative the best and most complete story of this now historic trip. He wrote:

"I have no positive knowledge as to whether Senator Aldrich or Davison originated the unheralded trip to Jekyl, but, personally, I have no doubt that it was Mr. Davison's idea. He saw Senator Aldrich bewildered by all he had absorbed abroad, faced with the difficult task of writing a highly technical bill while being harassed by the daily grind of his parliamentary duties. One can easily visualize the workings of Davison's mind and his resolve to take his friend away from Washington, to carry him off into seclusion with a few men qualified to aid in the formulation of the law, and thus to bring to a quick conclusion an all-important but difficult task, instead of permitting it to become endangered by continued delay and procrastination.

Writing the Aldrich Bill

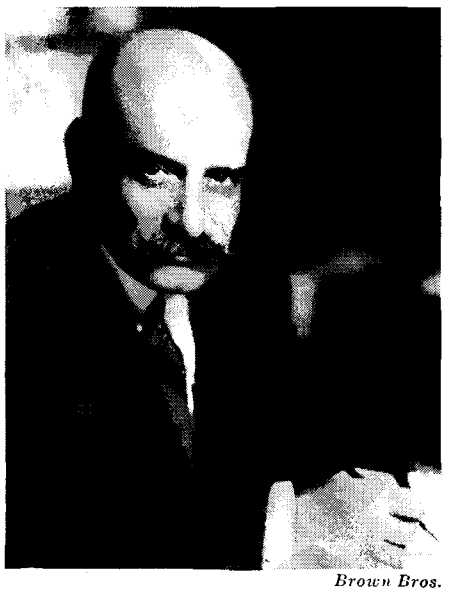
"The small party spent a week in complete seclusion and privacy, and it developed and formulated then and there the first draft of what later became known as the Aldrich Bill. In the protracted and difficult discussions that took place at Jekyl Island, Davison showed those rare qualities which later on in his brilliant career I had frequent opportunity to observe and admire. He knew how to be silent and to listen, how to permit the problem to unfold itself by encouraging to express their ideas those who had studied the matter more closely or who had some constructive thoughts upon it.

"Of equal importance with his intellectual contributions was what Davison added in 'atmosphere.' Where minds of men met, whose convictions were deep and whose interest was sincere, it was inevitable that long hours of intense debate would lead to sharp differences of opinion. Davison had an uncanny gift of sensing the proper moment for changing the topic, for giving the discussion a timely new turn, thus avoiding a clash or a deadlock. After a week of hard labor we had completed the sketch of the bill. Then, before settling down to its definite formulation, it was decided that we had earned 'a day

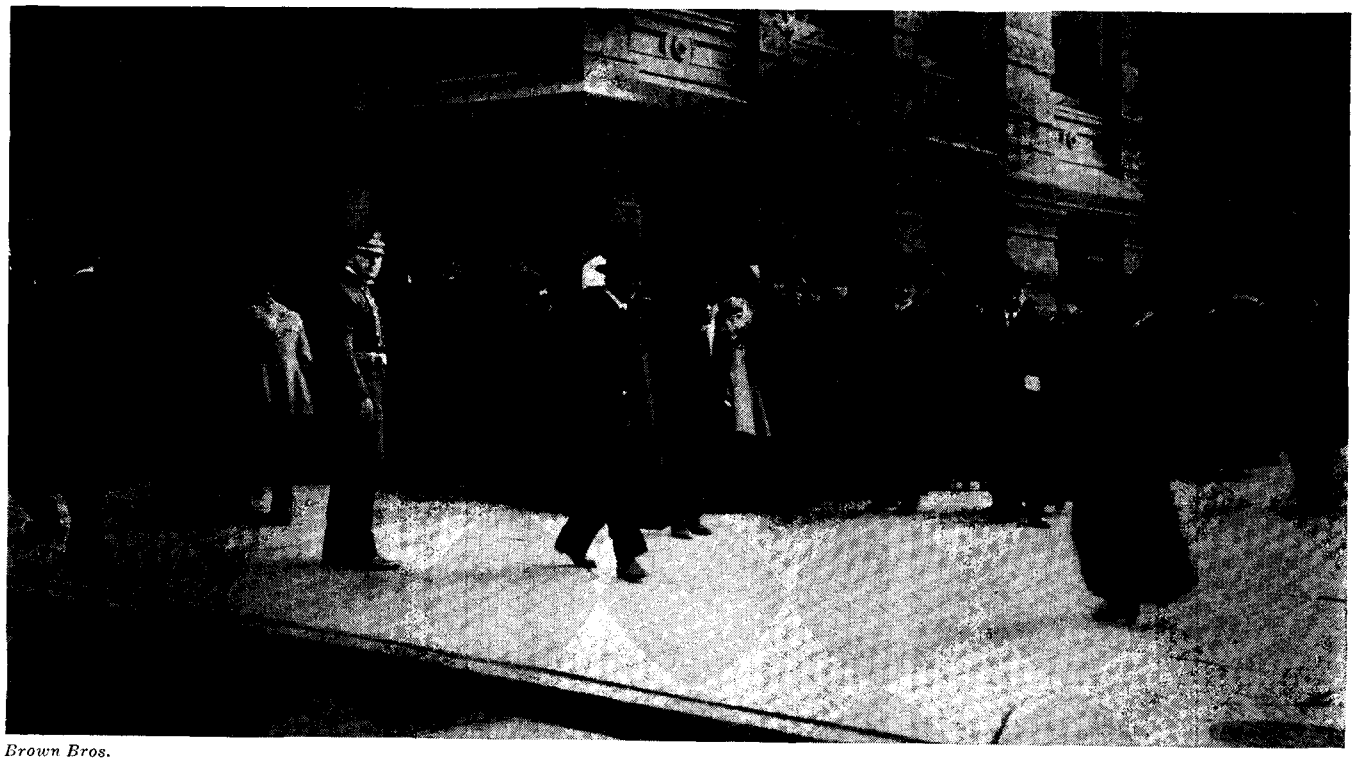
(Continued on page 35)

© Clinedinst

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich was ably assisted by Harry Davison



Brown Bros.



Brown Bros.

Anxious depositors outside the Nineteenth Ward Bank. Above, Paul M. Warburg, "an experienced student of the art and science of banking"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stay out of the Moonlight

By Edgar Franklin

A modern study in applied romance
—Sally Wyeth demonstrating

"THE object of the game," Sally said very distinctly, in hope of bringing him back to earth, "is to tap the ball so that it falls into the cup. They call it putting."

"Y' know, I hadn't the slightest idea she was coming out here to play this afternoon," Stephen explained vacantly. "Not the slightest. Not an idea."

Sally's lovely blue eyes sent one lethal glare after the Bennett foursome, now moving down the fairway to the south. Three of them were just nice, drab Bennetts. The fourth, focal point of the lethal glare, was that unthinkable thing, Miss Gerda Reeves, done up today in a fluttering sports ensemble of fire-patrol red.

"And the implement you're supposed to use is the putter, and if you droop over in that half-witted way and lean on it much harder, it's going to snap," Sally said, a bit more loudly.

"Funny she didn't mention it," Stephen breathed. "Queer, eh?"

All right, then—hopeless till the spell passed. Sally controlled herself, as a lady sometimes must. She gritted her teeth and, boiling, considered the profile of poor, tranced Stephen.

A fine, handsome, upstanding fiend, you know, the normal Stephen. Godlike, if you felt inclined to flatter the gods. Classic forehead, wonderful big chin, nose like George Washington's, only smaller and nicer. Character—*brains!* Aye, the real brains of his father's giant organization, even if old "Wheezer" Lathrop had made nine million dollars before he took Steve into the firm and had hung onto them through hell and high water.

AND yet when this Reeves thing hove into sight and began running up signals, the sickening sag of congenital idiocy loosed every feature of Steve's. . . . Kind Heaven above! It wasn't possible that Sally herself had done permanent injury to his head?

"Steve!" she said sharply. "The old dome. That doesn't really hurt any more, does it?"

The red flutter was now a full fifty yards away, so that Steve found himself able to float slowly back to the moment and grin at Sally. She was an unusually nice person to grin at; skinny and coltish, to be sure, but upsettingly blond and as near eatable as they come, with her funny little nose and the deep dimple in her left cheek. Eighteen or nineteen—pre-kindergarten, anyway.

"The dome, after four weeks? Say, hand it a little something as a head, won't you? No, of course it doesn't hurt any more; hasn't since the first day or two, as a matter of fact. I guess you stroked away most of the trouble, kid," Steve grinned on. "You were stroking my head when I woke up."

"I know," Sally sighed remorsefully. "Steve, I never meant to sock you when I made that drive. I thought the darned ball was going miles to the left of you."

"Forget it," Steve murmured, his poor, empty eyes trying to stray back to the red.

"Can't, somehow. The reason it occurred to me just then, I suppose, I spoiled your party. You were squiring the gaudy Reeves effect to the Simms' orgy that night, and I had to go and ruin you with a wallop behind the ear."

"Oh, there'll be other parties," Steve mused.

"Oh, will there?" Sally said quickly. "When?"

"Why, you're going to the old-fashioned clambake on the beach yourself tonight, aren't you?" The red fluttered over the top of the rise and, mercifully, vanished. Stephen's breath was expelled just as if an elephant had sat slowly down upon his chest. "Aaaah!" he said in substance.

"Still," Sally submitted, "lots of people don't fancy that slinky black breed, and she's certainly not in the first flush of youth, either."

Stephen threw back his head and laughed mightily, not with her, *at* her, thus rousing in Sally Wyeth the naughty yearning to drive a white-hot poniard through his vitals.

"Gerda won't be twenty-four till January!"

"I've got an old book of Grandpa's home, with a lot funnier ones than that in it," Sally said tartly.

"That's all she is . . . dear, fluffy little chicken! Why, good Lord, I'm nearly thirty myself!" Steve said, the crack of old age in his voice, and sighed vastly and returned his attention to the ball.

IT SOUNDED bad; it sounded much worse than usual. It sounded as if the time had come to change the subject and take a more constructive line. Sally moved nearer to Stephen and loaded her voice with sirenic overtones:

"It's going to be lonely around these parts, Steve, with you going to Europe and everything. You might turn decent and come up to our Squammit Lake camp for two or three weeks. Ma and Pa are getting sore because I don't favor the place more and they'd be tickled pink to have you, and Pop's driving up tonight and we could go with him—and you can get to town from there, you know."

Stephen raised mildly protesting brows.

"Lady, I do ninety minutes a day commuting from home here, as it is; I'm not aiming to tack on another four hours."

"You might, though, when you're going to Europe so soon," Sally purred, with muted, throbbing effect, and she opened her great blue eyes and did things—endeavored to do things—with them.

They didn't take. College boys in vacation time, middle-aged business men with grown children, even one bank president with white side-whiskers, obligingly turned to mush for Sally when she did those same things with her eyes. But not Steve. Vamping Steve held all the high, hot satisfaction of vamping a pile of discarded oyster shells.

"Well, I'm not going so very soon; not till about the first of October and then only for a couple of months on business. . . . Say, it *is* all right with you if I sink this putt, isn't it?"

"That's what we're here for, I suppose," Sally said drearily. "Taking somebody to the clambake, Casanova?"

"Gerda!" Steve whispered. "Ger—duh!"

His keen eye moved from ball to cup, from cup to ball; putter gripped, he concentrated. He failed to see the

"I suppose you're going to beach the canoe in a dark spot up near the dam and beg her to make you the happiest man in the world"

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spasmodic clench of Sally's hands; he failed to catch a word of Sally's soft muttering, which was savagely sibilant and not unlike the soft-whined midnight soliloquy of a wildcat.

"And she *always* plays that full-moon thing straight on him! Some rat's gone and told her that he's putty in a full moon for anything in skirts but me."

Yet the mere suggestion of talk threw Steve off his play and he straightened up and said harshly:

"What time does the mumbling stop, kid? You know I can't ever—"

"Oh, sink your putt!" Miss Wyeth hissed. "Sink your putt!"

EMERGING from Dr. Roland Foster's small private hospital—it was the huge old Foster homestead, of course, and first and last the seven extra bedrooms put a pretty penny in Ronny's pocket—Sally Wyeth met Gerda Reeves, dainty, darkly orchidaceous, by some regarded as distracting; met her just outside the main door and stood squarely in her path.

"Come to ask about Steve?" she said. "He's doing fine, thanks. Goodby."

"I'll run in and see him for a minute," Gerda stated and her black eyes hardened warningly.

"Not now, you won't," Sally said and vigorously shook her head. "They had a terrible job getting him to sleep, but he's resting quietly now and Ronny says he mustn't have visitors."

"I believe I'll ask Ronny about that myself," Gerda said frostily.

"Can't be done! He's carving out somebody's appendix."

Gerda, wispy of physique, considered Sally's determined jaw, abandoned any wild thought of battling through, advanced one pace and sent in a Mills bomb with a deft overhand toss.

"I saw you throw those banana peels," she said. "I thought you'd like to know."

By the most infinitesimal margin, Miss Wyeth caught the start before it became visible and opened her innocent child eyes.

"Peels? Peels?" said she. "Banana peels?"

"I saw you sitting on the clubhouse rail behind the big lilac bush, eating a banana and waiting for Steve to come along the concrete path from the showers. I saw you throw those peels and then call to him, so he'd take his eyes from the walk," Miss Reeves continued incisively. "I saw you hop down and get his head into your lap and begin stroking it, almost before he'd had time to hit the ground. You weren't bright enough to scream and be surprised at his fall. Well? Have you killed him this time?"

Sally, hands clasped on her gentle bosom, registered terror.

"Ronny thinks he can save him," she said faintly. "But you—you're insane! Hasn't anyone ever told you you're insane?"

"Doctor after doctor, and they all say I'm the malignant type that begins talking when pushed too far," Gerda smiled comfortably. "Shall I go in and see Steve now?"

"No, he's still asleep," Sally said after a moment's thought.

"He'll be waked up presently," Gerda assured her, and stepped to her long, shiny car.

Up by the door, Miss Wyeth breathed deeply and reflected upon the things a young girl has to contend with when a snaky menace like that comes to live with its relatives in her own town. Two months now it had been polluting the suburban scene, trying to wind its slimy coils permanently around Stephen Lathrop—around poor, tranced Stephen who, after eighteen long years of stony unawareness, had just been beginning

Sally's grandfather was a house-wrecker and perhaps some taint was in her blood

to take a healthy interest in Sally Wyeth. Miss Wyeth watched its glittering vehicle round the corner and then hurried back to Dr. Foster's office, where the physician was still trying to figure it out.

"Thought you'd gone, Sally," he grunted. "Say, how the heck did a sure-footed goat like Steve ever slide on a banana peel?"

"He couldn't have been watching his step," Miss Wyeth said hurriedly. "Ronny, I'm going to take Steve home now."

"WELL, but—we've only just jammed him into bed!" the doctor cried. "I thought you wanted him kept here for a week?"

"So did I, but I know now that he'll be safer at home. I don't trust that one cockeyed nurse of yours. She might let almost anybody in to see him."

"She—"

"No, Ronny, one has to take measures, but one doesn't take other chances," Sally said very firmly. "You're his friend and you have to help protect him from worse than death. Don't you see, I just clubbed it off the front steps; it was trying to wriggle in. It might come back and climb a fire-escape or glide down a chimney. Don't mouth Ronny; you know perfectly well he has to be saved. You know that slinky black kind make poisonous wives; they're unfaithful and they drive husbands to drink and crimes of passion. There ought to be a law to keep them all in sailors' dance-halls, banging tambourines and sitting on laps and being obscene."

Dr. Foster threw up his hands.

"How'll you have the act put on?" he asked grimly. "Want to walk him to your car or shall I have him carried out on a shutter?"

"Well, it *is* all right to move him, isn't it?"

"Been all right for him to get into his own car and drive home fifteen minutes after he fell and bumped his coco," the doctor sighed. "The concussion doesn't amount to a row of pins. He could sue me for the Latin I spilled on him to keep him in bed for you upstairs."

"Then that's oke," Miss Wyeth said cheerily. "I'll walk him and we'll take along a nurse for him for a few days. Not the cockeyed one; the nice little one that looks like Zasu Pitts. And, Ronny, Steve's father gets home about five, so he's there now. You call up as soon as we start and say that Steve ought to be kept quiet for about a week and he mustn't have visitors—except me once in a while to keep the atmosphere fresh and young."

Lines appeared on Dr. Foster's forehead and he ran his fingers through his hair. Sometimes Sally made him frightfully nervous. He arose and pointed straight at her.

"I'm telling you, this is the last time! Either you marry him, or let someone else marry him, or quit being so damned cute!" he stormed, feebly, bitterly. "I don't want 'em to get me for malpractice."

SHORTLY after Steve, protests notwithstanding, had been tucked into his own bed and the nurse had again taken his temperature, which was exactly ninety-eight and three fifths, that slightly erratic, slightly asthmatic capitalist, Benton Lathrop, Steve's parent, caught Sally on the way out, and led her into his study.

"This," said he, when he had closed the door, "is twice!"

"Well, don't look at me as if it was

(Continued on page 47)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

BILLY WHEELER, a young cattleman, is in love with Marian Dunn, owner of the 94 ranch. The girl makes it clear that she regards him as just another cowboy. He leaves the ranch, vowing never to return. *Two years later* "Horse" Dunn, Marian's uncle (who manages the ranch), sends a frantic summons for him. He returns—reluctantly.

From Dunn he learns a strange story. Someone—no one knows just who—has been murdered. Lon Magoon, a cattle thief, is missing. And Dunn's enemies—Link Bender; The Kid, Bender's son; Pinto Halliday; Rufe Dean; Sam Caldwell and others—are spreading the rumor that he is *the murderer!* His *good name going*, pressed by the bankers, his partner, Bob Flagg (en route from Arizona with large funds), days overdue, the old man is in a desperate situation.

Wheeler stands by loyally. A series of clashes with the Bender-Halliday faction follow. And another murder: Cayuse Cayetano, a half-breed tracker, is found riddled with shot from a shotgun! . . . Old Man Coffee (an old lion hunter who, *because of his ability to unravel murder* mysteries, had been called in by Dunn) announces that Magoon is alive—that the victim believed to have been Magoon is none other than *Bob Flagg!*

Sheriff Walt Amos, hostile to the 94 faction, professes to believe Dunn involved in some way. He gives the old rancher thirty hours in which to establish his innocence. . . . Magoon, it appears, holds the key to the mystery. He *must* be found. *While riding together, in search of possible* clues, Wheeler and Marian catch a fleeting glimpse of him. He hides. Wheeler dismounts. A shot is heard. Marian's horse, shot through the head, falls dead—and Wheeler's horse bolts.

Without mounts, the ranch-house miles away, Marian and the man who loves her discuss the situation. Night comes on. Someone in the distance fires a shotgun. The sound apparently comes from an old shanty *near by. Wheeler and Marian tiptoe to it*, enter it cautiously. Before them lies the body of Lon Magoon—riddled (as Flagg's had been) with shot from a shotgun! . . . Meanwhile Old Man Coffee has learned more than he cares to divulge. To Wheeler he confides that Flagg and Magoon had met at the little town of Pahranagat; that Flagg had bought a horse from the cattle thief, and ridden away with him; and that the man from Arizona had most certainly *known in advance that he was in peril.* More than that Coffee will not reveal. And Wheeler retires—completely mystified.

IX

IT WAS very late. Without checking the hour, he knew that morning could not be far off; and he had supposed that Marian was asleep. She had ridden a long way, not to count that long climb of theirs through the dark. In her own way she outlasted the leathery strength of men and horses—and came through clear-eyed and light-footed, apparently untouched. But she seemed so fragilely made that he always underestimated the young strength of her vitality.

So he was thinking of her as asleep, as he now sat down on the edge of his bunk and rolled a cigarette. His long-boned frame rested relaxed, but he did not look tired. All his life had been spent in the saddle, simply for the reason that the dry country has few roads—few places for roads to go—and the horse is the only means of cross-country transportation across mountain ranges and sand dunes and the vast gulch-cut plains. Ten thousand miles *in the saddle had hardened him until* he was made of braided leather, and no less enduring than the runty, unkillable range ponies. A few more miles on the horse trails and a few nights short of sleep could not tire him now.

His leanly muscled face was as awake as ever, and his gray eyes, made to look lighter than they were by his wind-burned and weather-leathered skin, were as clear as they had been when he arrived at the 94. He let his cigarette trail from a corner of his mouth, rested his chin on one hand; and, squinting through the thin, upward-wavering line of smoke, considered his next moves.

He must travel—that was certain. What could be done here was done—the finding of Bob Flagg and Lon Magoon. He must trace Bob Flagg back to his sources, back through Flagstaff, perhaps to the sold-out Arizona ranch itself, seeking the truth about that strange foreknowledge of Flagg's; for he was certain that Flagg had shown more than a premonition of his death.

And he must find time to run down the 94 debts, seeking ways to avert its bankruptcy, at least for a time. He was wondering how far he dared go against Dunn's order that no penny of Wheeler money should ever be chanced in the 94. Dunn would be game to split the works wide open, if he didn't like the way salvation had been obtained. It was up to Wheeler to find ways to get around that, taking care that the girl would never guess any obligation to him. That last was what Dunn feared most.

BUT, though his mind was laying out routes and plans far outside of the Red Rock country, he was somehow not surprised as Marian now came and joined him here. To think about any phase of this killing case, or of the imminent ruin of Horse Dunn's cow kingdom, was to think about her. After all, the 94 was her brand, and her future was interlaced with its future. So now as he looked up at the sound of her light, quick step it seemed a natural, somehow expected thing to see her standing there in his door.

"This is a lonely night," she said. "Nothing anywhere in this night intends to sleep."

"I guess that's so. But it's near morning now."

Without high heels and with her hair *light and loose about her shoulders* she should have looked smaller, but she did not. He thought he had never seen her so slimly tall, so gravely steady. Perhaps that was partly the effect of what she wore. Because he had never seen her dressed as she was now, he had a sudden sense of how little he knew her—after all, just as he did not know what she wore when she slept, how could he know what went on in her mind when she was alone—or ever?

What she was really wearing were pajamas, but their black silk was cut like a Russian smock, with a high close collar of soft black silk about her throat, and close cuffs at her wrists, so that standing against the dark she was all a part of the dark, except for the bright ivory of her face and hands and the loose shimmer of her hair. About this costume, which was strange to him, there was a barbaric dignity, as if it were not something to sleep in at all, but the ceremonial dress of some forgotten priestess. It was strange to see *this vision here, standing beside a spare* saddle that had been flung on the floor under a tangle of bridles on a wooden peg. Everything around her was cow country, but she—she was something else, something lovely from beyond the hills—a daughter of two worlds.

She came and sat beside him on the bunk. "Did you find out anything more from Old Man Coffee? I thought you'd get more out of him if I left you alone."

"Not very much. Old Man Coffee's been a disappointment to me in a way. Sometimes I think he doesn't know anything about it."

"I wonder."

"Marian, what are you going to do?"

"What is there for me to do? One of two things—stay here, or go to Inspiration to be near Horse. Of course he ought to be out of there in a few days."

"I WOULDN'T count on that, Marian. They can't make a case against him—not even the beginnings of a case. They know that. But what they want to do—and can do—is to tie up the 94 finances by making the case look as ugly as possible. They'll point out that Dunn was the main one who would be expecting Flagg there; and probably make Flagg's share of the money the motive. Of course that's ridiculous. But for their purpose, all they need to do is to raise the question and then cause a delay in clearing it up."

Her eyes were on distance beyond the walls—smoky eyes, drowsy, even misty on the surface; but behind them was that continuing deep glow of slumbering fire, the smoldering light of a great reserve vitality.

"I'd go East now, if I were you," he told her. "We'll fight this thing out, and save out of it what we can. But—this isn't a good place for you any more. There won't be anyone here, except a couple of cow hands to keep an eye on things. And it would drive Horse crazy to have you in that hornets' nest in Inspiration."

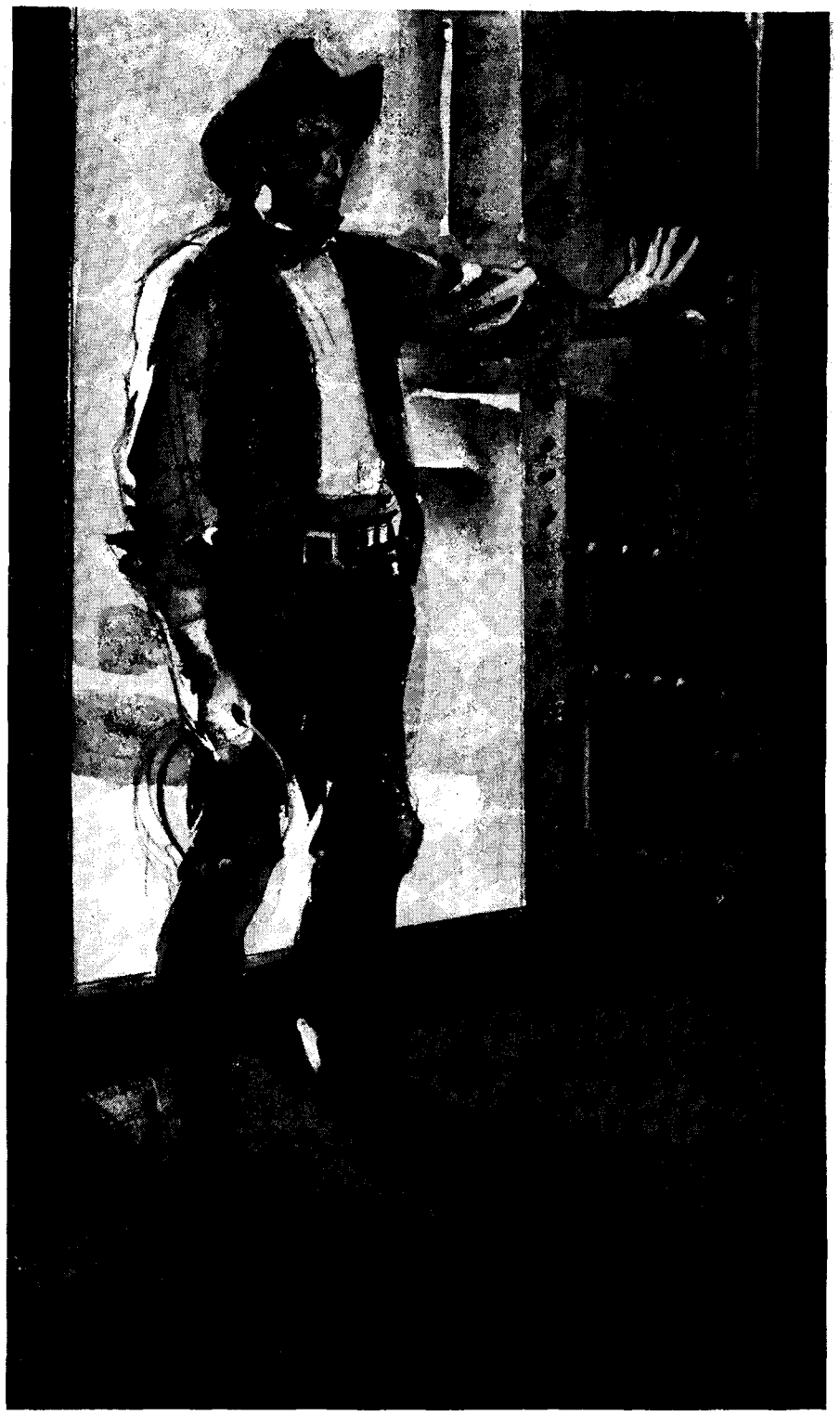
"But you—?"

"I'll be gone. I have to back-track Bob Flagg a little farther. I'll have to go to Flagstaff; then maybe down-country. God knows how long I'll be gone. It looks like a dim, crooked trail."

She considered this. "When are you leaving?"

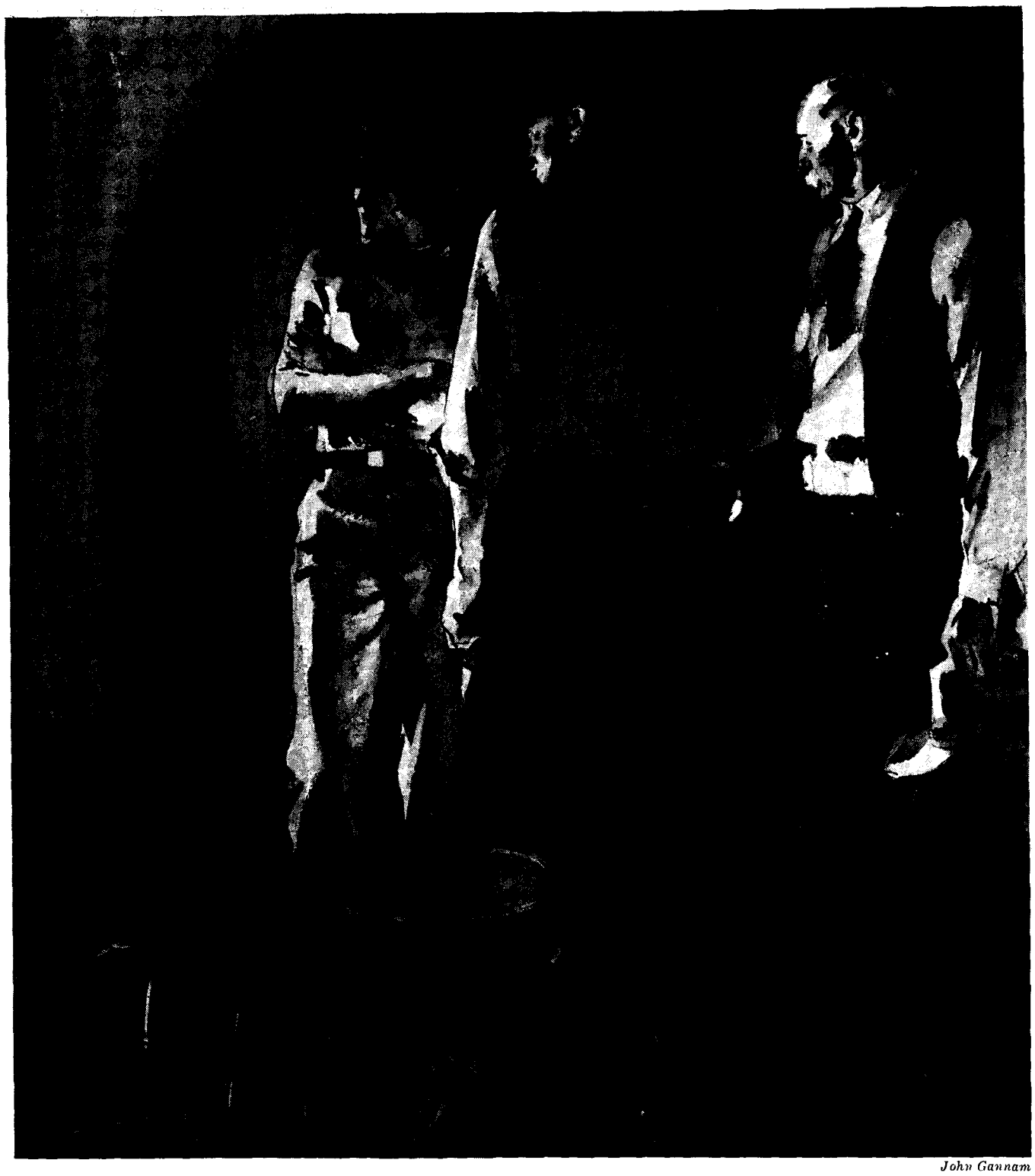
"Now—before daylight. I'll send a note to Horse. I don't even dare see him in Inspiration, for fear they'll hold me there on some trumped-up charge."

They were silent again. Through the window came to them a cool, fragrantly clean breeze from the uplands, with a fall tang in it that promised frosts before long. He suddenly thought she might be cold. There was a clean Navaho blanket on his bed, and he put this



Sheriff Walt Amos swung wide the outer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



John Gannam

door. "I'm putting you on your honor not to try any funny business," he said

about her shoulders. She smiled faintly, but did not look at him or move.

She said, "It will be queer and lonely here, with you gone."

"But you'll be leaving too."

She shook her head, her eyes far away. "I'm through with hovering on the outskirts of my own life."

FOR a moment he wondered what provision he could make for her safety here. He no longer doubted that what she determined to do she would do, and could not be dissuaded from. He thought of consigning her safety to Old Man Coffee, or to the cowboys now searching the hills for her; but he was deeply concerned.

"Sometimes I think," Marian said, "that the answer to everything is to be found right here—here at the 94—and no place else."

He nodded moodily. "A man ought to be able to figure it out, if he was smart."

"There isn't anything more you could follow up, here? When time is so important—"

"There's one lone, slim possibility," he said.

"In heaven's name, what is it?"

"There's one thing in this case that I can't swallow. It stands out above everything else—one unbelievable thing that couldn't possibly happen. I'm thinking of those two shots that have been thrown at—you."

She was silent, and after a moment or two he went on: "Somehow those shots at you are mixed up with these other shootings; it would be too big a coincidence if the shots at you and the killing of the men were separate, yet happening at the same time."

"I can see that, all right."

"But the shots at you eliminate nearly every suspect we have. Take Val Douglas. He hasn't proved very dependable, Marian. Three times now he's been caught in lies as to where he was. Even just now, when he was sent to Pahranagat to check up Bob Flagg, it seems from what Coffee says that he didn't even go near there. Sometimes I've suspected Val. Even if he didn't kill Flagg to rob him, still he might have killed him by mistake, thinking it was somebody else. But one thing is certainly plain—Val Douglas would never fire on you."

"No," Marian said, "Val could never do that."

"Or take Link Bender—a hard, bitter, violent man. Once he was boss of all this range, until Horse Dunn took hold. Link Bender might go to any length to put down the 94. But he controls this kid sheriff, and through the sheriff he's bearing down on the 94 through this killing; and he's getting away with it. His whole way of attack is orderly and thought out. He wouldn't try any such crazy thing as shooting a girl."

"IT'S pretty hard to see in what way I could stand between Link Bender and his plans."

"The same thing applies to Pinto Halliday; he's a shifty crook, but he isn't crazy. Sam Caldwell is another that it doesn't fit in with."

"The thing just won't fit together, will it?"

"Marian, it's in my mind that I know who killed Bob Flagg."

"Billy! If you know that—"

"There's one man in that Inspiration crowd that is too savage bitter to wait for Link Bender's plan to pan out. That man is Rufe Deane. Rufe Deane blames Horse for the death of his son, years ago."

"Yes," Marian said, "I've thought of him."

"Rufe Deane tried to raise a mob in Inspiration to see that the 94 people never got away from there. If he had started in time, there'd have been a lynching before midnight. He threw down his deputy's badge because he thought the sheriff was going too easy with Horse. And when you testified for me at the hearing—Rufe Deane was looking at you like a wolf waiting. Marian, I believe Rufe Deane is one man that's crazy enough and bitter enough to try to kill you—to get back at Horse for the death of young Deane."

"Billy, if you're right—if you can prove that—"

"That's just the trouble. Suppose I'm right—Rufe Deane did it. We're no better off than we were in the beginning. You see, Marian, there's two parts to these killing cases. One thing is to find out who did it and why. The other thing is to prove it and get a conviction. I haven't one single thing to show against Rufe Deane; and until I can show evidence, it won't matter how sure I may be in my mind."

WHEN he looked at her it was past his power to imagine how Rufe Deane or anyone else could ever look down the sights of a gun at Marian Dunn; she was so gently and sweetly made, so precious in his eyes. He didn't believe in Horse Dunn's creed of gun justice, for he thought that the use of violence outside the law was a costly thing, defeating its own purposes in the end. But he knew that if ever he faced Rufe Deane with anything like a decent proof in his hands, he would destroy the killer as he would destroy a sidewinder or a vinegarroon.

"I'll never be able to believe in God's world that anyone would set out to hurt you," he said. "Yet—somebody has tried. What naturally comes to mind is that somebody, some enemy of Horse Dunn, has gone out of his head. But—hard as it is to believe—there is one other possibility we have to take account of: that without knowing it you've heard something or seen something which would give away the Short Creek killer—if you remembered it, and recognized it for what it was."

She said, "I've thought of that."

"Marian, if you can remember seeing anything—a rider in the distance—some horse coming home at a strange time—one of the guns missing from its rack here in the house—even an empty shell that you thought nothing of—that one thing might give us the answer!"

"I've racked my brain over and over; but I can't think of anything, Billy."

"Not even a chance word, overheard somewhere—"

She shook her head. "Billy, I just can't remember anything that would answer the purpose at all." She pressed her palms against her eyes for a moment; then lifted her head sharply, shaking out her loose hair. "It's no use. This isn't the first time I've tried to remember; I've been trying hard for two days."

"I thought it would most likely be hopeless," he admitted. "Well—I'll have to go to Flagstaff."

"I know. I've seen that coming. I'm ready to stay here alone; without you or my uncle, I mean."

"Marian, if I could get you to pull out of here, until this is over—"

"This is my outfit, Billy. It shouldn't be my outfit; it should be my mother's or Horse Dunn's. But nothing can make Horse see that. And I see now that if you're going to run cattle on a big scale out in this country, you sometimes have to be willing to fight for your range."

He stared at her, marveling. The

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

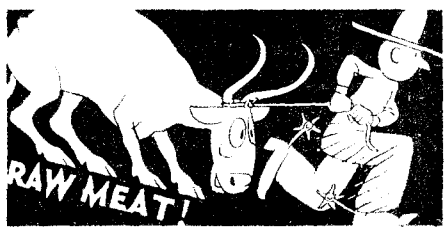
What to Eat

By Arthur F. Kraetzer, M.D.

Revolutions aren't only in politics and finance these interesting days. The old order in Diet has its back to the table. Brave young medical progressives are working hard to give you a New Dish Deal. Doctor Kraetzer is one of their brilliant leaders. He is on the staffs of several great hospitals. We present his message for your consideration, with the approval of the New York Academy of Medicine

HERE is a true story that begins, like the one in the old joke books, "It seems there was an Irishman named Pat." But this one is no joke. Pat was Irish, and a fine broth of a man—or, more accurately, the monumental remains of what once had been a fine broth of a man. Now his face was a mask of despair and there was a pathetic whimper in his voice as he told me that he knew his illness was incurable.

When a man in his forties develops stomach symptoms and shows a grave loss of weight and strength, cancer usually is the first thought to enter a doctor's mind. There was no time for delay, for quibbling. So I immediately put him to the expense of seventy-five dollars' worth of X-ray pictures at the hands of an expert. The pictures eventually showed everything to be normal, which was fine—but while we awaited the results of the X-ray study the cat came out of the bag. "I've been so careful of my diet for the past year, too!" my ailing Irishman moaned.



Now, that was bad! As soon as your average American begins to be careful of his diet there are gas pains ahead.

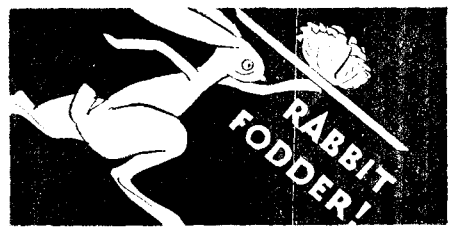
Pat told me that about a year before he had begun to feel out of sorts. "Meat!" cried his friends. "Cut out meat. Take raw foods, fruit and nuts, and lots of vegetables."

So he began to eat nothing but rabbit food. And he a carnivorous animal, a flesh-eating mammal whose impoverished blood and wasting sinews cried for great juicy steaks, prime fish, and other vehicles of honorable proteins!

"Get out of here," I ordered, "to the nearest restaurant as quickly as you can, and buy yourself a thick beefsteak, with bacon on the side, and some peas or string beans or other tender *cooked* vegetables. No desserts, but take a couple of mugs of coffee, with cream, but no sugar. Meat three times a day for you from now on, with all the fish and eggs you want by way of diversion and variety. Remember, it is written in Scriptures that 'strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age.'"

And just before he turned to go, I quoted Lord Byron's Don Juan to him:

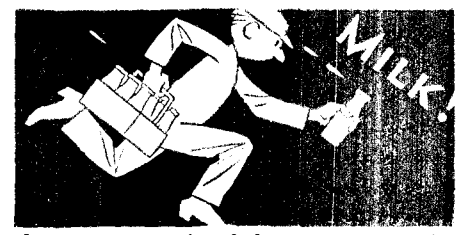
Man is a carnivorous production. . . .
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your laboring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal and mutton better for digestion.



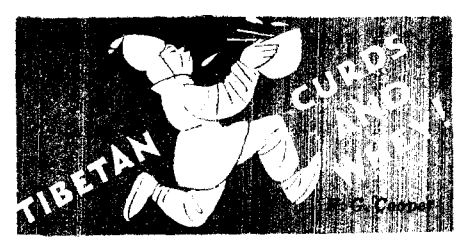
Being an Irishman he did not like fish, so he took my instructions as an alibi to eat meat on Fridays. What penalty he may have to pay for that in the hereafter I do not know; but he received a rather immediate worldly reward in the form of ten pounds of increased weight within two weeks.

Unfortunate adventures in ignorance, such as Pat's, are not rare. No doctor of medicine will ever waste his time on a conjectural argument as to which current economic or social or political topic most interests the average American. He knows, despite what editors and other trained feelers of the public pulse may think, that your chief interest is not whether Russia will make a go of Communism or the saloon will come back. We know that your major interest in life is your bowels; and that your second concern is your stomach. Americans are the most bowel-conscious, the most constipated, the most dieting folk in all the world. We know more about constipation and about food, talk more about both, have more advanced ideas about them, and succeed less with either, than any other race.

Eating should be one of the greatest pleasures in life; but we Americans take less joy from food than any sophisticated people. Out of a grotesque variety of false information, molded by diet racketeers, we have founded a national superstition that pleasure while eating means penalties after eating. Here is one of the marked differences between us and our ancestral stocks in Europe. "He who lives well lives long," said the old English. When our globe-trotters, in their haughty way, tell us poor envious stay-at-homes that the "Europeans know better than we do how to live," they really mean that the average European enjoys his food for its own sake, and shuns the unpalatable; while we tolerate food for our health's sake, and make a virtue of unpalatableness. A civilized European does not eat spinach because a man in his office has a cousin Emil who knows a girl who was cured of moles on her left heel by eating spinach. He eats spinach only if he likes it and wants to eat it.



Eating—one of the simplest of all human needs, and one of the easiest to satisfy—has become to us a weird rigmarole of rules and regulations. We have more taboos against food, including the one against meat, than the South Sea Islanders have against the spirits of their departed in-laws; we have more superstitions about our diet, including the one that it "must be balanced," than the Aleutian Eskimos have about totem poles; each of us has more food fetishes, including the worship of spinach, than Billy the Kid had notches on his six-shooter.



Our nation's bill for crime prevention runs into a figure so large that it is almost incomprehensible to the law-abiding. Yet almost every time we sit down to eat, within the innocent walls of our own home or outside them, and discuss the latest racket of the underworld in its warfare upon our social body, we are *ironically the victims of rackets* far more evil, far more insidious, in their effects upon our health. Far more costly in the aggregate, too; yet allowed to go unchallenged despite the persistent but lone fight of the medical profession.

Get as mad as you please about the hundreds of Capones, but why not get equally mad about the thousands of half-educated dietitians who flood the country, brandishing their diplomas from high-pressure correspondence schools, with as much scientific right to cater to your stomach as a six-year-old boy just learning the multiplication table would have to teach Einstein's relativity theory at Massachusetts Tech. Get mad, if you will, about the building trades racket and all the rest, but why not get equally mad about their cousins, which hurt you more directly—the Health Food Racket, the Reducing Food Racket and the like?

Some very good cooking is carried on in American homes, particularly down South and up in New England. But the real test of a nation's culinary strength is in the number of its restaurants where moderate prices, substantial food and prime cooking may be found in happy combination. Such places abound in Europe, but are notoriously lacking here. Instead, we have Ye Olde Granny O'Gradye's Real Olde-Fashioned Dinners; and Mammy Mephistopheles' Waffle Wagon and all the other euphonious manifestations of the Tea Room Racket with its spurious home cooking.

Naturally, there are exceptions, town and country tea rooms run by delightful women, whose cookery is as wise as it is honest. In general, however, tea rooms are the strongholds of the carbohydrates; the haunts of the napoleon,

that invention of the Evil One, which bears modern witness to the old saw that God sends us food but the Devil sends us cooks; the lairs of the bullet-proof pie, and the fetid caves of the many-headed sundae. Here you get more than your fill of sweet and starchy foods, because these are cheaper and can be featured in a low-priced yet profitable meal; and here you get not half enough of meat, because that will not allow of so great a profit.

As to the Vitamin Racket, there is no bunk in the world so dangerous as that which has some truth behind it. The Devil can quote Scripture for his own purpose, and he can also quote physiology. There is no question of the importance of vitamins—the discovery of these remarkable elements is one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of medicine—but their existence has furnished ballyhoo for the diet racketeers. Vitamin deficiency in children is not infrequent and must be guarded against; in a normal adult of any but the poorest means and environment it is rare. Forget your vitamins; they have always been, and will always be, with us.

Dietetics, in proper hands, is a useful and progressive branch of medicine. But in spots it has become highly pedantic; many of the so-called balanced diets are figured out on purely academic grounds. Sometimes—particularly after another victim of a balanced diet, such as Pat, my Irish patient, has sat in front of me—I lean back and picture with my inner eye a grand revival of the Spanish inquisition. I see a long procession of dietitians wending their way in penitential garb, bowed down

(Continued on page 28)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lucky Woodin

By Clinton W. Gilbert

Illustrated in clay by Alan Foster

SECRETARY of the Treasury William H. Woodin has, so his friends say, luck with him. He was lucky in the moment he chose to cease being a Republican and to become a Democrat. According to the story circulating in Washington, he got angry at Mr. Hoover when Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce. So in 1928 he supported Mr. Smith, whose opposition to prohibition also suited him. So he shifted his politics just at the time when the Democratic party was headed back into power.

But the best example of Mr. Woodin's luck is a golf story. The Secretary of the Treasury plays golf like a business man. On one occasion when he was playing with William C. Dickerman, president of the American Locomotive Company, on a course near New York City, he swung earnestly at the ball from the tee and the ball went away on a magnificent cut curve to the right, landing in a barnyard.

Mr. Woodin and his caddy walked up and down along the fence of the barnyard looking for the ball, but although the ground was bare in the yard the ball was nowhere in sight. A calf was in the yard and it was seen to be chewing on something with great interest. Mr. Woodin spoke persuasively to the calf. The animal came over toward him, stuck its head through the fence, and dropped Mr. Woodin's ball upon a fine lie on a fair green. A man who could do that may find just the right word to say to the depression.

He is an unusual combination of artist and business man. He is a composer of music. He also writes verses. And he has tried his hand at the difficult art of prose—essays, I believe. When it became known in Washington that he was likely to be Secretary of the Treasury, a Democratic senator would say to you, "What do you think about Woodin?" and then with uplifted eyebrows, "A musician?" or it might be "A poet?"

The Urge to Self-Expression

We in this country like our great men to be easily ticketed—a banker, a manufacturer, a lawyer. A banker who painted water colors would probably have a run on his bank. Woodrow Wilson as President never lived down the fact that he had once been a college professor. Nine tenths of the Republican sneers at Wilson had the word professor in them.

A public man in this country may better have an affair with his neighbor's wife than have an affair with a Muse. The one belongs to an order of which you know the grip and speak the password, but the other is a little elfin. I suspect that the story of Nero's fiddling was invented to point a moral about artists in public life.

But this is getting a long way off from Mr. Woodin. The Secretary's artistic offenses appear more or less venial. He does not even mention them in "Who's Who," which contains not the words, "composer of," "author of."

Here is the way he composes music: Having got an idea or a theme, or whatever you call it, in his head, he plunks a succession of notes on the strings of a guitar. His musical secretary sits by and transcribes upon a sheet of paper the notes he has sounded. It is not so different, after all, from a business executive dictating to his stenographer. I hope this will help to set him right with those who say with lifted eyebrows, "A musician?"

You have only to look at him to see that he is something different from the usual big business man, in spite of the long list of railroad supply companies, railroad companies, shipping companies and other great companies of which he is president or chairman of the board. Here, you say at once, is someone very individual, someone with a bent toward self-expression. Instead of the hard-boiled hat and conservative clothes of the business world, you find a pearl-gray hat, pearl-gray spats, clothes generally that a much younger man might please himself with before he had been disciplined to conformity.

His expression is unusual too. Without stopping to think, one would say that he was always smiling, like his chief, the new President. But a smile involves certain muscular effects in a countenance. Mr. Woodin's face is always lighted up. It is a luminous face—a face that looks as if it were always just about to break out in a smile but does not. The eyes are large and luminous.

He is a man you are bound to fix your gaze on the first time you see him—a man who does not merge into the generality, a man in whom difference is emphasized both by nature and by attention to the details of dress. A very pleasant personality, one would say at a glance. And he has won his way to a very warm friendship with President Roosevelt, who clearly marked him for the Cabinet from the time of the election by talking about him to all comers.

A Man Who Gets What He Wants

Still there is force behind that lighted-up and amiable face. I have alluded to his growing anger at Secretary of Commerce Hoover. Friends tell of his walking in upon Judge Gary, that god of the steel world, and giving the judge, in the presence of a roomful of people, the greatest blowing-up the judge was ever forced to listen to. In the campaign he ordered an offending Democratic senator out of his office.

In his younger days Mr. Woodin was the greatest salesman of railroad supplies in the country. One does not become a great salesman without a certain personal force and ability to deal with men. From selling railroad supplies, he has become head of two of the great railroad supply manufacturing companies in the country—the American Locomotive Company, and the American Car and Foundry Company.

He is a director of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. The board of this bank is a sort of privy council of the business world. There is no place more sought after among the great business men of New York. His winning it is another illustration of his ability to get what he wants.

One can only judge men by what they have accomplished. As one reads of Mr. Woodin's achievements in practical affairs one is forced to the conclusion that he has overcome pretty well the handicap of artistic inclinations, without having to sacrifice them entirely. He is likely to be a very important factor in the new administration. He has the authority of large experience. And he is probably the closest friend of the President in the Cabinet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was a moment's silence after Bauer stopped speaking. The captain looked at him intently.

"You *saw* that?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, my friend. I saw every part of it. But let me tell you another part of the story. A part which I did not see."

"Tell away," said the captain. "I'm getting sympathetic."

Bauer resumed his tale, speaking very low:

"You have heard, perhaps, of San Carlos prison. It is a place few Venezuelans like to think of, even. Seventy-five feet below the street are the cells which President Barco liked best. These were for men who would never see daylight again. It was a kind of slow execution spread over two, three, or four years. No one knew when death happened. No body was ever found.

"In two of the lowest cells Barco put Don Francisco and Ricardo Sanchez. No one knows how long Don Francisco lived. After Barco left the country two years later, they looked for the old man in the prison. They found nothing. Not even his body.

"But Ricardo Sanchez was still alive. They found him in a cell two feet deep in filth and rotten plantain skins. His eyes blinked in the sunlight. He had almost forgotten how to talk. For two years he had heard only one human voice—that of his enemy, Jesus-Maria Guzman.

"Four times Guzman came to visit him in his cell. The first time was soon after his imprisonment, and he told him about how pleased the president was with Lucia Vargas. When the beast had gone, he prayed to God that he might live to cut Guzman's throat.

"THE next time Guzman came was two weeks later. He said he was worried. The president was getting tired of Lucia Vargas. She was always so sad, and the president liked them gay, and happy, and noisy. She would have to leave the palace soon.

" 'But, my friend,' he said, 'I know what we can do. I shall marry her myself!'

"He spat into the cell and was off up the stairs laughing as madly as Barco.

"After that he came only twice more. He came on the day before his marriage to Lucia Vargas, and he came on the morning after the wedding night. Ricardo Sanchez has never spoken of these visits to anyone—except to say that Guzman came. But he told a friend of mine in Paris that he remembers every word he spoke, and that he repeats them over to himself to keep his hatred hot."

"But why did she marry him?" asked the captain.

Bauer shrugged his shoulders.

"You ask me something I do not know," he said. "But I can guess. Perhaps she was told that if she preferred, she might live in the barracks with the *llanero* cavalry. They are savage men, the *llaneros*."

"I see," said the captain. "But how did Sanchez get out of prison?"

"That I do not know, either," said Bauer. "Nor do I know exactly why the General let Sanchez out of San Carlos. But after two years President Barco went to Europe for that operation and died there. The General took charge of the country. Guzman became governor of the Federal District. Ricardo Sanchez was taken from his cell and put on board a ship bound for France. The General admires courage."

Simultaneously the captain and Bauer looked through the smoking-room window at the silent young Venezuelan still sitting at his table.

"*God!*" said the captain. "They'll kill him! We ought to make him get off this boat at San Juan."

"I have tried already," said Bauer, shaking his head. "But I did not succeed."

The Loveliest Girl in Caracas

Continued from page 9

SANCHEZ did not leave the ship at San Juan. Until the S. S. Carúpano had turned out of the harbor toward evening and was passing under the ancient guns of the castle, he read a French novel on the upper deck. Then he descended and joined Bauer at the rail. The ship was passing through a fleet of small fishing-boats.

"They remind me of my childhood, Mr. Bauer," he said.

"So. You sailed a boat once?"

"Yes. My father had business sometimes in La Guaira. He would hire for me a special boat. It had red sails. It was the only boat in La Guaira with red sails. It belonged to an old servant of our family. His son has one like it now. I was very happy then. I was no more than fifteen years old."

"Before you were engaged to be married?"

Sanchez looked sharply at the German, but smiled again.

"Yes. When we are near La Guaira, I shall look carefully for a boat with red sails. Perhaps I shall see the son of our old servant."

THEY were nearing La Guaira. Already a small fleet of fishing-boats had emerged from the harbor and was drifting slowly toward the Carúpano. They were all sail-boats. From the rail Bauer watched them with interest. Presently Sanchez appeared on deck. He touched Bauer on the arm.

"Soon," he said, "we may see one with red sails."

Bauer smiled and nodded his blond head.

"My friend," he said, "the captain understands. He would be very sorry if you did not see the son of your old servant."

Sanchez gripped Bauer suddenly by the hand.

"I thank you," he said. "I thank you very much." Then he strolled off toward the stern. Bauer did not yet see a boat with red sails. But looking back, he noticed that the ship's wake was not quite straight. He looked again. No. It was slightly curved, and Bauer knew what that meant. He leaned over the rail to look directly ahead. There—half a mile away—bobbed the boat with red sails. The new course would take the ship very near her.

"The captain," thought Bauer, "is a good man. Our friend Sanchez should be waiting."

Sanchez *was* waiting. He was leaning against the rail near the stern.

The boat with the red sails bobbed gently and gradually drew nearer. Only one man was in her—a dark-skinned native in a wide hat. There was a little cabin amidships, but otherwise she was like the numerous others on the windless sea. By this time she was under the port bow. Now she was amidships. Now she was nearing the stern.

As Bauer watched with rising interest, he saw Sanchez tighten his muscles—bend his legs slightly. Then he vaulted over the rail and fell in the water with a splash. A lookout cried, "Man overboard," but there came no jangle of engine-room bells. The ship moved on serenely as before. Sanchez was swimming to the boat, swimming without effort across twenty yards of smooth water.

WHEN Bauer glanced toward the end of the distant breakwater a motorboat was coming toward the ship. Bauer could see the foam under the bow and thought he could distinguish the brown uniforms of Venezuelan police.

"Poor boy," he thought. "They will have him after all."

He looked back at the fishing-boat. Sanchez had climbed aboard. He waved gracefully at the Carúpano and disappeared into the little cabin. The boat rocked on the swells, her sail flapping helplessly. But suddenly a spurt of gray smoke shot from her side. Her bow lifted into the air. The roar of a powerful motor dominated the stillness. The red sail dropped in limp folds, and the transformed fisherman set off down the coast at a speed which Bauer knew could not be equaled in La Guaira.

"Yes," said Bauer, smiling his admiration, "*he's done it!*"

(Continued on page 26)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

About 300 years ago, one popular amusement was the championship drinking match. For some time the champion was a gigantic Dane, who had defeated every contender in Europe. Then he went to Scotland where a mere amateur drank him under the table in three days and three nights.—*By Thomas McGilvray, Huntington, New York.*

A peasant woman in Konnersreuth, Bavaria, is exhibiting today the world's latest case of stigmata, the supposed supernatural infliction of wounds corresponding to those of Christ. However, like most of the 321 other cases in history, she will not submit to a medical examination.

Between 1913 and 1930, the combined Federal, state, county and municipal taxes of the United States increased per capita from $23 to $84, or 265 per cent.

A company may be incorporated with the provision that each stockholder shall be entitled to one vote only, irrespective of the number of shares which he holds. In such a case, 51 per cent of the stock, or even 90 per cent of it for that matter, does not necessarily control the organization.—*By E. J. Sullivan, Red Bank, New Jersey.*

Records of the length of time served by prisoners who were released from our Federal and state penitentiaries during a recent year show that 389, or 60 per cent of the 649 "lifers" among them, had been confined *less than 10 years.*

Carbon monoxide, the colorless, tasteless and odorless gas that is produced by automobile exhausts and various industrial processes, is so poisonous that one part in 2,000 parts of air sickens a person within a short time and one part in 200 parts of air quickly causes death.

When medical and surgical schools were growing rapidly in England about 100 years ago, the demand for corpses for dissection became so great and the practice of body-snatching became so prevalent that coffins had to be buried in iron cages or graves protected by spring-guns.

The United States today contains more than 100,000 mounds, earthworks and fortifications that were built thousands of years ago by prehistoric races. The largest is Monks' Mound near East St. Louis, which has a greater cubic size than the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt.—*By R. H. Sloan, Burlington, Iowa.*

At her wedding, every Japanese bride wears a silk covering over her forehead called a *tsuno kakushi*, or horn concealer, which is a symbol of her pledge to refrain from jealousy, animosity and disobedience.

Detachable finger nails are the latest time-saving beauty aid for busy women. They are easily slipped on and off the real nails and maintain their beautifully tinted and polished appearance for many weeks.

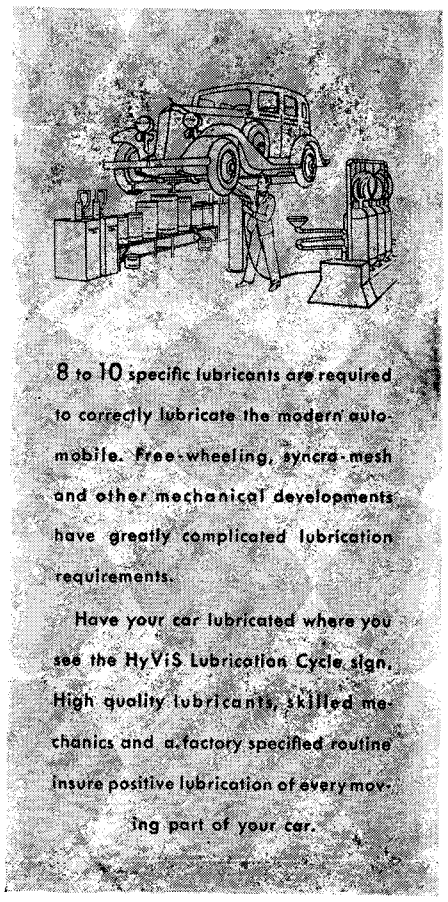
The most tragic migration in history started in Russia in 1771 when 500,000 Kalmucks, oppressed beyond endurance, packed their tents, burned their villages and started on a 3,000-mile trek to China during which 350,000 of them died from cold, hunger, disease and attacks by enemies.

Not all wire is cylindrical or flat. In fact, one company in the United States makes it in 785 different shapes. — *By W. C. McDonald, Worcester, Massachusetts.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Quality Motor Oil saves you money!


8 to 10 specific lubricants are required to correctly lubricate the modern automobile. Free-wheeling, syncro-mesh and other mechanical developments have greatly complicated lubrication requirements.
Have your car lubricated where you see the HyViS Lubrication Cycle sign. High quality lubricants, skilled mechanics and a factory specified routine insure positive lubrication of every moving part of your car.

Wear, repair bills and low gasoline mileage go hand in hand with so-called "cheap" lubricating oils. That's why you should keep your crankcase filled with the new, improved HyViS—in the long run, it's the most economical oil you can possibly use.

Why do motorists find HyViS so economical and dependable? It is the richest 100% pure Pennsylvania oil, Super-refined by a scientific extra process that removes the light, non-lubricating materials which remain in other oils and quickly break down and evaporate in your motor. Only those rich "lubricating fractions" which stand up under the heat and stress of modern automobile motors remain in HyViS after Super-refining.

The quality of HyViS is higher than ever before, yet it is selling at a reduced price to fit today's pocketbook. Ask for HyViS—it's today's outstanding lubrication value.

The Brand Hyvis guarantees Extra-High Quality

HyViS MOTOR OIL and LUBRICANTS

HYVIS OILS, INC.
Warren, Pennsylvania

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bring Those
Shoe
Bills
DOWN
to earth!

So long as boys are boys and girls are girls, they're going to be a strain on pocketbooks.

But you can cut the cost of their fun with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles—the tough, sure-footed, waterproof soles that give weeks and weeks of extra wear.

Any shoe will wear longer when the *soles* wear longer. Ask for these soles, made by the makers of Goodyear Tires, when you're buying new shoes or getting shoes repaired. With all their toughness, they don't cost a cent more to buy.

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot
SOLES and HEELS
Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

The Loveliest Girl in Caracas

Continued from page 24

The captain and Bauer sat in the sure-footed little train which winds out of La Guaira, doubling on itself like a hare before the hounds, climbing, climbing, until it finally reaches Caracas, the enchanted little city in the cool clouds beyond the ridge. The S. S. Carúpano would be in port two days, and Bauer had persuaded the captain to take a look at the capital of Venezuela, which he had often approached, but never seen.

"Wonder where that fellow Sanchez is now?" asked the captain.

Bauer pointed out of the window to a tall mountain poking its tip into a blanket of cloud.

"In a place like that, I think. In a little mud hut—dreaming of Lucia Vargas."

The train crossed the high ridge and, coasting down a gentle grade into the fertile valley of the Rio Guaire, finally came to a stop at a small station. The captain and Bauer got out and signed the police register at the station door.

"The General likes to know whom he's entertaining at his capital," explained Bauer.

"I guess Sanchez didn't put his name in *this* book."

"No, no, my friend. And the General is in Maracay. When he returns, it will have happened."

"What will have happened?"

"Our friend Sanchez will be dead. Or Guzman will be dead. Or both. Caracas is a small city, not big enough for those two. But now let us go to the Plaza Bolivar. We will stand in front of the Ministerio. It is always well to observe a new city from the central point."

The Plaza Bolivar in Caracas is a small square park full of huge trees and paved with wide paths of bright-colored tile. The captain and Bauer crossed it. Suddenly the captain grabbed Bauer by the arm.

"Look," he cried, and pointed across to a well-dressed silent figure.

"*Mein Gott!*" said Bauer, for once jarred out of his English.

It was Ricardo Sanchez, clad in perfectly fitting English clothes, carrying a riding-crop after the prevailing Caracas fashion, and smoking a cigarette as if he had not a care in the world. The captain and Bauer went over to speak to him.

"You've sure got a nerve," said the captain.

"Ah, my friend. You are still worrying about me? But when I left Caracas five years ago I had a small mustache. I wore always my uniform. I have hope that no one will recognize me until I have seen a certain man who will come to this building presently. After that all Caracas will know who I am."

BAUER took the captain suddenly by the arm. He spoke abruptly, without his usual suaveness.

"Come, Captain. Let us go. It is not safe for foreigners here."

But the captain hung back. There was something fascinating about that single, slender young man defying in its very stronghold the most absolute government on earth. He was about to continue the conversation, when he saw that the young Venezuelan's attention was drawn elsewhere. An open car had slid noiselessly to the curb. The top was down and the captain could see on the back seat a very pretty young woman in a smart silk dress and a wide hat. On the other side of her was a heavy, dark man in a semi-military uniform.

"My God," thought the captain, "it's Guzman!" He looked around for Bauer, but the prudent German had disappeared.

Sanchez was staring straight at the back seat of the car. The captain heard him speak:

"Please, Captain—step back—many steps—and at once."

His voice rose rapidly in pitch with each word. The captain stepped back—rapidly. Sanchez drew his gun. Guzman sprang to his feet, dragging the girl with him and holding her before him as she screamed and fought to be free. He drew his own gun and fired. Many shots. The captain saw spurts of dust leap from the stucco wall of the Ministerio.

SANCHEZ held his fire, afraid of hitting Lucia. For a moment he stood helpless. Then he twisted to the pavement with a bullet in his thigh. With a smile of triumph on his lips Guzman stepped from the car to administer the *coup de grâce*. Making a final effort Sanchez raised his gun and fired once. Guzman fell.

It had all happened in a few seconds. The captain ran over to Sanchez. He was conscious, but weak from the shock, and his thigh bone was splintered well above the knee. The wound was bleeding badly, and the captain took off his belt and bound it tightly around the leg. So intent was he on doing this that it was not until he had finished fastening the belt that he noticed a pair of very delicate, soft white hands with polished nails trying not very efficiently to help him. He looked up suddenly into the eyes of Lucia Vargas. They were large, blue eyes, very wide-open, childlike and worried.

"Will he live?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Yes, señora, he will live," said the captain.

Lucia knelt on the pavement. Sanchez smiled up at her weakly. She bent tenderly over him and whispered something that the captain did not hear.

"Funny," thought the captain. "I wonder why no cops show up."

The Plaza was completely deserted. But in the streets leading to it were dense crowds, held back by soldiers with fixed bayonets. No one approached the little group of four—the wounded exile, the pretty girl bending over him, the Yankee captain, and the governor of the Federal District, dead and bleeding a little below the eye.

"*Coronel*," shouted the captain to the nearest officer. "Come over here and take charge."

Then things began to happen fast.

A limousine leaped through a lane in the crowd, and skidded to a stop. Two young officers, with drawn revolvers, sprang out. They were followed by a dark, elderly man in a plain uniform, whose eyes glared ferociously from behind thick glasses. He caught sight of the body of Guzman, and his hand flashed to his hip and suddenly held a gun. He took in the situation at a glance. Without a moment's hesitation he strode over to the wounded man. Sanchez saluted feebly and tried to sit up, but Lucia Vargas held him back with her hand on his forehead. The General—for it was "the General" himself—glared silently down at them for a few seconds. Then he spoke in a rasping, threatening voice.

"Señora," said the General, his gun pointing at the head of Sanchez, "he has murdered your husband."

Lucia Vargas sprang to her feet, her hands clenched into hard little fists.

"He has killed a pig!" she screamed, her eyes flashing. "He has killed a criminal, a robber, a torturer. All Caracas will bless him."

The General looked at her coldly.

"He has also killed the governor of my Federal District. That is treason."

IN a flash Lucia's whole appearance changed. The fire went out of her, and she became once more a little girl, very pretty, very appealing, and very scared. She knelt on the pavement before the General, and reached up with a fragile white hand to touch his sleeve.

"I know nothing about politics," she said softly. "But Ricardo Sanchez was my betrothed. He is a good man. I love him. And he is alive. My husband was a bad man. I did not love him. And he is dead. Your Excellency—*Benemérito*—give me my first love back again."

The General's expression did not soften, but he put away his gun.

"It is well," he said in the same harsh voice. "I pardon him. Take good care of him, señora. He is yours."

"But it isn't the fare, sir, it's the principle of the thing" *Eldon Kelley*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Darling . . . !"

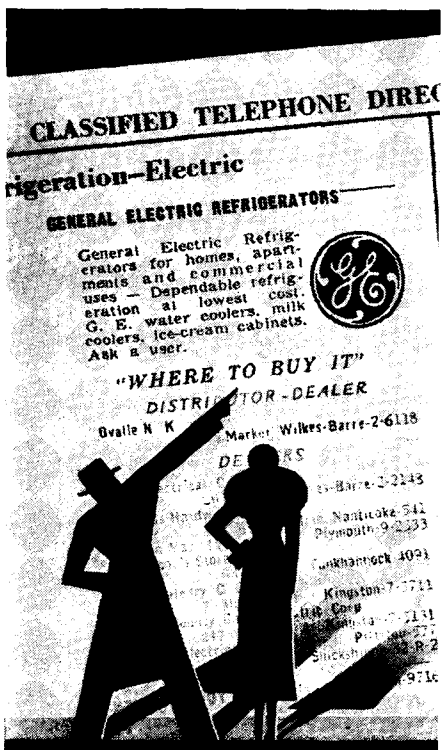
BABY is safe in the next room. Yet even if he were in China, the new snapshots couldn't be more eagerly scanned! Taking the pictures . . . getting your first look when the prints are ready . . . the fun of it never wears off.

A new kind of film has opened up wonderful new snapshot opportunities. With Kodak VERICHROME Film bright days aren't necessary. People needn't be posed, or face the sun. Easy positions, natural expressions—just snap the picture that looks good to you. Verichrome will get it. Your prints will "turn out." Buy a couple of rolls today. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

● Verichrome is *the double-coated film.* Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another for bright light give Verichrome amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIREC
rigeration—Electric
GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
General Electric Refrigerators for homes, apartments and commercial uses — Dependable refrigeration at lowest cost. G. E. water coolers, milk coolers, ice-cream cabinets. Ask a user.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
DISTRIBUTOR-DEALER
Market Wilkes-Barre-2-6118

IT TELLS YOU WHO IS THE *authorized* DEALER

Of course, you already use the classified telephone book to help you with your buying. But did you know that dealers for many advertised products and services are listed by brand names?

Simply look for the trade name — Plymouth, Addressograph, Stromberg-Carlson, Goodyear, Sherwin-Williams, for example. There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized local dealers. Dealers that the manufacturer himself recommends.

No "shopping around" is necessary when you use this convenient buyers' guide.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

What to Eat

Continued from page 22

with shame, scourging themselves with pastry chains, each with a textbook of dietetics hanging in chains from her neck. With great delight I see them handed over to a committee of executioners consisting of a Southern mammy, a New England housewife, a Chinese cook and a French chef!

The majority of cases of constipation are due, not to weakness, but to too much strength of the intestinal wall; that is, strength wrongfully applied. The lower bowel becomes tense and cramped because of irritation inside the intestine, as your fist might close in a natural reflexive action around a hornet that stung your palm, seeking thus both to appease the hurt and to vent your wrath. The irritation in your bowels is twofold: chemical, from the process of fermentation of the food that has passed into them; and mechanical, from the coarse residue of roughage, which is to the delicate mucous lining of the intestines what a hot cinder is to a sensitive eyeball. In the instinctive reflex actions of assaulted tissues, the intestines close down spasmodically on the provoking substance, both to ease the irritation and to try to get rid of it. It succeeds in the latter desire only in a harsh and unnatural way—as you would violently shake the hornet from your hand.

Bowel movements of this kind are what the diet racketeers and the food faddists give you as a "cure" for constipation; they are, moreover, what the people who eat excessive amounts of food suppose to be signs of good health. The scientific medical man knows that such movements really indicate another form of constipation—a low-grade diarrhea, which in time will have unfortunate results. Don't shop around for a constipation cure—see a doctor.

Consideration of these facts finds us swiftly overtaking the meat superstition. In the chase we encounter, first, the three main components of the solid diet: proteins, fats, and carbohydrates. Proteins build up the active parts of the body, the structural steel and the running gears. They occur in some vegetables, mostly peas and beans, to a limited extent; but their real sources are meat, fish, and eggs. Fats and carbohydrates furnish heat and energy. Fats come both from animals and from plants. Carbohydrates come almost entirely from plants.

There are three main carbohydrates: sugar, starch, and cellulose. There are several varieties of sugar, each simple, soluble, and easily absorbed. Starch is more complex, and requires considerable digestion before it is rendered soluble and assimilable. Cellulose is the fiber of vegetables and fruit, and is not at all digestible by man.

Your Personal Brewery

All these carbohydrates may be attacked by bacteria in the intestines and fermented before they can be absorbed. These carbohydrates—sugar, starch, and vegetable roughage—are the materials out of which, so it is said, sinful people manufacture a substance known as home-brew. This concoction, as most of us know, is the triple concentrate and inner spirit of headache. And a diet in which carbohydrates predominate frequently results in the setting up of a private and personal home-brew in your "insides."

Indications that you have set up a miniature brewery in your bowels are many and varied; they include headache, stomach-ache, muscular rheumatism, coated tongue, offensive breath, unpleasant odor of the perspiration, fatigue, nervousness, depression, a condition of being out of sorts with nothing to show for it in the physical examination, and, lastly, overweight and bad, pimply, blotchy complexion. It is practically impossible to cure a bad case of acne without a stringent cutting down of the carbohydrate consumption. All or any one of these things indicate what is known in medical science as "intestinal toxemia," or auto-intoxication, which is the penalty for ignorant adherence to food cults or fads; for a high-carbohydrate and low-protein diet, or, in other words, for abstinence from meat in favor of what is known to the medical profession as "hay."

Herein lies a curious demonstration of the fact that so much of medical science as is imparted to the general lay public in one way or another until it becomes a matter of common knowledge or belief, always lags behind the progress of medicine. Your health superstition of today, quite often, was the medical theory of yesterday, discarded in the advance of knowledge. A generation ago most doctors believed that intestinal toxemia was based on the putrefaction of protein, due to excessive meat eating. That theory has been revised on the clinic tables and under the laboratory microscopes; but it lingers on in the lay mind in all its original strength, and the hangers-on of medical science, the self-anointed experts and the quacks, after their peculiar fashion, have adopted it as their new discovery; and, after their even more peculiar habit, they have gone the old doctors one better by preaching that all meat is harmful. Hence, as soon as you get out of sorts these days, the diet racketeers tell you to cut out meat.

The Value of Meat

Some people believe that meat causes, or aggravates, high blood pressure. An interesting study was carried out a few years ago on the blood pressure of Eskimos. The northern Eskimo eats nothing but meat, plus a little lichen scraped from the rocks. The southern Eskimo eats large amounts of sugar, flour, and dried fruits. The investigator found no high blood pressure among the northern Eskimos, the meat eaters. Among the southern tribes, the carbohydrate eaters, he found high blood pressure as frequent and as high as it is in civilized communities.

Meat as food is clean, wholesome, completely digestible. It forms no gas, and leaves no coarse residue to ferment in the intestines and scald their delicate linings. If you want something really heavy, take a stack of pancakes or a "dainty" chocolate éclair, or a vegetable plate and a peck of salad. The food that melts in your mouth often congeals in your stomach—and those rabbit foods are the heavy foods, oppressive as evil consciences.

Because great feasts of raw lettuce and cabbage leaves are good for rabbits, because cows eat acres of grass, and horses guzzle bales of hay, and birds swallow bushels of seeds, and because rabbits and cows and horses and birds seemingly enjoy abounding health, it does not necessarily follow that those things are good for you; although this is the line of reasoning followed by fanatical vegetarians. The cultists even go to human examples for proof; they point out that certain Oriental races subsist chiefly on rice, and that certain European races drink wine to the exclusion of water, and that certain Tibetan tribes live almost wholly on curds and whey. But you are not a rabbit, a cow, a horse, a nightingale, a Jap, a Bulgarian, or a Tibetan; and their arguments merely prove the power of the human or animal body to accommodate itself to its environment and opportunities.

I suppose that if we Americans were to go on a diet in which napoleons and frozen frappé delights predominated for the next ten centuries, we should build up a suitable gastric accommodation. But we should have a lot of pimples and paunches and pains meantime, and in the end we would not be exactly the earth's manliest race.

A Common-Sense Diet

I do not mean to say that you should never eat desserts, if you like them; nor am I suggesting that you should never eat fruits and vegetables. These, in reasonable quantities, belong in your diet. I am merely taking a stand against an undue and unbalanced proportion of carbohydrates, for these will surely cause you grief in the long run. I am a physician, and, naturally, the people I see are a special group, the majority of whom have come to bitter days through an over-consumption of carbohydrates. This is, in a general way, the sort of diet I prescribe for them:

Breakfast: Eggs and bacon, one or two slices of buttered toast, or an equal allowance of some other form of bread; a good cup of coffee, but if you want to enjoy its true flavor, no sugar. On, say, three mornings a week substitute for the eggs, for the sake of variety, liver and bacon, broiled mackerel, kippered herring, chops or a steak. No hot cakes or coffee rings! Then you will be awake all morning, and hungry for lunch.

Luncheon: Stew, fish, or cold meat; one or two slices of bread and butter; soup, if it is a cold day; one portion of the tender cooked vegetables, such as peas, fresh or canned, string beans, asparagus, stewed tomatoes, eggplants, oyster-plant, or the like; no dessert. Then you will be awake all afternoon, and hungry for dinner.

Dinner: The same as lunch, and as much of the protein element as you want. If you take potatoes, take a small amount, and cut down correspondingly on the bread; for dessert, a small piece of cheese. Then you will stay awake until bedtime, and when you do go to bed, you will sleep well. With each meal, take a glass of water. The gastric juice works more efficiently when it is partially diluted. Your water consumption should average about eight glasses a day.

Meals such as these will give you energy and muscle. They will leave you with no sense of stodginess, but with that slight degree of hunger which we still should feel on rising from the table. They will protect your insides from toxemia and your outsides from pimples. They will prevent you from getting fat, and will enable you to lose weight without losing strength.

Above all, they will give you a mental and physical sense of well-being which will make you indifferent to the recurrent waves of diet fads; they will enable you to resist eating by slogans. An apple a day may keep the doctor away—but too many apples may fetch the undertaker.

Lastly, if these suggestions do not work, consult your doctor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

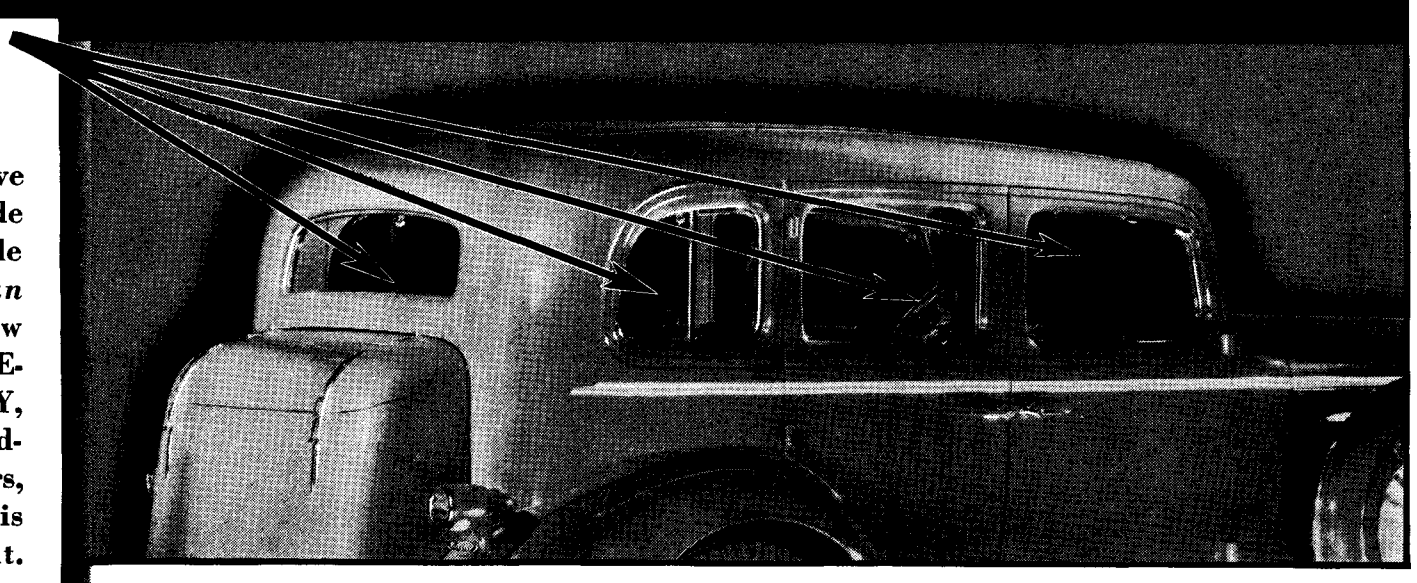
$1.50

LESS THAN A MONTH FOR TWELVE MONTHS

GIVES YOU L·O·F SUPER SAFETY GLASS PROTECTION

In All WINDOWS

where you *must* have it in order to provide the greatest available protection and *can* have it, at this new low price, WITHOUT DELAYING DELIVERY, as well as in the windshield and ventilators, where Safety Glass is standard equipment.



DO THIS

When you buy a car, ask the salesman where the Safety Glass is and just how much there is of it.

Now that Safety Glass all-around costs so very little, can you afford to buy a new car without this essential safeguard in *all windows* as well as in the windshield? Can you safely drive a car without it? Safety Glass all-around is the only way you can be sure that you are protecting yourself and your family to the fullest possible extent against the hazard of broken flying glass.

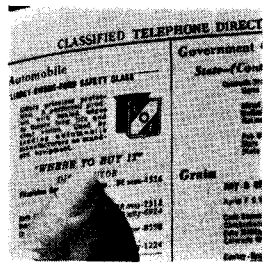
In Packard, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo Royale, Ford DeLuxe Models, Cadillac, LaSalle, Lincoln and Buick 80 and 90, Libbey·Owens·Ford super Safety Glass is supplied in both windshields and windows at no extra charge.

•

In Graham, Reo Flying Cloud, Willys, Ford Standard Models, Buick 50 and 60, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Rockne, Auburn and Cord, it is supplied in windshields at no extra charge. You can have it in the windows at a new low price, without delaying delivery.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO., Toledo, Ohio

Our authorized replacement dealers will quote you prices on super Safety Glass specially fitted to the windshield or windows of your present car. Ask the L·O·F distributor, who is listed in the "Where To Buy It" section of your local telephone directory, for name of nearest dealer.



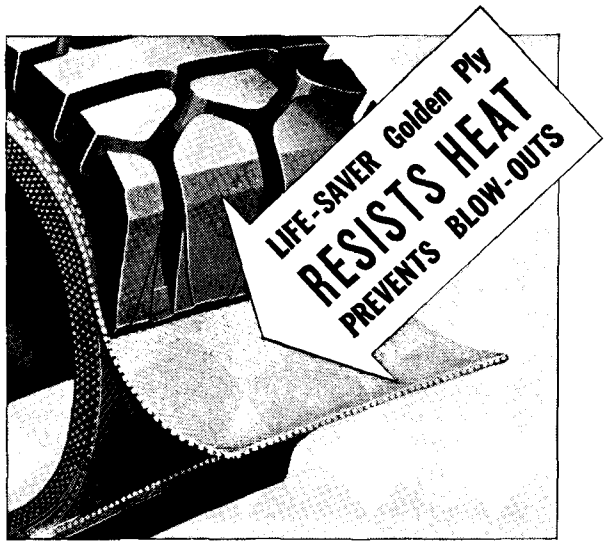
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD SAFETY GLASS

FOR LASTING CLEARNESS AND GREATER SAFETY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW YOU'LL BE 3 TIMES SAFER FROM BLOW-OUTS AT HIGH SPEEDS

See how this utterly new way of making tires prevents blow-outs by overcoming the CAUSE of blow-outs before they start



A MILE A MINUTE is simply America's diet today! So somebody HAD to build a safer tire . . . one that would stand the strain of modern high-speed motors.

When your speedometer reads 40, 50, 60 and 70 . . . mile after mile . . . the heat *inside* the tire becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . and grows . . . bigger and bigger, until BANG! A blow-out! And a terrible drag pulls your car off the road.

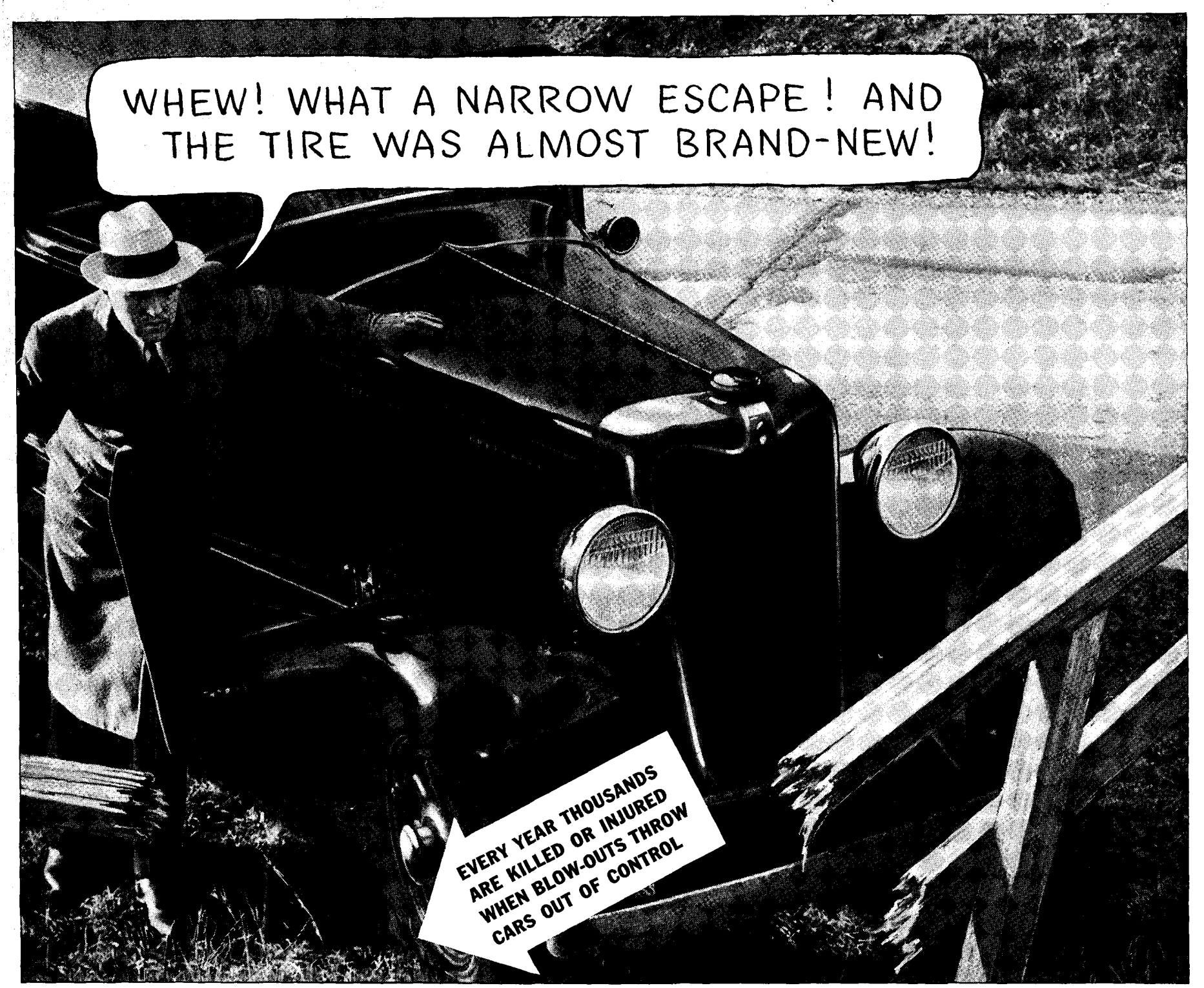
How it prevents blow-outs

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists heat. Thus, rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form. The *cause* of blow-outs is eliminated *before* they start.

The **NEW** **Goodrich** *Safety*

Copyright, 1933, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


WHEW! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE! AND THE TIRE WAS ALMOST BRAND-NEW!
EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL

Three times safer at high speeds

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, lasted *3 times as long* as first quality tires that did not have this feature. These SILVERTOWNS *never* blew. They were run till the tread was gone . . . but the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give!

Don't think that slower driving can save you from blow-outs. Long trips at 35 or 40 miles an hour can generate terrific heat, too. To be safe—have the protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply. It's Free! Just make sure you buy a SILVERTOWN Tire, which costs not a penny more than other standard tires.

And that isn't all. Scientific tests with leading makes of tires prove that the Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the most skid-resisting tread. Its squeegee drying action gives your car extra road-grip, and reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

Isn't this the kind of tire you want for *your* car? A tire that costs no more . . . yet offers *so much greater* protection for you and your family? Then decide now to equip your car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns—the only tires in the world built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

How to get this protection FREE

Remember—this wonderful protection is *free!* Although millions have been spent to develop this life-saving invention, Goodrich refuses to charge one extra penny for it. It is simply part of the Goodrich crusade to save lives.

Look up your nearest Goodrich dealer's name under "Tires" in your classified telephone directory. Put *real* protection between yourself and the road . . . for your family's sake and your own!

Important: The New Goodrich Safety Silvertowns, giving you protection from blow-outs at high speeds, are stock tires and should not be confused with specially-constructed racing tires built to last only a few hundred miles.

FREE! This handsome Safety League emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. No obligation. Just join the Silvertown Safety League. Endorsed by Traffic Officials. Write today. Dept. 112, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

The new Goodrich Safety Silvertown, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, is one of 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than 1,000 distinct rubber products. Goodrich Tires, Zippers, Rubber Footwear, Drug Sundries, Soles, Heels, Hose, Belting, Packing, Molded and Hard Rubber Goods.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

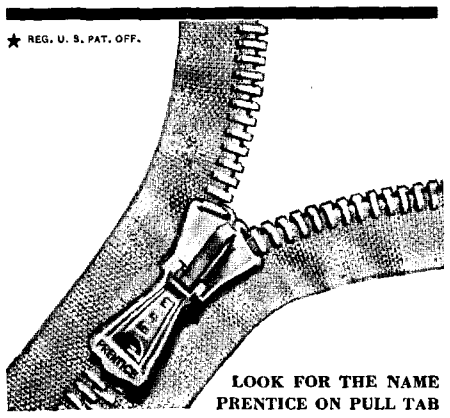
SWIFT and sure as the famous "Broadway Limited," the Prentice Dependable Slide Fastener sums up the best in modern fastening methods. Equally effective on luggage or polo shirts, on handbags or evening gowns, Prentice is the *dependable* closure.

In progressive stores you'll find a wide range of articles whose utility and convenience have been increased by the Prentice Dependable Slide Fastener; it is the preferred closure for the smartest merchandise of today.

When you buy products that are Prentice-equipped, you are assured of a superior fastener. The Prentice Dependable Slide Fastener is built for long service. It is fully guaranteed.

THE G. E. PRENTICE MFG. CO.
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
(*In Canada*, The Royal Fastener)

You call it a
"ZIPPER"
• • •
Its real name is
*PRENTICE
THE DEPENDABLE
SLIDE FASTENER



LOOK FOR THE NAME
PRENTICE ON PULL TAB

Better Days are Here

Continued from page 7

action taken by President Roosevelt. We know now, if we did not before, that United States money will be sound money and that reckless financial adventures will not be undertaken. We know also, since the banking moratorium, that despite weakness here and there American banks will carry on. The benefits of this reassurance concerning the solid value of our money and the continued stability of a great majority of our banking institutions are incalculably great. We have survived the worst and we no longer fear.

The Administration has served us well in these matters. Certainly not less important was the national economy measure so vigorously driven through Congress by the President and an aroused public sentiment. The economy measure meant, in a word, that our national credit would be maintained unimpaired by reckless expenditures or hopelessly unbalanced budgets. Without this economy national confidence would not have returned.

A Long Step Toward Recovery

The enactment of that bill marks one of the great turning points in our recent history.

Assurance that money would not be depreciated, that our banking and credit institutions would survive and that our credit as a nation would be upheld, is in itself a long step toward recovery. Fortunately, however, other powerful factors are operating in our favor. Among them are these:

1. The passage of the beer bill and the prospect of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

2. The determination of the government and of the nation to improve the condition of the farmers.

3. The prospect of an early settlement of the war debts and the resumption of international trade based on reciprocal tariff concessions.

4. The negotiations now under way looking to the stabilization of railroad and mortgage credit.

Not all of these undertakings have been accomplished. Considerable time will necessarily elapse before some of them are written into the records of history. This does not matter vitally. As a people we look forward and, once we are convinced that essential tasks are being competently performed, we are ready to go ahead. There is surely little doubt in the mind of any informed person that these undertakings will be successfully concluded.

No unprejudiced observer doubts that our banking system as a whole will be very much sounder from now on than it has ever been in the past. The profits of individual banks will be more modest than some recorded a few years ago but, beyond all doubt, banks generally will better serve depositors, investors and industry as a whole than in the past. Speculation won't loom so large but from the standpoint of the nation this is no loss. Enterprise and productive effort, not gambling on expected rises in security or land values, are the bedrock upon which any enduring prosperity must be founded.

The railways and other transportation facilities will inevitably be coördinated. The savings in efficient operation will be enormous. At the same time the owners of railway securities and of the bonds which defrayed the costs of highway and waterway construction will be safeguarded in their investments. Through insurance companies and other lending institutions the people already own these facilities. The reorganization of control will be designed to protect services and investments which otherwise might diminish in value or be lost.

Finally, a judgment that business is on the upgrade rests on the belief that the war debts and tariff barriers are actually now in the process of reasonable readjustment. There can be no question of the fact that existence of intergovernmental debts which could never be paid made economic conditions highly unstable long before the depression began. As long as the business cycle was in its prosperity phase it was possible to ignore the menace. Once the cycle turned downward and the speculative boom was burst, the general economic instability due to the debts manifested itself in every country.

Worse still, all nations, led by us, began to raise tariff rates and to impose embargoes. Each nation tried in the most disorderly manner conceivable to safeguard its own interest and to ignore the interest of everyone else. None succeeded by that method. None could reasonably have expected to succeed, as in fact the economists of the United States pointed out when a Congress, now happily dead, was still considering our own Hawley-Smoot tariff.

The net effect of our willingness to scale down the war debts to payable proportions and to trade tariff concessions with other governments means that a resumption of foreign trade is in sight. The benefits which will follow are prodigious. For while our own foreign trade is only about a tenth of our total trade, many of our industries—cotton, for example—depend for at least half of their market upon foreign buyers. Until debt readjustment permits the stabilization of currencies, and until lowering of tariffs and the removal of embargoes and hampering quotas permit foreign buying, reasonably profitable prices can never be expected for commodities governed by world markets.

A well-informed judgment that business is clearly on the upgrade because of the removal of difficulties and the return of confidence does not and should not invite a revival of the speculative mania which was so important a factor in precipitating and in aggravating the panic of 1929.

The rise of security prices is important as reflecting a return of confidence, but we don't have to dissipate our energies and our hopes in a fresh orgy of stock gambling. As a matter of history, the revival of any enterprise or of any country cannot be charted by a smooth line upward. We shall have our ups and downs. Security values will rest on dividends as well as upon earnings and many businesses, prudently managed, must accumulate large sums before they begin again to distribute such dividends as were common four years ago.

Faith—Reasonably Founded

Many important corporations have accumulated losses and deficits which must be written off or repaid from future savings. Unquestionably reorganizations must be effected here and there. Unemployment on a prodigious scale must be overcome. Wages and salaries must be raised as revenues make increases practicable. That the problems to be met and solved by individuals, corporations, industries and the nation itself are numerous and intricate only a fool would deny. The paramount fact is, however, that finally we are in the mood to do whatever is required to accomplish the desired results.

Nobody has fully explored the mystery of the business cycle. The complete story of why the tides of industry rise and fall is still to be written. Statisticians and economists have devoted years of research to the subject without arriving at a wholly satisfactory understanding of why business goes up and down through periods of years.

If it is impossible to be exact and to say, for example, that business will have attained such and such volume at 11 A. M., September 11, 1933, as an astronomer can predict to the year and the second an eclipse of the moon, we can, however, sense more generally the movement of forces and the trends. This the American people have done. From every section has come the word that hope is rising and that confidence has returned. Unquestionably this new faith is reasonably founded and, as seafarers say, barring "an act of God," or some unpredictable calamity, the months immediately ahead will see us marching forward energetically and purposefully along the road to economic health and well-being.

"It's a small world! All my life I never seen you . . . an' all of a sudden I'm waitin' on you three times in one week at different banquets!"

Jay Irving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speed

In Collier's a new leader has appeared among magazines—a leader, designated as such by a modern-minded American public.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Collier's is the magazine of today and tomorrow—recognizing and reflecting the rapid change in American thinking.

And American thinking is quick thinking. Issues of tremendous significance are before the country. They must be understood, met, settled.

Collier's investigates, studies and presents these issues clearly and emphatically to its readers with definite recommendations for action.

In its editorials, articles and fiction Collier's is characterized by speed and action rather than the mere literary entertainment of many words.

It is because of these facts that Collier's is read today with an intensity of interest that has no parallel among publications of large circulation.

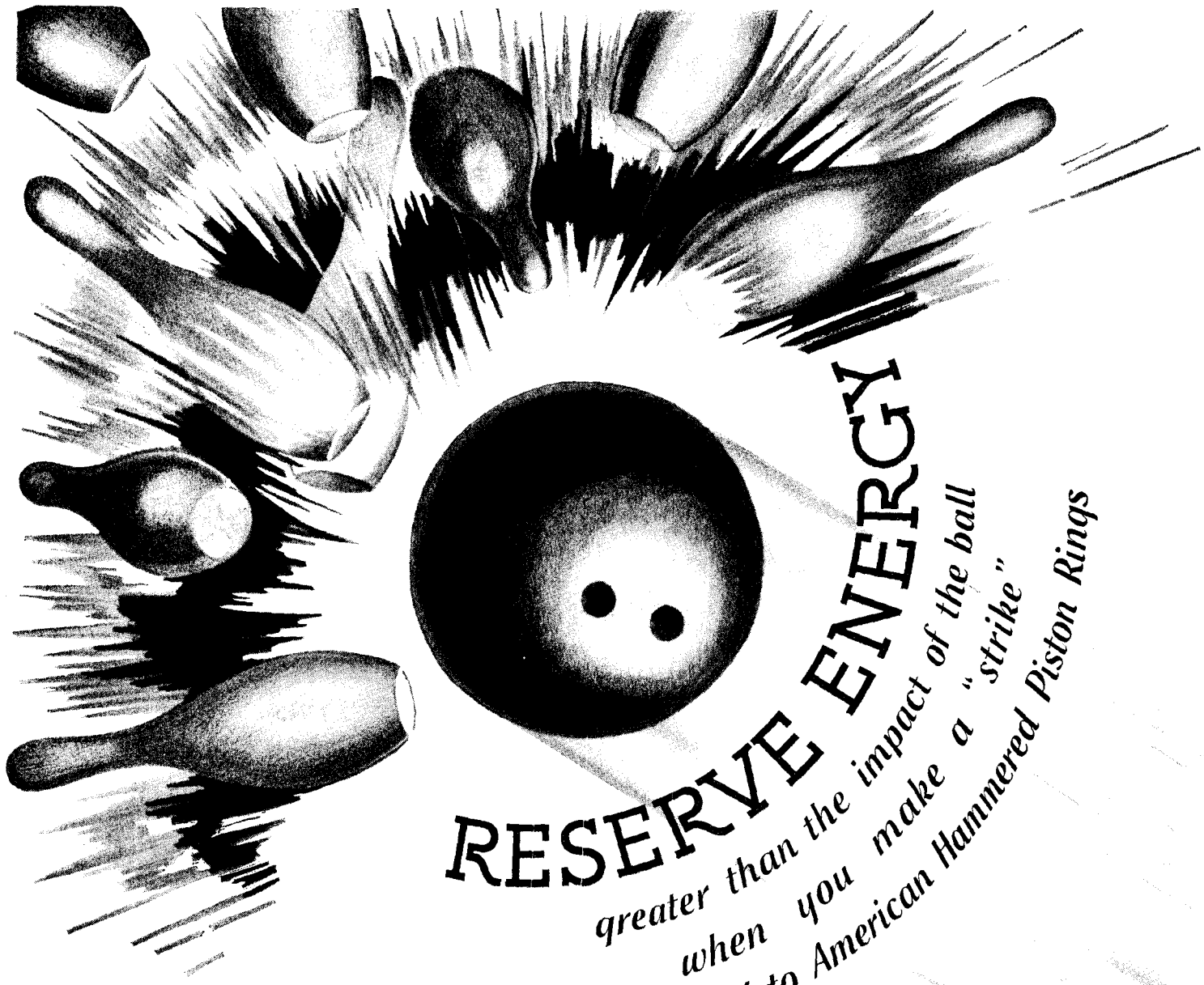
This is why Collier's appeals to the alert, young-minded people of America.

And this is why Collier's offers to the advertiser the key publication to influence American buying.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Your car . . .

More *power* to your car . . . more *purchasing* power to those dollars you spend for oil! That's what *hammered tension* means in a piston ring. That's why we put it there . . . with *reserve energy* to make it last . . . and serve . . . and save!

Ordinary methods of piston ring manufacture can't give this reserve energy. *Hammering alone* produces it . . . hammering alone makes possible the advantages it offers.

So when you change your piston rings . . . *make a complete change* not a mere replacement. Insist on American Hammered Piston Rings.

Remember, too, that American Hammered oil rings are free from carbon-accumulating shoulders . . . that they are provided with wider slots to eliminate any possibility of clogging.

For *balanced engine performance* use American Hammered Wide Channeled Rings with American Hammered Compression Rings. HAMMERED TENSION CAN'T WEAR OUT!

THE AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING CO.
1410 Bush Street **Baltimore, Md.**

Here is a test for wear. One thirty-second of an inch was cut from the outer circumference of an ordinary piston ring and a hammered piston ring. LEFT: The ordinary piston ring contracted, showing loss of TENSION. RIGHT: The American Hammered Piston Ring EXPANDED to compensate for wear.

Piston Rings in Every Size—of Every Type — for Every Purpose From the Smallest 7/8" Cylinder Diameter Air Compressor to the Huge 10-foot Cylinder Diameter Steam Engine

American Hammered
ENERGIZED PISTON RINGS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry P. Davison

Continued from page 17

off,' which was to be devoted to duck shooting. I shall never forget Harry Davison as he came down the next morning, ready for the sport, with all the physical vitality that had been cooped up during a week of ceaseless mental strain bursting forth. He was like a boy out for a lark. And what a perfect shot he proved himself to be! I can still see the pathetic twinkle in his eye when the next day, the fun being over, we sat down once more to our grim task.

The Foundations of the Future

"Even though the Aldrich Bill failed of adoption, history will not deny due credit to Senator Aldrich for having paved the way for the Federal Reserve Act, which, in spite of essential differences in form and control, was erected on the foundation laid by the Aldrich Bill. Coming generations, when gratefully acknowledging Senator Aldrich's share in bringing about genuine banking reform in the United States, may well remember Harry Davison as the senator's trusted and devoted aide in this great and patriotic work."

In his letter furnishing this interesting narrative of the Jekyl Island trip, Paul Warburg sketched in a few vivid words those characteristics of Davison which all his devoted friends, including Warburg himself, so well recognized. Warburg said:

"In the picture that Harry Davison has left on my mind, the trait that stands out most vividly is the rare combination of boyish playfulness and manly seriousness. He came in with a smile and left you smiling. But, in between, there would be moments when, with a deep earnestness, he would have impressed upon you the thoughts he had on his mind. And it was just because his buoyant joyfulness made him so charming a companion and brought him so close to your heart that his earnestness and determination, when he brought them to bear, were all the more captivating, convincing and effective. A keen intellect and unusual will power, blended with these lighter strains, made him a rare leader of men. Not that he exacted subordination; he led in most cases, I believe, because men enjoyed following him."

Senator Aldrich gave his word of testimony as to Davison's work when, writing fully five years after the work of the Monetary Commission had been completed, he said: "In the assistance which Mr. Davison gave the Monetary Commission he rendered distinguished services to the commission and to the public. Furthermore, in the general financial situation, Mr. Davison has not only always exercised a strong conservative influence, but his services have been extremely important in a constructive way, and his motives have been unquestionably those of a patriot."

Among the running notes which the late Benjamin Strong furnished for this sketch is this one bearing upon Davison's work on this whole matter of currency reform:

"Throughout all the discussion that preceded the organization of the Federal Reserve System, Davison's attitude and labors were most constructive. At that time I was being urged to resign the presidency of the Bankers Trust Company and to become governor of the Federal Reserve Bank. Davison was a supporter of the Owen-Glass plan, although he had preferred the Aldrich plan. It was, in fact, Harry and Jack Morgan who finally urged upon me that the organization of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was a duty which I could not escape and should not decline. At the same time, Harry warned me with a great deal of feeling that if the Federal Reserve plan were carried through it meant, according to his conception, such a change in our banking relations as would naturally end the close business relations that had so long existed between us and might even tend to lessen somewhat our personal intimacy."

No one can gainsay the fact that the Federal Reserve System has, considering its statutory limitations, worked remarkably well. Of course, it has met ample criticism—much of it hostile, much of it based on the unfounded charge that the control which the system exercises over the country's money markets is too great. Even so, for very obvious reasons, the present Federal Reserve System falls far short of unifying the banking methods of the country.

Now, we have had the Federal Reserve System functioning since 1914. And even with its limitations, it is hard to see how the government could ever have carried on its war and post-war financing without it. Without it, inflation on an almost disastrous scale (witness the examples of the European countries) might well have been resorted to. Yet what our average citizen very naturally fails to understand is why, if the Federal Reserve has such manifest virtues, it is unable to prevent the terrific crop of banking failures which the country has witnessed in the last decade—and especially in the last two years. The answer is, upon proper analysis, not difficult to find. But before we attempt to give it, let us look at some of the figures of banking failures in the eleven years, 1921-32.

In that period, there have been total bank failures aggregating 9,285, with deposits thus tied up, or in part dissipated, of $4,278,000,000. Of this total, only 1,698 banks were members of the Federal Reserve, and almost four and one half times as many, namely 7,587 banks, were outside the system. In the years 1930-1931 alone, the bank failures totaled 3,643, and here again the proportion of non-member to member banks was almost as four and one half to one. (These figures are from the latest annual report of the Federal Reserve Board.) It should be added that most of these failures were of small banks, with extremely limited capital. Therefore, one should not be misled by these figures, bad as they are, into thinking that more than a small percentage of the country's banking resources were ever tied up in failure.

Inadequate Control

When we study these figures we see at once where the leakage, so to speak, comes in. The supervision which the Federal Reserve Banks are able to exercise over member banks is of course limited. But over non-member banks the Federal Reserve has no control whatsoever.

It is a noteworthy fact that, in number, ninety per cent of our banks are located in rural communities, subject to all the vicissitudes of crop failures, or the expansion and deflation of business "booms," and without any of the protection afforded by a parent institution fortified with ample capital and managed by experienced men.

As a contrast, for years past, just across our northern border, Canada, a region far more scattered and sparsely settled than our own, has been conducting a system of branch banking, with practically no bank failures at all. For generations we have seen much the same thing in Great Britain and France. With these examples before us and with the sad record of failures listed in the United States, there has naturally come up a strong movement today looking toward some plan permitting branch banking on an extensive scale. Only eight or nine of our states permit branch banking at all, so far as institutions chartered under the laws of those states are concerned. A few other states permit it, but with exceedingly limiting restrictions. Hence branch banking as a system has had slight chance of development in this country.

The situation in Chicago and its suburbs, in the early months of 1932, was a striking example of the evils caused by restrictive state laws. Almost all the failures (nearly two hundred) of small suburban banks around Chicago, and almost all the resultant threats to the general banking situation, could have been avoided had it not been for the fact that the Illinois statutes permit no branch banking of any kind within the limits of the state. It was quite impossible under the law for the large Chicago banks to attempt to serve, through branches, the important suburbs around the city.

We Need Coördination

The lessons of such a situation must be glaringly obvious to the whole country. There is no present effective method under the law by which strong institutions in our leading financial centers can extend the benefit of their ample reserves, their experience and ordinarily careful management to the weaker banks in the outlying districts.

Our chief difficulty, then, as must be seen, is clearly not lack of more extended state control, but rather failure of organization and coördination. I have already spoken of the confusion resulting from our varying Federal and state banking laws. In banking, our country has forty-nine different sovereigns. And, as many persons long ago pointed out, a constant state of competition exists between the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington and the forty-eight Banking Superintendents of our forty-eight states. Each one of these forty-nine officials is desirous of having as many institutions as possible registered under his jurisdiction. The consequence is that, because of this competition, laxity creeps in.

Our Congress and our various legislative committees can continue indefinitely to hold hearings and collect volumes of testimony, thereafter passing further new sets of laws. Yet they will never come to the root of the evil until they realize that no banking system can function adequately when it comprehends within it only a limited portion of the banking community. Today sixty per cent, in number, of the country's banks are outside the strong Federal Reserve System, and this sixty per cent comprises a total, in banking resources, of $12,800,000,000. These lesser banking institutions—whose aggregate resources are nevertheless so considerable—are unable or unwilling to come under the rules of the Federal Reserve System. Thus they lack both its restrictions and its safeguards. And the almost unbridled license which these small banks in some states apparently

(Continued on page 36)

If *these*

3 REASONS

for the

PROVIDENT PROVIDOR

are not strong enough

...DON'T

CLIP THE COUPON

•

The Provident Providor Offers:

1 **$200 A MONTH** for life beginning at the age of 65.

2 **$20,000 TO YOUR FAMILY** in case of your death before age 65 . . . $40,000 if death is due to accidental cause.

3 **A DISABILITY FEATURE** that will take care of your premium payments in case you are totally disabled for a prolonged period before reaching age 60 and that will under certain conditions give you an income during prolonged disability.

Note: The Provident Providor is flexible. These figures can be increased or decreased to meet YOUR particular needs.

The Provident Providor is safe, sound and certain. It is issued only to men who are under 55, in good health, and not engaged in a hazardous occupation.

If you can qualify, fill in and mail the coupon today for free booklet giving further details.

Provident Mutual

Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.

Founded 1865

Mail coupon no obligation

PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Please send free booklet and quote premium rates at my age for the Provident Providor, with the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

*My name*_____

*Home address*_____

*Business address*_____

*I was born*_____
MONTH DAY YEAR

CW26

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"For *run-down* feeling I advise Fresh Yeast"

declares DR. EDGAR ATZLER *of Berlin*

(*Left*)

"I felt dull and languid," *writes* Eileen Tinker, *Detroit, Mich.* "I determined to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In 3 weeks it cleared the impurities out of my system . . . Everyone should know the help yeast can be!"

DR. ATZLER (above) is head of the celebrated Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Dortmund, Germany. He explains:—

"Every day wastes form in the body. When intestines do not function properly, these wastes stagnate . . . poisons collect. *These poisons undermine vitality.*"

He then adds:—

"Constipation can be permanently overcome only by treatment with a corrective food such as fresh yeast . . . Yeast has extraordinary power to restore normal peristalsis (bowel action). It softens the wastes in the body. It increases the flow of gastric juice.

"Patients regain a fresh, healthy appearance and happier mental outlook from the stimulating effect of yeast* on metabolism."

Not a drug, Fleischmann's Yeast actually *tones you up* internally. And as your body is gently cleansed of poisons, energy soon picks up. You're healthier!

Why don't *you* try Fleischmann's Yeast? Directions are on the label. Just eat 3 cakes regularly every day.

***IMPORTANT!**

Fleischmann's Yeast for health —in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form — rich in vitamins B, G, D — the kind doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

(Continued from page 35)

have outside the Federal Reserve System tempts them frequently, as the sad record has proved, to folly and disaster.

It is not difficult to present a strong argument as to the advantage of having banking institutions in our interior towns that are entirely independent of any larger banks, that are familiar with local conditions and that render an excellent service to their communities. There are thousands of such banks throughout the country, and I should be the last to deprecate their existence or to question the ability of the men who manage them. Nevertheless, in general one can surely say that our banking units should on the average be far larger than they are today. The small, under-capitalized institutions should be merged so as to gain the normal stability, diversity, economy and management of the larger concerns.

One reason for the weakness of the interior bank is that its overhead expenses are likely to be, proportionately, too heavy. The bank is tempted to pay too high rates of interest in order to attract deposits. Many of these local banks have, because of the rapid growth of business units, of communications and of motor transport, been left in a backwater where the better business passes them by. These up-country institutions have no opportunity to diversify and average their risks.

Two Vital Changes Needed

I am but repeating what many others have already pointed out, when I say that no thoroughgoing banking reforms can be brought about until two vital changes have been accomplished. The first is to bring all the commercial banks of the country, small as well as large, under the single ægis of the Federal Reserve System. The second is to establish sensible provisions for regional branch banking, the geographical limits for each region to be carefully worked out and regulated. Then we should have something worth talking about. Such reforms, brought about gradually, ought to begin to yield to the country some measure of banking stability.

The reader may ask why the life story of Henry P. Davison, whose earthly days were ended ten years ago, should deal so much with conditions of present-day banking in the United States of America. The answer is that I have wished to make clear certain analogies between the situation prevailing in his day and the one still existing. He was wholly familiar with the country's unhappy history in banking and currency. His effort for reform and his contribution to it were made in the light of his own study of the past, of his own personal experience, and of his clear prevision that the country's efforts for improvement must be unceasing. During all his thirty-six years of banking, Davison was thinking and working on these problems. They formed the subject of his daily converse with his associates; they were a vital part of his life. In his last thirteen years as a private banker, his contact with current questions of institutional banking was no longer official. Yet perhaps that was an advantage, in that he gained a more detached and objective point of view in the study and effort which he was giving to the country's banking problems.

Now, despite the organization of the splendid Federal Reserve System, which Davison labored so keenly and with such diligence to advance, we are still confronted with that same series of banking failures as in his time, only upon a larger scale. We are faced with the spectacle of improvident and reckless management, of inadequate expert supervision. We witness the same tragedy of heavy losses which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers endured in another way through the repudiation of note issues by hundreds of banks in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Each of the banking crises to which I have alluded has taught the community some one lesson, but each new disaster has revealed a fresh weakness to be remedied. Even so, the remedy for our banking ills will not be found overnight, either by this Congress or by the next. The law will continue to evolve slowly, and, in a country as varying in its regional conditions as ours, the law must be subject to frequent amendment.

Banking is a Public Trust

And, too, there should be clear understanding as to the basis upon which the Federal Comptroller of the Currency and the Banking Superintendents of the various states grant charters for the establishment of new banks. We must come to regard a banking charter not as a privilege conferred upon a chosen few, or upon an unselected many, in order that they may make money with other people's money; but as a public trust, and in that sense and in that sense only, as a "money trust." It is the plain duty of the community to see to it that the interest of the American people in the safety of their deposits, and of the whole country in the sufficiency and soundness of our banking system, is put before the special interest of any bank or banker, great or small.

The hope for progress toward real orderliness and stability lies, as it always does in these matters, in an aroused and intelligent public opinion, and in constant study by the experts of methods to strengthen the Federal Reserve System. No person of intelligence, studying the actual workings of this system, can have failed to be impressed with the immeasurable benefits which it has brought to American industry and commerce. In the midst of the distress through which portions of the banking community have been passing in these last few years, the constructive accomplishments of our Federal Reserve Banks may have been somewhat lost sight of.

The powers of the system are, however, as I have said, not yet sufficiently broad, and the whole country is even now suffering acutely from the distress due largely to the defects which still remain in our system. Even so, it may be well for us to remember, in these difficult days through which we have been passing, this fact: in a dark and troublous world, America and the American dollar are still, as to material factors, the safest things in all the world to tie to.

Strengthening Executive Talent

The banking mergers, in which Davison was active in his early years in J. P. Morgan & Co., were brought about, as stated earlier in this narrative, in response to several economic demands. One of these was the need for greater banking units to meet the rapidly increasing growth of industry and commerce—a need which some years before had, in Great Britain, been recognized and met. Another was the need for greater concentration of executive talent. The money and banking panic of 1907 had revealed several weak spots in the banking structure of New York City, especially as to certain of the trust companies which were lacking in years and in the tradition of prudence which years beget.

Davison entered the Morgan firm on January 1, 1909. And it was in the autumn of that year that J. Pierpont Morgan, his younger partner, Davison, and Thomas F. Ryan began discussing the merger of the Guaranty and the Morton Trust Companies. (Mr. Ryan had, a year or two before, tried, without success, to get Davison to accept the presidency of the Morton Trust Company.)

The discussions as to the merger of the Guaranty and the Morton Companies were, toward the close, enlarged so as to provide for the inclusion in the combination of the Fifth Avenue Trust Company. The terms of merger were laid out in the first instance by Harry Davison. His knowledge of trust company business, gained from his constant work as chairman of the very active executive committee of the Bankers Trust Company, was clear and comprehensive. His policy was always to see that all interests, minority as well as majority, were fully protected.

So Mr. Morgan had no hesitation in approving his plan of merger. Mr. Ryan, speaking for the shareholders of the Morton and the Fifth Avenue, and closely in touch with those of the Guaranty, pronounced the plan fair. Thus it was submitted to the shareholders and promptly ratified.

As a matter of fact, the Morton Trust Company had itself been enlarged as long before as April 28, 1900, by the absorption of the State Trust Company. Thus, after the larger merger of January, 1910, the Guaranty Trust Company was the resultant of the merging of four different trust companies. Then, two and a half years later, on October 16, 1912, it absorbed the Standard Trust Company, a prudently managed concern with $15,000,000 of deposits and an excellent corporate trust business. With that final merger complete, the Guaranty Trust Company stood with capital resources of $33,324,000 and deposits of $189,300,000.

Mergers "Openly Arrived At"

Davison took a seat on the Guaranty Trust Company board on December 8, 1909, and became chairman of the executive committee. A little later his old school friend, Charles H. Sabin (one of the founders of the National Copper Bank), became president of the Guaranty. In January, 1914, in line with the policy which the Morgan firm adopted—of reducing the number of directorships held by its partners—Davison retired from the Guaranty board, and his place as chairman of the executive committee was taken by me.

The consummation of these bank mergers aroused, of course, the greatest interest, not only in New York banking circles, but throughout the country. Soundly conceived and excellently carried through as these combinations were, they brought great additional prestige to Davison's already secure reputation. The manner of their planning and execution, "open covenants openly arrived at," also appealed strongly to Davison's senior partner who saw in the recent acquisition which he had made for his firm a type of mind and a habit of constructive planning that exactly suited him. It may be added that in the instance of these banking mergers, as in those centering about the Bankers Trust Company, the Morgan firm received no fee or compensation for its services in negotiating the intricate terms of the mergers. Such benefits as accrued to the firm, as stockholders in any of the companies mentioned, accrued alike to all stockholders.

Davison's son, Harry, Jr., has recalled a family anecdote that may form a not inappropriate conclusion to this account of bank mergers. "One night in the later years of his life," as young Harry relates, "Father woke Mother up and said he had just had a terrible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nightmare. He thought he was back in the bank at Troy and could not balance the books, and that his uncle told him he had to balance them or get a horse-whipping. Still they would not balance, and Father was in a cold sweat. When Mother asked him how it came out, he said: 'I finally solved the problem; I bought the bank.'"

There arose a complicated banking situation in 1911 which Davison had a large hand in straightening out. Although the amounts involved would, in these later days of vast figures, be considered small, the troubles arising out of the runs made early in the year mentioned upon the Nineteenth Ward Bank, and upon the Twelfth Ward Bank, were as difficult to meet as could be imagined. In the solution finally reached, Davison was a great factor, and in all the preliminary discussions he was, as usual, most active. I recall vividly the beginning of the difficulty. It grew out of the trouble in which the Carnegie Trust Company found itself in the late days of 1910, which trouble culminated in the closing of its doors, early in January, 1911. It was a pity that Mr. Carnegie, with his own strong ideas of business probity, should have been led to allow his name to be attached to this ill-managed institution.

Mr. Morgan Lends a Willing Ear

A group made up largely of out-of-town promoters had secured an effective control of the company. They then proceeded to run the institution upon a promoting basis, paying recklessly high interest rates in order to attract deposits, and welcoming business of rather doubtful character. Among other plans, the group decided to form a working connection with two theretofore inconspicuous but perfectly respectable uptown banks, known respectively as the Nineteenth Ward Bank and the Twelfth Ward Bank. The management of both banks failed to understand that the Carnegie Trust Company was looked upon askance by the prudent portion of the community, and that any close connection between the Carnegie Trust Company and other banks might prove highly disadvantageous. In fact, various ill-secured loans arranged by the downtown group gradually found their way into the Nineteenth and the Twelfth Ward Banks.

The result of all this was that, when in December, 1910, the Carnegie Trust Company finally began to topple, even before its crash on January 7, 1911, the lightning had begun to flash in the regions where the Nineteenth and Twelfth Ward Banks and their branches were situated.

William H. Porter and I had become members of J. P. Morgan & Co. on January 1, 1911.

When we reached the office early Monday morning, January 2d, Paul Cravath and Bradley Martin, Jr., president of the Nineteenth Ward Bank, were waiting for us. Mr. Cravath acted as spokesman. He said that he knew that neither the elder Mr. Morgan nor any of his partners had the slightest personal interest in these two small banks; and that those who were responsible for their conduct had no right to approach Mr. Morgan, except on the ground that he had shown himself ready, many times before, to perform a public service. He, Cravath, felt that Mr. Morgan was the only man in town who could stave off what otherwise would be a catastrophe, not in the total of dollars involved, but in the comfort and happiness of a large number of people. Cravath had had no connection whatsoever with any of these institutions, but had simply been asked to coöperate.

We asked Cravath what he meant. Cravath replied that, owing to the connection of these two small uptown banks with the Carnegie Trust Company, runs were already threatening both banks; that while their cash assets would probably hold out for a few days, they could not possibly withstand the run for a longer time; that, if they were forced to close their doors, the thousands of depositors would lose their savings.

After we had looked over the last balance sheets made up by the two banks it became perfectly apparent, as Porter pointed out, that no considerable loan could safely be made to the institutions. Therefore, both Porter and I felt that, as J. P. Morgan & Co. were not purely an eleemosynary institution (although, as later events proved, it was in this instance largely such a one), there was nothing we could do to help the situation. However, Mr. Porter called up the elder Mr. Morgan on the telephone and briefly explained the situation to him, adding that he saw no way in which we could safely help.

"Wait a moment, Porter," said Mr. Morgan. "How many depositors have these two banks?" Porter turned to Martin for an answer. "About thirty thousand," was the reply, which Porter gave over the telephone to Mr. Morgan.

"And what is the character of them?" asked the Senior.

"Mostly East Siders, working people, small tradesmen, dressmakers, persons whose little all is on deposit in our banks," was Mr. Martin's response, again repeated to Mr. Morgan.

"Well," said the latter, "some way must be found to help these poor people. We mustn't let them lose all they have in the world. Suppose that, at worst, we were to guarantee the payment of these deposits in full. You say the total is only $6,000,000. That means that the firm can't lose more than $6,000,000, doesn't it?"

I quote this utterance of the late Mr. Morgan—knowing that he will not be misunderstood as having suggested that $6,000,000 was a trifling sum for the firm to lose, for, in fact, from that point of view, it was a very great sum—only to show the extraordinary impulse that always was in Mr. Morgan's mind, to try to help people out of difficulties, regardless of the cost to himself. I had never visioned a man with such a strong sense of community responsibility as Mr. Morgan had.

In this interview with Porter, Mr. Morgan explained that the only condition he would lay down, as precedent to the granting of assistance, was that the firm should have no interest in the shares of the banks. I mention this condition of his, as bearing upon the muckraking stories that appeared in some newspapers a little later, after Mr. Morgan's action had resulted in saving the situation. Some of these newspaper stories pictured the event as: "Morgan Gobbles up More Banks."

George Case's Story

The runs upon the Twelfth Ward and the Nineteenth Ward Banks steadily continued, and at the time of their closing for business on Saturday, January 7th, it had become apparent that these runs would, with the announced failure of the Carnegie that day, become more intense than ever on the succeeding Monday morning.

The trouble was to find some one man, or set of men, connected with the banks, who would undertake the responsibility of looking after the situation.

After full discussion with the Banking Superintendent and with his approval, Davison and Cravath finally decided to ask all the parties at interest to forgo their usual Sunday worship and recreation and spend the day

(Continued on page 38)

"How can I fight film and save my teeth?"

THE story of a lost tooth is brief. Film attacks. The tooth resists. New film forms constantly. In it are living germs which cause decay—yes, millions of them. Day by day this invisible war goes on until at last film wins. And one more tooth is lost.

What is film?

Film is ever present—in every mouth—on every tooth—constantly accumulating. Sometimes it is invisible—more often it forms a yellow, ugly mask.

Film is soft and sticky. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with it to form hard, irritating tartar. This causes gums to bleed and lays them open to infection.

But film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs... *Lactobacilli.* These germs throw off *enzymes* which, in turn, produce strong acid. This acid eats away tooth enamel just as other acids burn holes in cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid. Bigger and bigger grows the cavity. Finally the nerve is reached . . . the root canal infected . . . and unless repaired in time, results may well prove tragic.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

Remember this: *a clean tooth never decays.* To keep teeth clean and free from film use Pepsodent *instead* of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance.

This film-removing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. **Use it twice a day and see your dentist at least twice a year.**

See how rapidly film forms on teeth

These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

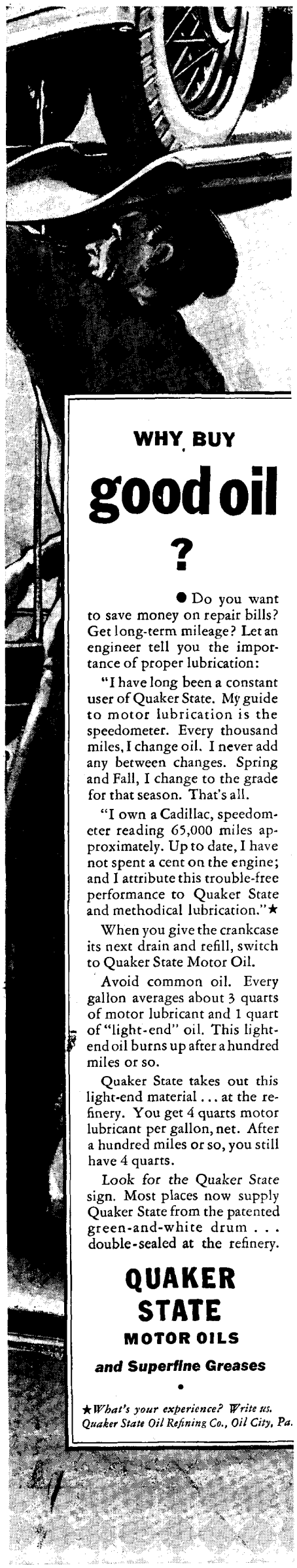
At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

*A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


WHY BUY
good oil
?
● Do you want to save money on repair bills? Get long-term mileage? Let an engineer tell you the importance of proper lubrication:
"I have long been a constant user of Quaker State. My guide to motor lubrication is the speedometer. Every thousand miles, I change oil. I never add any between changes. Spring and Fall, I change to the grade for that season. That's all.
"I own a Cadillac, speedometer reading 65,000 miles approximately. Up to date, I have not spent a cent on the engine; and I attribute this trouble-free performance to Quaker State and methodical lubrication."★
When you give the crankcase its next drain and refill, switch to Quaker State Motor Oil.
Avoid common oil. Every gallon averages about 3 quarts of motor lubricant and 1 quart of "light-end" oil. This light-end oil burns up after a hundred miles or so.
Quaker State takes out this light-end material . . . at the refinery. You get 4 quarts motor lubricant per gallon, net. After a hundred miles or so, you still have 4 quarts.
Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places now supply Quaker State from the patented green-and-white drum . . . double-sealed at the refinery.
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OILS
and Superfine Greases
★What's your experience? Write us. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

(Continued from page 37)

in an endeavor to get together. Thus a series of all-day and all-night conferences came to be held at the home of Paul Cravath; and it was in these conferences that Davison's particular qualities of persuasiveness and skill again came to the fore. The situation was one that appealed strongly to Davison. He had the same generous impulse that always marked the senior member of the firm; any creature in distress always evoked Davison's sympathy, and he pictured, just as Mr. Morgan did, these poor dressmakers and garment workers on the East Side losing all they had.

A solution, however, was difficult to find. Some of the interested persons present, themselves large stockholders in the banks, seemed to think that it was J. P. Morgan & Co.'s sole business to save lost banking souls, and that, therefore, the exclusive duty of salvaging those two banks might be laid upon their doorstep.

Let me picture the scene at Cravath's house, whose law firm was acting for the Superintendent of Banks, and who had been from the start active in the conferences:

"The program was outlined by Cravath with the Superintendent of Banks, Davison and several lawyers on the top floor, in Mr. Cravath's library. When the plan was finally put into shape Davison took it among the various groups for discussion. It became apparent to him, and to all of us, that nothing could be done unless J. P. Morgan & Co. would authorize a strong statement and back it by assuring the Superintendent of Banks of the availability of sufficient funds, so that he would not be obliged to close the two banks. This was such an important step that Davison felt it necessary to see Mr. Morgan again personally, explain how matters stood, and get his final approval.

"Sometime about eight o'clock in the evening, Davison and I got into a taxicab and went down to Mr. Morgan's home on Madison Avenue. Davison went in to see Mr. Morgan while I waited in an adjoining room. A specific object of the visit was to obtain Mr. Morgan's approval of a proposed public statement, and Davison had a draft of it. I heard Davison begin to summarize the situation to Mr. Morgan. The latter, in his deep tones, said:

"'Davison, I don't care to see the paper. Whatever you think is right I will approve, but, whatever happens, don't let those poor people lose their money!'

"This was all, and we came away. Then followed, at Mr. Cravath's house, a further series of conferences which lasted most of the night, resulting in final agreement on a program.

Not a Depositor Lost a Cent

"It was most essential that the morning papers should carry a reassuring statement, and it was due to Davison's persistence and persuasive efforts that the various frightened or sulky groups were persuaded to agree, so that the statement could be handed to the waiting reporters in the early hours of Monday morning, January 9, 1911. It was Mr. Cravath who skillfully assembled the various groups in different parts of his house, and modeled the plan. It was Davison who brought about the agreement, made possible the publishing of the notice, and undoubtedly saved the two banks. Not a depositor lost a cent."

Davison and Porter promised, on behalf of J. P. Morgan & Co., that the firm would render financial assistance, and a statement was issued, as described by Case, reading as follows:

At the time of the failure of the Carnegie Trust Company, certain members of its board were also directors of the Madison Trust Company, the Nineteenth Ward Bank and the Twelfth Ward Bank. Fearing that the announcement of this fact might lead some of the depositors of these institutions to withdraw deposits, the Superintendent of Banks promptly took up the situation with prominent banking interests. After a conference held on Saturday and continued on Sunday, J. P. Morgan & Co. authorized the following statement:

> Understanding that arrangements have been made for the absorption by merger of the Madison Trust Company by the Equitable Trust Company, J. P. Morgan & Co. have agreed to provide financial assistance to the Nineteenth Ward Bank and the Twelfth Ward Bank.
>
> J. P. Morgan & Co.

Early next morning, when the long line of nervous depositors pressed its way up to the door, they were gladdened by seeing the following notice:

TO OUR DEPOSITORS

We have received the financial support of J. Pierpont Morgan and can assure you that your money is now safe in this bank.

F. B. FRENCH, *President*

Such a sweeping promise as this was going beyond anything that our firm, in its authorized statement, had promised; but Mr. Morgan, when he was informed of the notice, remarked that he supposed that now, at all events, the firm would have to see the trouble through. The mere announcement that J. P. Morgan & Co. were showing a willingness to stand in the gap had reassured depositors.

The final result of the matter was that the Fourteenth Street Bank was reorganized and enlarged, so as to take in the Nineteenth and the Twelfth Ward Banks; its capital stock was increased for that purpose; and its name changed to the Security Bank. The Security Bank took over the situation and the Madison Trust Company, which had been under heavy fire, was absorbed by the Equitable Trust Company.

So far as the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. was concerned, the result was satisfactory enough. To the elder Mr. Morgan, to Davison and Porter and the others of the firm active in this affair it was not a matter of great consequence if the public failed to realize all the facts. At least, they had the satisfaction of knowing that the firm's action on January 8, 1911, the liability that it undertook, the announcement that it then made, had resulted in preserving the savings of twenty or thirty thousand persons of extremely limited means. The actual, final loss which the Morgan firm suffered from its undertakings in various forms, aside from the extraordinary amount of time and energy expended, was $190,000 or thereabouts.

To a newcomer, like myself, into Mr. Morgan's official family, the whole episode was extraordinarily illuminating. Here was a man whom I, like most of the rest of the world, had thought of, almost always, in terms of the great and successful man of affairs, engaged almost constantly in measures of large importance, in the working out of plans of great moment to the financial well-being of the country, plans in which, properly and necessarily, handsome compensation for his firm would be provided. Yet there was an entirely different side, a new picture—that of a man who willingly subjected himself to criticism and risk, if only he could be instrumental in helping a large group of people, no one of whom ever had crossed his path, or ever would. Is it surprising that such a man commanded the admiration and complete devotion of his partners?

(To be continued next week)

"What would your public think if they knew you left your crusts?"

Lawrence Reynolds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slander

Continued from page 15

a man named Gerrish—Gerald Gerrish—do you know him? A dreadful creature, really. No one ever heard of him until Martha started bringing him around, and he's too impossible. But if he hadn't helped her, given her money, I don't know where she'd be. And then he talked, and that isn't pleasant, is it?"

"I wouldn't know," said Baxter.

"Well, I can assure you that it isn't," said Millie. "When a rotter like that intimates to people that—well, he's dreadful, that's all, and I hope that Martha finds some way to get rid of him."

She waited for the germ to breed in Baxter's mind. Deliberately she had placed it there. But his face was placid, as though he didn't follow the train of thought which she had so carefully laid down.

"I hope she does," he said. "Unpleasant acquaintances are best abandoned."

"I guess so," she said. "Tell me about your work, won't you?"

"Not much to tell," he said. "It's a job, that's all."

MILLIE gave up. He was perfectly polite, smilingly agreeable, but she was getting nowhere with him. Indeed, she may have got somewhere, but the wrong somewhere with him. He was very far from dumb, this doctor. He might be innocent, but he was not naïve. And he had been able to understand her insinuation against Martha. The fact that he ignored it might merely prove that he was a gentleman, but it might also prove that he resented it.

After all, he'd made a bee-line for Martha the first moment he decently could. They knew each other. Bob Lemming might think that memory of old acquaintance had caused Baxter to ask an invitation to Green Point, but Millie Cragin couldn't be fooled on matters of the heart. Peter Baxter might not be in love with Martha Blaisdell, but he was mightily taken with her. Millie decided to retreat and do so gracefully.

"Martha is really wonderful," she said. "You know, she has a serious, a fine side, to her. Lots of girls are nice—you know what I mean—generous, sweet, and all that. But Martha has *character*, and that's a rare thing."

Now, Peter Baxter was nobody's fool. He had been vaguely aware that Millie had been attacking Martha, but felt that perhaps he did the dashing blonde injustice. Now, he was sure that he had been unfair. For wasn't she praising Martha, saying the sweetest possible things about her? And Millie made a mental moue, but continued her praise. Being a cat, Millie knew that there were more ways than one of skinning them.

And she was further in Baxter's esteem and liking when they rejoined the others at the Lemming house than she had been in the morning after tennis. And she had learned something. This morning she had been rather confident that Baxter would be an easy victim. Now that she knew—or thought she knew—that he liked Martha, she would not be overconfident. But she'd get him. She always got her man, and this time she wanted her man.

THERE was much argument, as it came time to leave for the Hyslop party, as to the conveyance to be used.

"Guests or not, Trudie my lamb," said Bob, "I'm not going to be in a position where I have to wait hours for Dan Treman and his scatterbrained wife to decide to come decently home to bed."

"I tell you, Bob, that I just want to look in and dash out," protested Dan.

"You've told me that before, Daniel, my friend," derided Lemming, "and I've hung around until dawn. You and Mrs. Dan will hear the music, and like old fire horses—"

"Oh, I say," protested Mrs. Dan.

"Amendment carried," laughed Bob. "Like an old fire horse—that's Dan—with his young and skittish mate—that's you, Mrs. Dan—you'll respond to the whistle—that's the music—and will dash out on that floor and stay there *until* scrambled eggs and coffee are served at six A. M. And if we all go in one car, I'll have to wait, with my loving but sleepy spouse—"

"Hang it, I'll drive myself," said Treman.

"Which is the point I'm making," said Bob. "And Herbie can drive Martha, and Pete can drive Millie."

And this was the way in which the matter was finally settled. Martha, as Cranston carefully closed the door of the car upon her, smiled tenderly at his care. It had been a sudden decision she had made, and she had arrived at that decision through not too admirable processes of thought.

A week ago, before Trudie had hinted and Bob had beaten about the bush, she had been possessed of a feeling of security. Occasionally, hearing people talk about the depression, she had vaguely wondered how it was that she seemed not to suffer. An occasional insistence from her common sense had made her resolve to question Gerrish, but she had always postponed the matter. Everything was all right; she didn't understand business; Gerrish was honest and able—if there were any danger he'd tell her about it. So she calmed herself, knowing, deep down in her heart, that everything wasn't all right.

THEN, like a bombshell, had come the hint from Trudie following the disquieting talk with Bob. She had understood instantly matters that had faintly puzzled her of late: little innuendoes about Gerrish, the occasional lift of an eyebrow, the knowing smiles sent her way. And, although she had put up a brave front to Gerrish, her heart had been sick with terror.

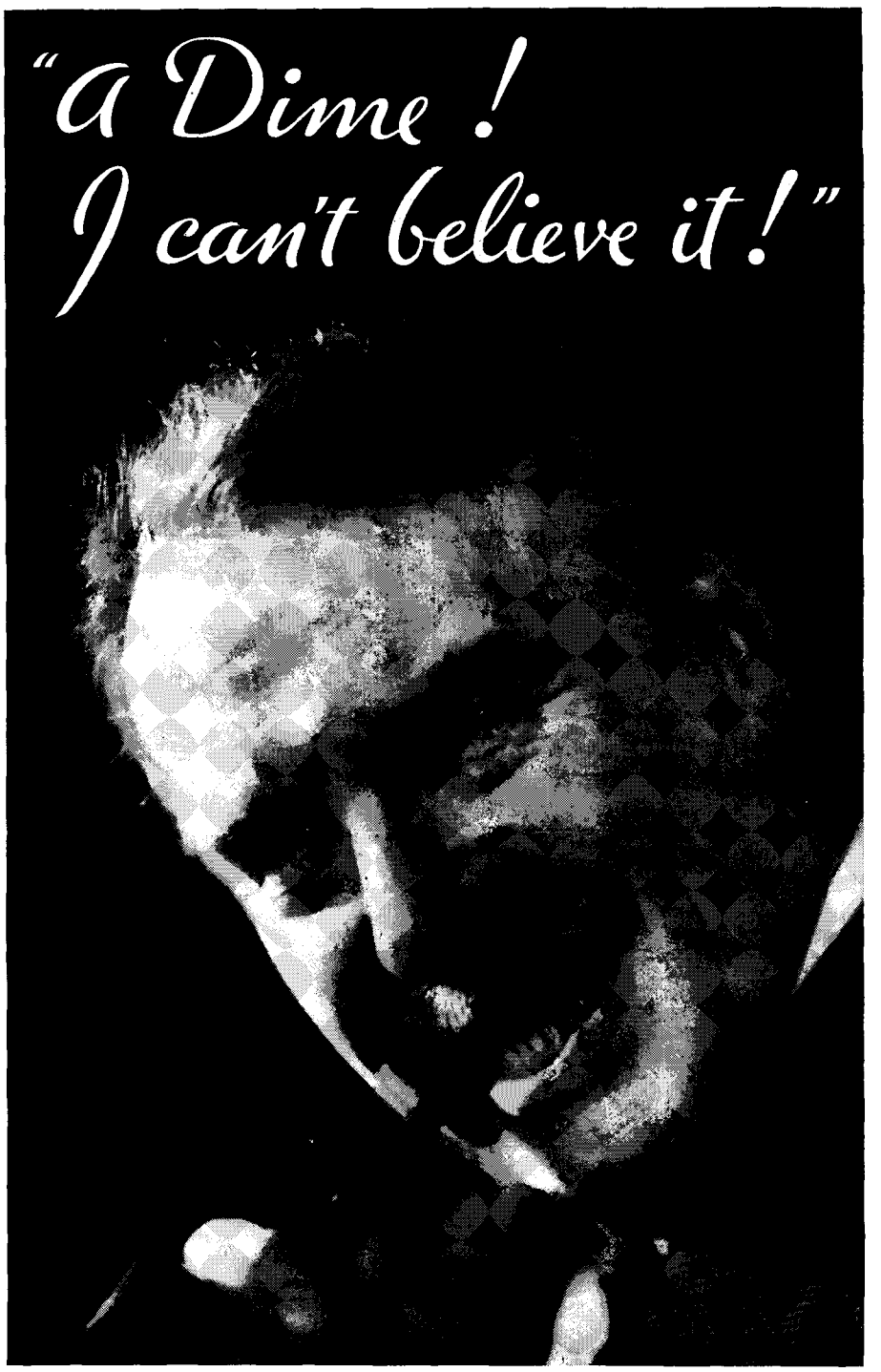
To be poor; to be dependent upon one's friends; to be too proud to accept dependence and to find no way of earning a living in a world where even the competent were hard-pressed nowadays.

The realities of life, from which she had been always sheltered by money, loomed harshly before her. And so, almost before she realized it—because we flee from danger down the nearest road without asking where it may end—she found herself decided to marry Cranston.

Now—save for the pleasant interlude that must intervene between becoming engaged and being wedded—she had accomplished her own rescue from despair. Cranston had proposed and she had accepted him. He knew the scandal that Gerrish had started and it made no difference to him. She frowned as she came to this point in her thoughts. If that scandal continued it might make a difference. If Gerrish fulfilled his threat over the telephone—but she wouldn't think of Gerrish. Bert would protect her; Bert loved her; Bert would stop Gerrish.

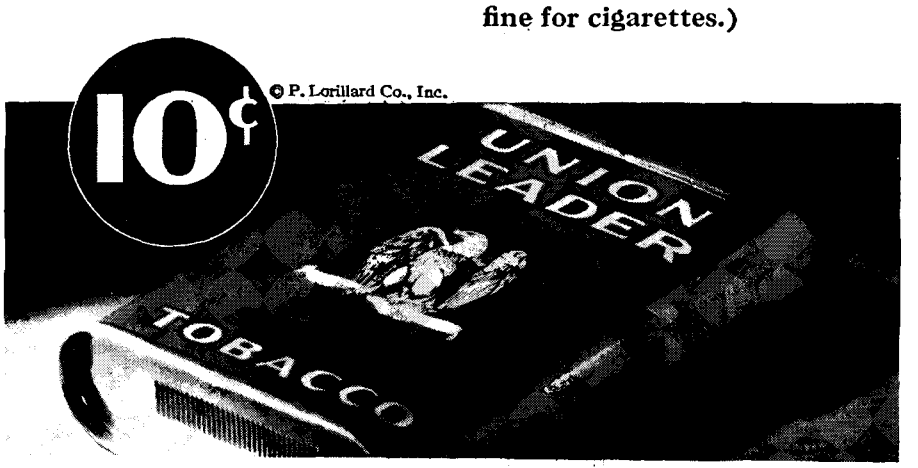
Only—and this was frightening—Bert Cranston might not mind, too much, hushed and muttered scandal. But if

(Continued on page 40)



EVEN the old-time pipe smoker will find he's neglected his education when he gets his first taste of UNION LEADER . . . *and tries to guess its price!* "Man!", he's apt to exclaim, "that's classy smokin'. Expensive, I'll bet!"

He'll be right about the quality . . . but a mile off on the price. UNION LEADER costs but a dime. Ten cents for a big, husky, man-sized tin of the sweetest and friendliest tobacco that ever glorified a pipe. The pick of rich, old Kentucky Burley. (Equally fine for cigarettes.)



UNION LEADER

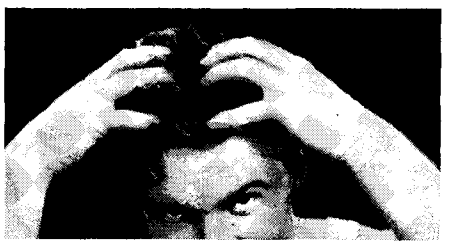
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP DANDRUFF *this pleasant way*

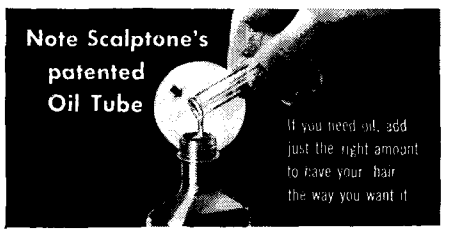
1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK
with Packer's Tar Soap

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. Doctors have been recommending it for 64 years.



2 ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY
with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into the pores of your scalp. Rub Scalptone in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute once a day.



And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair and Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for *dandruff*—well, we'll make you a bargain! If you are not satisfied with the results—write us. Tell us. We'll cheerfully return your money. Start your Packer Treatment today—you'll see why we aren't going to lose!

PACKER'S
Dandruff Treatment

1 ***Shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap***

2 ***Massage with Packer's Scalptone***

(Continued from page 39)

Gerrish made the matter public, if Gerrish actually brought suit against her, saying the things he threatened to say, Bert Cranston would—well, it would *murder* him, she told herself. He had, she knew, great pride in his family, his name. To marry a girl who had been publicly smirched—oh, he'd do it, but shame would break him. And she, in very chivalry, would be compelled to withdraw from the engagement. . . . Oh, Gerrish must be stopped. But how?

But as she turned toward Cranston as he entered the car beside her, nothing of this was evident in her manner. She was lovelier, Cranston thought, than she had been since he knew her. At dinner she had worn the same look of youth that she had had when he watched her at the pool a week ago.

His arms suddenly ached to enfold her. But she had been shy this afternoon, and he would not press his attention upon her. Her kiss—he had snatched one on the way from the polo—had been the kiss of a young girl, and he would be content with that kind of caress for the present. Poor kid. That swine Gerrish had upset her, and upon that turmoil of mind had followed turmoil of the heart. For Cranston could not doubt that his own sudden passion for her was fully returned by her.

No, he would force no affection upon her. In a day or so she would become used to their engagement, and no one, looking upon her face, could doubt that she could meet love with love.

For miles, they drove in silence. Martha liked this. She liked people who couldn't express their emotions but who—you could be certain—felt them the more because of that very inability to speak of them.

Millie Cragin had watched them drive off. She was as quick of perception as anyone, and if Trudie Lemming suspected, Millie was sure. And she was pleased. Peter Baxter was capturing her fancy more than she had imagined any man could do. And hearts were caught upon the rebound. If Martha had become engaged to Cranston, Millie hoped they'd make no secret of it. Baxter would get over his sudden fancy for Cranston's fiancée, and would turn—ah, Millie would direct that turning, she assured herself.

"I haven't the faintest idea where we're headed for," said Baxter, as, Millie beside him in the little roadster which he had driven to Green Point, they started off.

"The Hyslops'," she said.

"I know that. I mean, I know the name of our prospective hosts. But where they live—"

"I'll direct you," said Millie. "It's only a twenty-minute drive."

"When who drives?" he asked.

"When I drive, and I'm slow and careful," she replied.

"Then it's twenty minutes, for I'm that way, too," he said.

"I WISH you'd tell me how you happened to start your clinic, Pete," she said. "I asked you this afternoon, and you cut me short."

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said. "Nothing to tell. Just went into it, that's all. Stuck to it because I like it."

"You could have an uptown practice," she said. "I mean—one that pays."

He laughed.

"I'm satisfied with what I have," he told her.

"You're satisfied with what you *are*," she corrected him.

"What do you mean? That I'm conceited?"

"Not at all. Only—you're doing something decent and fine and helpful—Trudie has told me something about what you do. Bob told her. I think you're great, Pete. And I can appreciate greatness more than most people because—well, I'm not great myself. I'm little—and cheap."

"That is, of course, the most ridiculous kind of untruth, Millie," he averred.

"I wish it were," she said. "I'm a cat, Pete. I can be pretty mean, when I feel like it. I was mean this afternoon. I hinted at scandal about Martha, and I didn't make it clear that I *knew* there wasn't a word of truth in the scandal. I'm making it clear now, Pete."

"I think you're pretty swell, Millie," he said uncomfortably.

"And now that's off my chest, I'll just revert to being the kitten I like to be," she said with a giggle. "And kittens are curious as well as sly, you know. I want to know all about your work."

MILLIE didn't have too many sincere moments, but she had one now, and Baxter recognized that her interest was genuine enough. He chatted about the various phases of his work, the rest of the brief ride. But when he came in sight of the Hyslop estate he broke off abruptly.

"Where on earth does one park?" he asked in dismay.

For half a mile on either side of the main road motors were parked. Motorcycle and mounted police directed traffic. Thousands of sight-seers, anxious to see the reputed great as they passed through the gates of the grounds, surged backward and forward, at imminent risk to life and limb.

Slowly, through the narrow lane left to arriving cars, he steered the machine. Millie was sitting bolt upright now, in that peculiar excitement which attacks the most veteran of party-goers when something more spectacular than usual is being staged. Baxter, who hadn't been to a party in several years, felt excitement, too.

The grounds of the Hyslops were brilliantly illuminated. One caught glimpses, as one drove up the wide avenue beyond the entrance gates, of orange and blue and white marquees. At one point one heard the blare of a military band; a few hundred yards farther the strains of a dance orchestra filtered through the noise of milling thousands.

Thousands! The number was no exaggeration. At least five hundred motors were parked in the main road outside, and at least a hundred more had preceded Baxter and Millie up the drive, were circling back to the road now, while scores of machines were behind them.

"You can't leave the car here; you'll have to park it and walk miles," said Millie. "And I'd ruin my shoes if I walked back with you."

"I wouldn't think of it," he assured her. "But where'll I find you?"

She laughed helplessly.

"Heaven knows, Pete, in this crush. But I'll go to the dance floor—if there's more than one you'll have to look them all over—and I'll wait for you to show up."

"I'll battle my way back if I have to call for the militia," he laughed. And with that he left her.

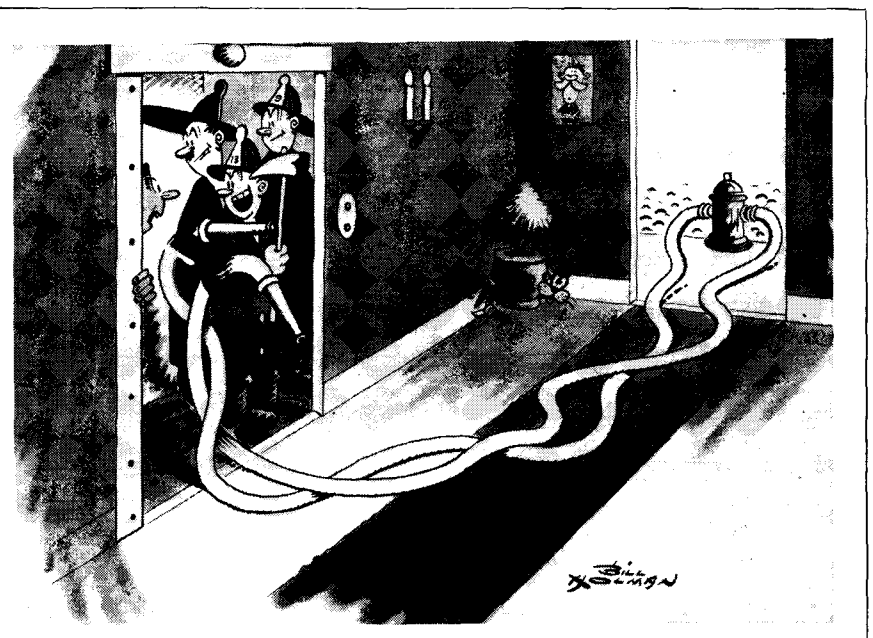
It was fully twenty-five minutes before, having managed to park his car and secure a lift on the running board of an arriving machine, he arrived at the Hyslop house again. He had old-fashioned ideas, and one of them was that one should not enjoy hospitality while unacquainted with one's hosts. So he went in search of Mr. and Mrs. Hyslop, found them with their daughter in the far end of a great baronial hall, presented himself, and then, conscience clear, went forth in search of Millie.

He found himself upon a wide lawn, tree-studded, that sloped gently to a cove. Couples sat on benches, in chairs, or even, reckless youth that cares not for night dew, upon the grass. To the left of the cove was barely visible through the trees a great dancing space, black with moving figures, which were men, and gayly colored with the figures of women. At the right was a stage, where sang now as lovely a soprano as he had ever heard.

NO ONE was listening to the voice, and it could be barely heard above the incessant clamor of voices. Baxter, who loved music, edged nearer to the singer. He wondered, idly, how much the singer had been paid for her part in the presentation of the Hyslop girl to society. Two hundred, five hundred—perhaps a thousand dollars? And he wondered that the singer, considering the way she was being ignored, bothered to sing above a whisper. But she was an artist, and an artist's duty is to herself, not to her audience. If she sang, she would sing her best.

For a moment he was tempted to cry "Silence," and force these people, in very shame, to give their attention to the soprano. But that would be useless. If people hadn't good manners . . . And the young—and nine-tenths of the guests were very young—are heedless. They didn't want to hear singing. They wanted to dance, and stroll about, and flirt, and make merry.

He turned reluctantly to the left, in search of Millie. He passed great supper tents where, he knew, food would



"10th floor, and make it snappy!" *Bill Holman*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be served until breakfast time. He wondered that the throng of curious outside the gates did not, in some overt way, show their resentment of this great waste. Of course, it was better that money be spent than that money be hoarded. Nevertheless, in times like these, it might be difficult to prove to the man in the street the economic soundness of expenditures for parties.

"Pete Baxter!" His hand was seized and he looked into the broadly grinning countenance of Tom Hanley, who had played center with him at college. "I'm a son-of-a-gun! Talking about you the other day, wondering where in time you were. Knew you'd gone in for charity clinics and hanged if I thought I'd run into you in a jam like this. Eileen, this is Pete Baxter. My wife, Pete."

His progress to the dancing floor was a series of interruptions, loud exclamations, insistence that he look old friends up, and hurried farewells. He wouldn't have been human if he hadn't flushed, over and over again, with pleasure.

It was good to be liked, good to be remembered. And he *had* ignored old friendships. People like Hanley and Robison and Clarkson were worth while. He'd have to look them up.

HE ARRIVED finally on the edge of the dance floor. Vainly he looked for Millie. But there, swirling by him, graceful of body and lovely with a faint flush and parted lips, was Martha. She caught his eye and her slim fingers waved a salutation. He didn't recognize her escort, but a moment later saw Bert Cranston dancing by with some girl he didn't know. And then, having circled the floor, Martha paused before him.

"Sorry," she said to her escort, a tooplump youth who wheezed as he danced and panted as he paused, "but this is Mr. Baxter, to whom I promised—"

"—ta know ya," said the plump young man. Instantly he cut in on another pretty girl.

"A little white lie," said Martha. "But I'm growing old, I fear me. I've been ten minutes with that impossible youth, and no one cut in to rescue me, so—anyway, I had promised something to you."

"What?" he asked.

"I can't think at the moment," she laughed, "but it will come to mind later. What a crush! My skirt torn, my shoes stepped on, and my patience frayed. And so thirsty! Why does dancing in the open air make one thirstier than the same exercise indoors?"

"Does it?" asked Baxter.

"It does tonight," she said. "And if you want to be a rescuing angel, you'll lead me to some place where I can get a glass of water."

So slight a service she asked of him, who all his life would yearn to do her favors. He gave her his arm, and shoved a not too easily achieved way through the crowd. The press was becoming terrific.

"Where's Millie?" she asked.

He shrugged.

"I had to go back to the road to leave my car; she said she'd wait for me by the dance floor."

"That means anywhere within ten city blocks," laughed Martha, "and probably some swain has taken her for a bite to eat. I never saw such a crowd in my life. I don't think there's ever been such a big party—private party, I mean. But old John Hyslop knows there won't be many parties this year, so he's giving an enormous one. He's just asked everyone. Here, don't rush me by this tent. I know there's refreshment for the thirsty here."

They peered inside. Two hundred people were packed in a tent made to hold half that number.

"By the time I escape, after a drink of water, I'll be hotter and thirstier than now," she said.

"Wait here," he said. "I'll get it."

He saw an opening, squirmed through, exchanged laughing apologies with half a dozen people, and emerged, in a minute or so, to find Martha where he had left her. But two men were with her, and the voice of one of them was raised.

They were in dinner jackets, and there was nothing about their appearance to indicate that they were anything but guests, although a more sophisticated man than Baxter might have guessed them to be plain-clothes detectives, here to watch the jewels of the guests.

"You Martha Blaisdell?" one of them was asking.

Baxter frowned. He might have said *Miss* Martha Blaisdell. He noticed, too, that several other people had paused and were staring. He edged nearer to the girl. He had paused, a few feet away, to permit her to finish her conversation, but now he felt apprehension.

"Well, I'm here to serve you a summons and complaint in the action of Gerald Gerrish against you."

Eyebrows lifted; people began talking quickly, loudly, to cover her embarrassment and their own. The man raised his voice even more.

"This is an action brought by the plaintiff to recover money advanced to you on your promise to marry," cried the man.

There was no one within a radius of fifty feet who didn't hear the words. And Baxter dropped the glass of water and stepped forward. He gripped the papers that the man extended to Martha.

"Hey, you, what do you think—"

Baxter cut short his words.

"And what do you think? That you can serve legal summons on a Sunday? You get out of here—quietly—now—or I'll have you put out." He raised his hand minatorily. "No, I won't have you put out. I'll put you out myself."

FOR a moment the two men surveyed his lean figure, tense and ready. Then the speaker laughed uneasily.

"Sorry, I didn't realize it was after midnight." He looked at the watch upon his wrist. "By gosh, it *is* Sunday, isn't it? Well, say, I thought sure it wasn't twelve o'clock."

"The times are very hard, aren't they?" asked Baxter unexpectedly.

The two men stared at him.

"What do you mean? Sure they are," replied the man who had done the talking for the two.

"They must be. A man must need money badly to do so vile a thing," said Baxter. "What do you get for serving a summons? This kind of summons, where you are paid to insult the receiver of the summons, where the receiver is a woman, and where the suit is foully false in its inception, where it is blackmail-inspired?"

"Hey, you, go slow," said the summons-server. "That's slander. Mr. Gerrish would have a nice cause of action against you if I told him you said he was a blackmailer."

"Then tell him," said Baxter. "Tell him that Dr. Peter Baxter, of St. John's Clinic, says that serving such a summons, in such a case, is the filthiest kind of blackmail, and let him sue me—if he dares. And now—you go."

The fifty people who had heard the process server's statement heard also Peter Baxter's challenge. Oh, it was gallant of him, thought Martha. Only—chivalry and gallantry cannot protect anyone from the throwing of filth. And that was what Gerry Gerrish had begun to do—throw filth.

"Thanks, Peter," she said, as they moved away.

(To be continued next week)

70c Value FOR 39¢

Shave Cream
Colgate's is famous for its small-bubble lather. Regular 35c value.

Talc
Smooth, refreshing. The kind that doesn't show. Regular 25c value.

Styptic Pencil
Improved type. Seals razor cuts with amazing speed. Regular 10c value.

Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream	35c
Colgate's Talc	25c
Styptic Pencil	10c
Value	70c

ALL THREE FOR 39c

COLGATE users! Here's the bargain you've been waiting for. A real 70c value in your favorite shaving preparations—*for only* 39c.

Here's what you get. Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream—a regular large-size tube of the cream that's famous for its "small-bubble" lather. Thousands of men rely on Colgate's for perfect shaves and buy this tube regularly for 35c. Then there's a large-size Colgate's Talc, the cool, refreshing, "doesn't-show" kind. This is a regular 25c value everywhere. And finally, to boot, we include a new improved styptic pencil that seals razor cuts like magic. These three shaving values are packed in a smart Cellophane-wrapped package—all of them yours for 39c. Your dealer's stock is limited. It won't last long at these special prices. So stock up now.

SEE YOUR DEALER TODAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLEASE HIM *this easy way*

JUST watch his face light up when that rich, red, piquant Heinz Tomato Ketchup appears on the table. No matter how simple the meal—how inexpensive the meat—Heinz Ketchup whets appetite to the hunger-pitch—brings a welcoming smile from the men folks.

For 57 years Heinz has made this ketchup to the same high quality standard. It is the simmered down essence of garden-fresh tomatoes—sweetened with the finest sugar—spiced to perfection. No wonder it is the largest selling ketchup in the world.

Don't fail to call your grocer now and order a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup for tonight's dinner.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

Cold Trails

Continued from page 21

girl who was talking to him now was not the girl he had known two years ago; she was not even the girl he had known at the beginning of the week. It was as if some false outer cloaking of ideas and habits, put upon her by her mother's seaboard world, had suddenly fallen away, leaving her revealed as what she was—a daughter of the dry land. Under the pressure of the dark days and unquiet nights since the killing of Bob Flagg she had come nearer to him, becoming one of his own people.

"Seems to me," he said, "that's a whole lot different from what you were saying just a little while ago."

"I wasn't able to believe my own eyes, I guess. I wasn't able to get over the 'settled up' idea that Eastern people have. Nobody but Westerners will ever be able to understand our dry land. They'll never believe that a country can be oversettled—and yet have nothing in it but coyotes and jack rabbits and half a dozen poor cows to the mile."

HE NOTICED that she called it "our dry land," now.

"And so—?"

"I'm going to stay with my brand until there isn't one bit of the 94 left. After all, I'm my father's daughter. This country is part of me, bred in."

"I know how you feel," he said slowly. "But—it isn't as if you could really do anything here, now."

"I'll be able to keep you informed of what's happening here, at least. I hardly think Val Douglas would take much interest in that, left to himself. But it isn't that. It's simply—I can't always run away from everything. I've run away from too many things, and sometimes afterward I've been sorry."

He could understand that, but it surprised him to find her looking at things in that way. He had to respect her for it, but it didn't make the set-up any easier for him. "I suppose there isn't anything I can do," he admitted regretfully. "You've already shown me that when you set out to do a thing you'll do it in spite of all hell and the drought."

"Wouldn't you rather have me that way?"

"I don't know as I could ever bring myself to want you any different than you are."

He made a cigarette, and lit it, and gloomily studied its smoke. He was thinking that it was pretty near too much to ask of a man to go off on a long trail, the way things were here, and leave this child—

Suddenly he realized that this girl in black silk and bright Navaho wool was not any longer a child. He had not known that he had always before seen her as a child, until now he saw her as something else. Her face had a color that was like a child's color, clear and lovely, but its contours no longer suggested a little girl. It was a quiet face, thoughtful and awake, and somehow competent-looking; and her eyes, looking into that distance beyond the walls, were looking into the future—understandingly, even somberly, but unafraid.

He wondered why he had not realized before how changed she was. Every movement she made, every pose she took, was different from what he had seen in the girl he had made love to two years before. Two years ago Marian Dunn would not have been able to lounge relaxed upon his bunk in pajamas and an Indian blanket, thinking about the factors of range war, and the business affairs of men; she would have been nervously conscious then of the fact that the man she was with loved her—would have worried about what he would do or say.

This girl did not worry, but steadily faced the situation in which they found themselves.

He looked away from her, unable any longer to think of murder clues or cow mortgages while she was in his eyes. He fixed his gaze upon his thrown-down gun-belt and tried to think of what he must do. Bitterly he was blaming himself that he could not see through this killing case; for he had a persistent hunch that everything necessary for solution was in his hands. He blamed only himself that he must now take a long trail to discover what might be obvious, here and now, to a more brilliant observer.

He tried to set his mind to the factors he had discussed with Coffee, in one more supreme effort to short-cut the case, but his mind would not work for him. Even with his eyes upon a saddle or a gun he could still see nothing but the girl—every glint of light in the loose bush of her hair, the slim cordings of a wrist, the resting look of a hand that lay palm up upon the blanket.

Impossible not to wonder if things between them might not have been different had he never known her two years before at all, but could have started over again now, to win her in a new way. Then it occurred to him that it was a waste of time to be looking at a gun or a saddle blanket, trying to think, when he might be looking at her. Perhaps it would be a long time before he would see her again; perhaps he would never see her again at all.

So now he let murder and cows and money slide into the lost shadows, and he turned to her; and as he did so he found that her eyes were on his face. They looked at each other steadily, while the moments passed. If he had held her eyes so long two years ago she would have flushed and looked away, but she did not look away now. Her eyes looked lazy, but not sleepy; they were as darkly blue as a night sky, but he found them unreadable at first. Then after a moment or two he recognized that she was not thinking about murder clues.

ALL at once he knew that there was no barrier between them any more at all, and had not been any for a long time, except the barrier put there by his old defeat. And he knew now that he had never failed at all, but that the years had worked for him in ways he would not have guessed.

He said slowly, "I was the one who was a fool."

He never knew what move he made that brought her into his arms. With the barrier gone from between them at last they found themselves in each other's arms as naturally, as unhurriedly, as inevitably as the dry land takes up the rare rains; and his heart lifted up like the April grass of the dry ranges, when the snow-lock melts off and is as forgotten as if it had never been. His hungry mouth found an answering quiver in her lips; and for a while, under the spell of the gentle warmth that he had thought would never be his, he no longer worried about what might happen to the cow kingdom of Horse Dunn.

Presently she said: "Two years ago it was my fault. But last night in the hills it was yours. If you had only put your hands on me then—but you had to stand with a face like granite and eyes like death in the foothills—"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I know that—now."

"I don't know how I'm going to let you go. So many things—anything—can happen before we're together again."

"But we have this hour, now."

"Nothing can ever rob us of that!"

Each was seeing a person he had never seen before. He was still whipcord and braided leather, the saddle man who could hold his own in the upheaval of markets and the shifting games of the financiers; but all the barbed and dour hardness of him was gone, so that in the arms of this girl it was as if he were reborn. And in the girl the hidden steel of the will he had not been able to bend seemed melted, and the curve of her body within his arm was a surrender without reserve.

They did not know how long they sat together on the bunk that for the time was not his, but theirs, in that lonely and deserted house; and he learned here that she was neither East nor West, but all woman, more woman than he could have suspected or known. A harsh, taut strain that had held them for days seemed to slacken and go out of the night, as if guns and cattle were unimportant things; and in that hour that was theirs alone, one bitterness went out of the world forever. It was not a surprise, but a consummation, when presently he found that she was asleep.

He picked her up and carried her to her own room, and put her in her own bed; and she smiled faintly in her sleep as he kissed her eyes. Then he walked out of the house, by a different door than the one where Coffee sat, and stood listening to the still night.

Then, while his mind was entirely away from hatred and violence for the first time in a week, something in the back of his mind found the answer, and all in a moment he saw through the tangle that had roped the 94. He knew suddenly not only who had killed Flagg at Short Creek, but why Flagg had had more than a hunch that he was riding into death; he knew why Marian had been fired on; and he knew how he could prove, inevitably and inescapably, who had killed Bob Flagg—and the taut strain of range war came back into the night, turning him cold.

WHEELER walked around the house to where Old Man Coffee still sat. As far as the naked eye could observe Old Man Coffee had not changed his position; he could sit like a rock or an Indian, hours on end, as if this were his natural way of living out his life. Wheeler sat down slowly and stiffly on the step beside the old man; he ran his hands over his face, shook his head like a fighter trying to clear away the effects of a killing right cross.

Coffee did not speak and for a little while Wheeler also sat silent, trying to compute how much he wished to say. "Coffee," he said at last, "I see it. I see it all."

Coffee took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at Wheeler. "All what?"

"I know who fired on Marian."

"Hell, son, you had that figured out last time I seen you, two hours ago." Coffee glanced at the stars, which he used as a clock. "Two hours and fifteen minutes," he corrected himself.

"I had the wrong reason," Wheeler said; "this time I know. And knowing that, I know now why Bob Flagg had forenotice that he was near his end. And I can prove it all."

Old Man Coffee started to say, "You sound like you was full of—" but he hesitated and studied Billy Wheeler sidelong through the thin dark. "Answer me one thing, son," he said at last. "What was the thing that showed you the killer's trail?"

"It was two things, Coffee," Wheeler said; "not one. Two kind of trivial-looking things, that I knew and then forgot. But as soon as I saw the meaning of one of them, right away I saw the meaning of the other. Like as if the two clues were tied together by the neck. Coffee, Marian doesn't know a thing in the world about this. But the first thing that come to me was something I remembered that she said. You remember after—"

"Stop," said Old Man Coffee.

So sharply had the old man commanded him that Wheeler at first thought Coffee was listening to some distant sound. "What's the matter?"

"I've heard enough."

"Then," said Billy Wheeler, "you know the answer too?"

"I've kind of suspected it these many days. I didn't know for sure until today."

"Do you think anyone else knows?"

"Son, I'm virtually certain that no one in the world knows but you and me."

"You must have come at it differently than I did, Coffee."

"Different than you," Coffee agreed. "God knows how you come at it. I don't want to know. In a minute now I'm going to say no more. But nobody else in the Red Rock could have found it out except maybe Cayuse Cayetano—and he's dead."

THEY sat silent for a little time. "What's the next move?" Wheeler presently asked.

"Until you spoke," Coffee said, "I knew what my next move was going to be. My next move was going to be *out*. But now that you've come onto the right trail, I guess maybe it's kind of up to me to stand by a little while, until I see what you do."

Something in Old Man Coffee's voice bothered Wheeler. "You mean we're not working together, then?"

"Seems like we might not be, son. I'm an old man; and I long ago learned that sometimes it's a good idee to leave sleeping dogs lie."

"You mean you'd have been willing to pull out of this case and leave it unsolved forever?"

Old Man Coffee drew half a dozen slow puffs on his pipe before he answered. "The first murder case I worked on," he said at last, "was a long time ago. Sometimes I think that one first case was the misfortune of my life. Because it gave me a kind of a reputation in a small way, so that ever since then I've been called in on such, from time to time, over and over again. Man hunting isn't a pretty job, Billy. But I've always worked hard and honestly on any case where I once set my hand. And now that I'm old I figure to keep one right to myself—the right to keep my mouth shut if I can't see where clearing up a mystery will serve no proper end.

"Do you think that solving this crime can possibly come under the head of helping any living person, or preserving the peace? You know better than that. You know as well as I do that the minute the answer is made known the guns will crack out, and good boys that's got nothing to do with either side will be throwing lead into each other's guts. And there won't be anything but blood and gun smoke come out of your damn' solution."

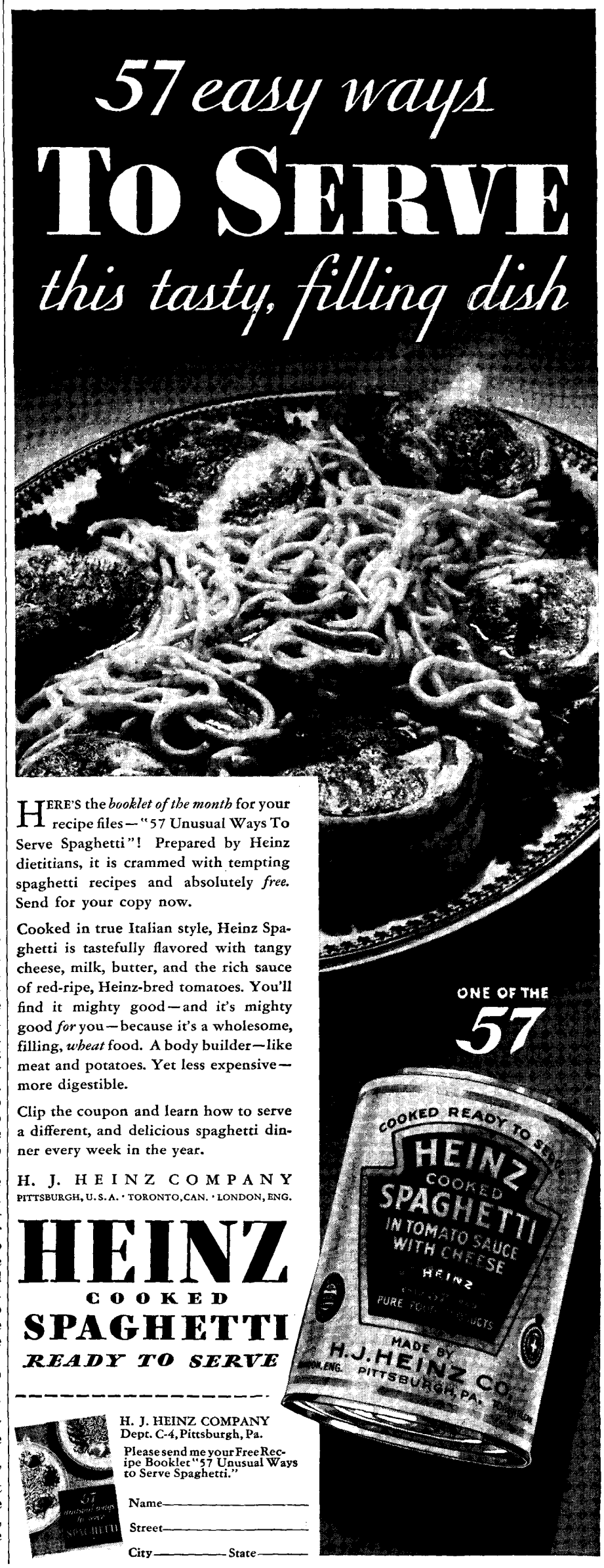
"You think Horse Dunn will take to the guns?"

"Of course he'll take to the guns! You know him well enough to know that. The guns will be talking before ever the thing is proved."

"The proof ought to be easy enough."

"I got no doubt of that. I see at least one way of proof and maybe you see more. But what I'm telling you is this, son—think what you're doing before

(Continued on page 44)



HERE'S the *booklet of the month* for your recipe files—"57 Unusual Ways To Serve Spaghetti"! Prepared by Heinz dietitians, it is crammed with tempting spaghetti recipes and absolutely *free*. Send for your copy now.

Cooked in true Italian style, Heinz Spaghetti is tastefully flavored with tangy cheese, milk, butter, and the rich sauce of red-ripe, Heinz-bred tomatoes. You'll find it mighty good—and it's mighty good *for* you—because it's a wholesome, filling, *wheat* food. A body builder—like meat and potatoes. Yet less expensive—more digestible.

Clip the coupon and learn how to serve a different, and delicious spaghetti dinner every week in the year.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U.S.A. · TORONTO, CAN. · LONDON, ENG.

HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
READY TO SERVE

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Dept. C-4, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me your Free Recipe Booklet "57 Unusual Ways to Serve Spaghetti."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO TAKE HOME MOVIES AT LOW COST

Now you—anyone—can take lifelike movies easier than taking snap-shots. A new type, simplified movie camera has banished high cost and mystery—bringing this fascinating sport within reach of millions.

Take movies of the children. Record family birthdays and anniversaries, vacations, hunting and fishing trips, travels, great events, sports—in movies you take yourself. The whole interesting story of the *New Way* of taking the movies you've always wanted to take is described in a fascinating booklet, "Home Movie Taking Made Easy"—that features the new

STEWART-WARNER MOVIE CAMERA

designed by Hollywood Cameramen—simplified by Stewart-Warner, used and endorsed by leading movie stars. Read the book, and you'll know how easy it is to take movies of theatre-like brilliance at low cost. It tells exactly what to do—and how to do it. Your copy is waiting for you.

FREE SEND COUPON TODAY

C-4

Stewart-Warner Corporation,
1826 Diversey Parkway, Chicago

Please send me without obligation your new booklet, "Home Movie Taking Made Easy."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Make Money at Home!

Grow Mushrooms in your cellar or shed! Big demand. Experience unnecessary, we tell you how. Famous White Queen spawn. Illustrated book Free. Write today!

UP TO $25 A WEEK or more

AMERICAN MUSHROOM INDUSTRIES LTD., DEPT. 806, TORONTO, ONT.

SPENCERIAN
THE BEST PENS THEN

AND NOW

Spencerian Fountain Pen

14 kt. solid gold nib. Hard iridium tip. The Spencerian smooth writing ease famous for 75 years. With all the features of an expensive fountain pen but leading the field in 1933 values.

$1.50

Steel pens in every type of point.

Send 10c for "Letters That Must Be Penned" by Emily Post.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

(Continued from page 43)

you raise this lid. Don't raise it unless you think you'd rather see what will come of it, in place of what we already got."

The moon was gone, and they sat in the chill blackness before dawn; but it seemed to Wheeler that the night was no darker than his mood. "I thought of all that," he said. "I thought of all that the moment it come to me. And first off, I thought like you. But now—I'm not so sure. Sometimes it seems like there's something unsound at the bottom of any plan that calls for just hiding our heads."

"Then I'll give you your answer," said Old Man Coffee abruptly. "I'll give you the whole thing, once and for all, in two words: *Think of the girl.*" He took a couple of drags on his pipe. "Forget Horse Dunn, and the cattle, and the money, and the range. Forget even the good fighting boys, here on the 94—Tulare and Steve Hurley and Val Douglas—they'll fight while they can hold up their guns. And Gil Baker, he'll be in it if he has to drag a broken leg into the street. But forget all them. And think what this here head-on smash between the 94 and all of the rest of the range is going to mean to the girl."

Wheeler sat silent for a long time. At last, needing to be alone, he got up and walked off into the dark, leaving Old Man Coffee with the darkness and his pipe. He went out and he sat in the corrals, and he was thinking about Horse Dunn and the cow kingdom of the 94; but mostly he was thinking about the girl who had at last taken him into her heart. He could never think about anything any more except in terms of its effect upon her.

He had an hour to come to his decision there before the first pale, reddish light of the dawn showed at the edge of the world; and it was the hardest hour of his life, because he knew that he held in his hands the future of them all. More than once he turned to Coffee's easier way. But as a gray light began to come slowly across the 94 he thought he knew what he must do.

He went in and rapped on Marian's door; and when she called to him sleepily he went in and stood beside her bed. "You and I are going to Inspiration," he told her.

THE early sun was upon the broad main street of Inspiration as Billy Wheeler drove Horse Dunn's touring car into the little cow town. Old Man Coffee was in the back seat, this time without any of his dogs. Marian, who had been dozing against Billy's shoulder, sat up and looked at the vacant street with a detached curiosity. It seemed strange to see the street so empty and silent, where last they had seen it full of knotted groups of men. No stealthy movement in doorways this time, no eyes covertly watching them from under ten-gallon hats—nothing but clean, horizontal sunlight on quiet dust, as if nothing lived in this place at all.

Marian said, "You still don't want to tell me what you're going to do?"

"It isn't that I don't want to tell you. It's just that it's—it's got to come to you in another way."

"This is a dramatic thing—rather a terrible thing," Marian said, "this coming to the end of a killer's trail."

"Don't look at it that way. I want you to think of this thing with all the impartiality you can. You know now that our western code is a different code. Not the six-gun code of the old days, nor the wild kind of thing some people have tried to make out it is, such as never existed here or any place else. But just a kind of a way of going about things that is bred into dry-country men—the way of each man making his own right and wrong, each man looking only to himself for approval in the end. Maybe—you're only going to learn the story of a kind of—a kind of private execution; maybe by a man who believed with all his heart that he was in the right."

She looked at him wonderingly for a minute; she had never heard him talk in that way before. "Billy, Billy, don't you trust me to face out anything, even yet? Don't you think I have any courage at all?"

"I trust your courage more than I've ever trusted anything in my life. Or you wouldn't be here now."

WHEELER drove through the town and turned up a side street to the house where Sheriff Walt Amos lived. Leaving Marian and Old Man Coffee in the car he walked around the little house to the back door; there was a smell of breakfast cooking there, and Walt Amos himself was sousing water over his face and hair at a wash bench beside a pump. The young sheriff straightened up and stared at Wheeler for a long moment through dripping water. "Hardly expected to see you here."

"I've come to make a deal with you," Wheeler said.

"Don't hardly seem there's any deal to be made between you and me. Horse Dunn isn't going out on bail. Get it out of your head." Amos began to dry his face and hair.

"This is something else," Wheeler said. "You've wanted me out of this picture. You've wanted me out of it from the start. You know why, and there's no need for us to go into why."

"I got enough troubles on this range," Amos said, "without outside capital pitching in to make things worse for the common run of cowmen."

"In short, you and your gang have been afraid I'd help Dunn save the 94. You tried to railroad me, here in Judge Shafer's court—but you didn't get away with it. Maybe you've got other things in mind to try, to get me out of the way of your plans. I don't know anything about that."

"People from outside who figure to throw in against the best interests of this range—" Amos began.

"All right. Now you've got a chance to get rid of me. You give me what I want and I'll promise you I'll be out of this killing case within twenty-four hours."

"You haven't got any official standing in this case, to begin with," Amos pointed out.

"You'd like to see me drag my freight, just the same! And here's how you can get it done: Old Man Coffee and Horse Dunn's niece are here with me. Give us an hour to talk to Horse Dunn alone. That's the proposition and all of the proposition."

"And if I do that you'll pull out of here?"

"Within twenty-four hours. I'll stay out until the killing case against Horse Dunn is cleared up, one way or another. After that maybe I'll come back to the 94 and maybe I'll help it with its finance; I don't say one way or the other. But if you want me out of it for the time being, here's your chance."

"There's a hook in this some place," Amos said. "But I'll take a chance. Horse Dunn's in the jail, where he belongs. I'll take you there and I'll give you an hour."

"Is Gil Baker in jail with him?"

"I wouldn't keep a man in jail with a leg busted by gunshot. Wouldn't be any sense to it."

"Glad you've got *some* decent views."

"Thanks."

THE Inspiration jail was tiny, but it was perhaps the most modern thing in the town. Old Man Coffee was reluctant to visit Horse Dunn here. "Don't hardly seem fitting."

"There's a special reason I want you to come, for a minute or two."

"Have it your own way."

Sheriff Walt Amos swung wide the outer door. "I'm putting you on your honor not to try any funny business," he said. "But in case of doubt—just remember how easy it would be to cut loose on you from the house!"

"You talk like a child," said Coffee.

They filed into the dark chill of the chamber within the concrete, and the door swung behind them, shutting out the sun; but there was no click of the lock.

(To be concluded next week)

"Anybody else wish for a magic cleaner before we leave?"

Robert Day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her Hero

Continued from page 12

"Well, good night, angel."

"I got an article coming out in my paper," the voice of the redhead stated assertively, "and if it's not better than anything Hemingway ever wrote, or Fitzclair Lewis ever wrote, or any of these 'masters of prose,' you just tell me it's not. That's all. Just try and tell me!"

"I'M NOT trying," his girl replied, with the irritating patience that would have results, sooner or later.

"Who's that?" Vanessa whispered.

"I don't know—someone spoiling for a row."

"Itzza best piece of prose that's been written in the United States yet, if it is just a dinky paragraph about the death of a li'l' baby zebra."

Suddenly light seemed to stream from Vanessa's face.

"Call Dennis!" she directed me, and like a flash she was at the other table saying, "It sounds terrible to me!"

The redhead lurched to his feet, while the blonde gave a sharp cry:

"Who're you?"

"The one that says it's terrible! *Terrible! ! Terrible! ! !*"

Vanessa was fairly jumping up and down, like a child intoxicated by a naughty word.

"You think jus' because you're a woman—" the redhead roared.

"Don't let her get away with it!" the girl friend screeched.

Naturally I hadn't called Dennis.

"Sit down!" I bade the man, looking as gladiatorial as I could.

"So you're in this too?"

I squared off, but the light in Tony's is terrible, and I'd taken it for granted that alcohol would make him slow. He slid a left and a right through my defense that sent me into the baseboard. Tony bounced in with Andy, or I think both the man and the girl would have begun kicking me.

"Oh, my poor lamb!" Vanessa cried, helping Howard Garant pull me up. "Why didn't you call him? Didn't you catch on?"

"Because I didn't want to."

"Well, never mind. It was too simple a sawmill anyway. There's Dennis, now. Keep the bruised side of your face towards the wall, do you mind? I don't want to let this half-baked attempt ruin everything."

"Hey, Vanessa!" Stoddard boomed from the doorway.

"Here I am—just saying good night to Hugh."

"I wondered where you were."

"Did you, really?"

The syllables positively fluttered, and she scurried to him.

It wasn't like Vanessa not to look me up after that episode, and when three days had elapsed without a word from her, I telephoned her house. Vanessa was not at home.

I left a request that she call me. She did not, and, as time elapsed, I began to get what is known as a "feeling" in my bones.

THE next afternoon I got into communication with Vanessa's mother at the great advertising agency of which she is president.

"No, I've hardly seen the child for a week," Mrs. Lane said. "I've been terribly busy. I noticed on the telephone table a great pile of messages for her to call you. What is it you want?"

"Just to know what she's up to."

"Oh, she's all right. She's very much occupied with a boy named Stoddard, you know."

"What do you think of him?"

"I tell Vanessa that he has, to me, all the signs of arrested development, but he *is* a handsome animal."

"I understood from Vanessa that things weren't going so well between them."

"Good thing, for a change! A little indifference won't do that young woman any harm."

"If he spends all his time with her he can't be so very indifferent."

"That wouldn't stop Vanessa, but she isn't with him a great deal. I only meant that she seems engrossed in her feelings about him. Yesterday I had to run down to my place in the country to inspect some repairs. I saw her car parked beside the road about halfway down, and told the chauffeur to stop and see if she needed any help. She didn't. There she sat, stark, staring, alone—mooning, just mooning."

"I don't like that in a girl of Vanessa's temperament," I said. "How did she explain it?"

"She said she was communing with nature. I asked, 'Why commune with nature at the ugliest spot in the countryside?' She answered that all that sort of thing had great beauty for her."

"All what sort of thing?" I asked, catching a faint whiff of mouse.

"Railroad tracks, and locomotives. Didn't I say that she'd chosen the one grade crossing in the country as her outlook? The chauffeur said afterward that he'd seen her there once before this week."

"I DON'T think it's funny at all," I reproved the gayety of her tone. "If you knew what I do about the seriousness of her—"

"I wouldn't worry," Mrs. Lane said.

"No, if you would, I wouldn't have to."

The only reward I got for that was a laugh.

"If you really want to do something for Vanessa," she suggested, helpfully, "why don't you sit down and write a wonderful play for her? That's what she needs."

These career women! I didn't even tell her why my blood had turned cold at the information she had given me.

My watch told me that it was six o'clock. I could see Vanessa by going to the theater, but to argue with her in the dressing-room, which she occupies with another girl and which they have turned into a combination beauty shop and lounging place for the more attractive young people in town, was impossible. So I used my wits and sent her a telegram there.

This is my wire, as I remember it:

LOCOMOTIVES AND TRACKS ARE TOYS LITTLE GIRLS SHOULD NOT PLAY WITH STOP DON'T RELY ON PERSONAL OBSERVATION OF SCHEDULE IT MAY BE CHANGED OVERNIGHT STOP SAWMILL IDEA BAD STOP COME BACK AND I WILL REPLACE IT WITH REALLY BRILLIANT ONE STOP STOP STOP

Writing and sending it didn't still the alarm within me, however. I did all sorts of foolish things—turned on the radio and listened to the news flashes with trepidation lest Vanessa's name be mentioned as that of the victim of an accident; called the theater and asked the stage manager, whom I know, how her performance was going.

"That's funny," he said. "I was just saying to Tom Braverman I never saw her as good as she is tonight."

The next afternoon when I came back from luncheon at my club, I found Va-

(Continued on page 46)

Which of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO WOMEN live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these women is seldom invited to go out.

The other woman is always the center of a group. Her calendar is full of engagements. She is sought after as a guest.

Make Her Secret Your Own

Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

Make her secret your own. It is possible to secure all at once and at very small expense, the few great books that enable anyone to think clearly and talk well.

You will understand how this is possible when you have read this wonderfully interesting free book which tells you about the beautiful new Home Library Edition of The Harvard Classics. Here is a glorious setting of luxurious volumes. New and imposing bindings, new beautiful paper, new larger type, and new illustrations are features which make the Home Library Edition a set of infinite charm and rare excellence. Though worthy of the finest private library, these books are easily available to the most modest home budget. You need not decide now. Simply mail the coupon for the free booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" which contains full details about the beautiful new edition.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

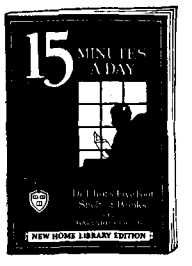
Here's a book that every lover of literature will want for his library table. No ordinary booklet, but a literary gem. It contains a collection of invaluable facts, including the plan of reading outlined by Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator.

Here is a complete description of the world's greatest library, and a statement of how Dr. Eliot came to compile it.

"Fifteen Minutes a Day" has brought new happiness, a turning point in life to thousands who have sent in for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.

OWN THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK—FREE!

Send for this Free booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.



P. F. COLLIER & SON DIST. CORP.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....

321-HCS

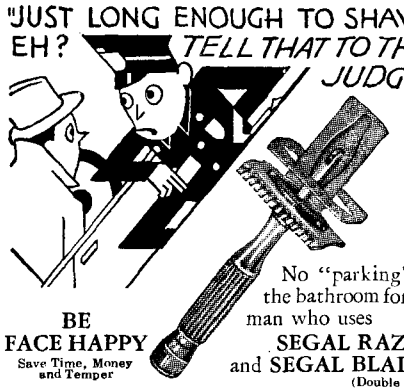
Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"TUMS" Ended My Fussy Stomach

ONCE indigestion used to ruin every meal. The very foods I liked best brought on a burning sourness and a full, gassy feeling. But how different now! I eat everything without distressing after-effects since I discovered TUMS. These new candy-like antacid mints promptly counteract excess acid, dispel gas and relieve Fussy Stomach. Just three or four TUMS after meals lets *you* eat foods you crave. Safe, agreeable—TUMS are handily carried in pocket or purse. Get a roll today. At all druggists'—only 10c.

FREE Package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds—also sample of TUMS—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 6-R, St. Louis, Mo.



BE FACE HAPPY Save Time, Money and Temper

No "parking" in the bathroom for the man who uses SEGAL RAZOR and SEGAL BLADES (Double Edge)

ASK YOUR DEALER for this miracle shaving combination or send $1.00 direct for Razor and 10 Blades.

SEGAL SUPER-KEEN BLADES, 5 for 38c, 10 for 75c
Segal Safety Razor Corp., 270 B B'way, New York
Makers of the famous SEGALOCKS

SEGAL ONE PIECE RAZOR

"The WORLD'S FINEST"—MEN EVERYWHERE SAY

Vacations Planned

ROAD MAPS ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS AND TRAVEL HELP FREE

Wherever you plan to travel in the United States, Canada or Mexico, write us telling when and where you want to go. We will send, postpaid, free, state road maps of each state you pass thru, marked with your best routes, illustrated booklets of interesting vacation and historic spots, and camp and hotel guides. Also a Conoco Passport, a small pocket folder, which introduces you to 18,000 Conoco stations and dealers and provides you with spaces to record the expenses of your trip. The Conoco Travel Bureau, operated by Continental Oil Co., is America's foremost free travel service. *Address Dept. 6,* Conoco Travel Bureau, Denver, Colo.

CONOCO

CONOCO TRAVEL BUREAU

Ingrown Nail *Turns Outward* —NO PAIN

A few drops of Outgro in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell Outgro in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

(Continued from page 45)

nessa sitting on the stairs that lead to my apartment.

"I've come," she informed me, "to tell you how wonderful I think you are. I mean, but you're extraordinary!"

Even though I knew it was her current manner of speech, just to hear her say the words did something queer to my heart.

"In what way?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"That telegram! How did you know? Dennis couldn't have figured it out in a thousand years."

"But Dennis is endowed with a divine stupidity," I reminded her, opening the door. "Come in."

THE cloud over her radiance had entirely evaporated.

"This nice, bookish room that suits you so perfectly—" she was musing aloud as she unfastened her jacket. "You are so darling, anyway!" she ended. The phrase had a hopelessly platonic ring.

"Why this pretense of affection?" I said. "I hope you're not relying too much on that promise of a brilliant idea. It was merely a lure to get you here so that I could tell you what half-witted folly this plan about the railroad track is."

"But, darling, you suggested it! That business at Tony's was a momentary brain-storm. Since the minute you suggested the sawmill I've had the spur track in my mind. I've been held up there millions of times by the jingle of that silly little bell, and after waiting minutes one locomotive has chugged past."

"Just the same you must give it up. It's dangerous as well as impractical."

"Impractical! It worked like a dream!"

"It *what?* You mean to tell me that after I took the trouble of sending you that wire—"

"I didn't get your wire till it was all over, and naturally I didn't rely on my own observations of that crazy little locomotive. After I'd watched it two days I realized that wouldn't be prudent and made friends with the engineer."

"And how did you do that, pray?"

"Just by saying, 'Yoo-hoo, I want to talk to you' and waving. He hopped right down and talked to me. He's quite sweet. His name is Frank. Not many front teeth, but otherwise personable. Nice red cheeks."

"That helped, I suppose."

Vanessa ignored my sarcasm.

"I asked if he always ran over that line," she recounted, "and he said, 'Yeah, me and Jim are the only ones that work on this spur.' I said, 'You usually pass this grade crossing between four and five. Could you, for a lady, make it some exact minute, tomorrow?' He said 'Sure' and I explained the situation, and what I wanted."

"You wanted a near accident, of course?"

Vanessa nodded.

"My real problem," she asseverated, "was to get hold of Dennis. I telephoned that I must see him at three o'clock—I'd stop outside his club. It was vital. Sure enough, he was standing on the curb, looking very bronzed and Gary Cooperish. 'Get in,' I said. I suppose he thought I just meant to run him around the block, because when I explained that I had to drive out to Mother's place and see how the repairs were getting on, and that it made me nervous to drive through the country alone at dusk, he began to yowl like a Comanche Indian. It seems he had an engagement to play squash at four. Eventually I had to shanghai him. I did it in as timid and flowerlike a way as I could, though."

"It was opening on a false note," was my comment.

"I made him forget that, once I'd got him past the outskirts of this wicked city. I talked to him about my soul. People thought me cynical and hard, I told him, but deep down within I was just a little, frightened child."

"What did he say to that?"

"He grunted, but it was an alluring, sympathetic kind of grunt. Incidentally, I'd found out before then that he knew all about how to drive my car. In fact, while there was still a chance of getting back to that squash, he was only too anxious to get his hands on the wheel. Where was I?"

"You were telling him about being a little, frightened child."

"Oh, my dear, it was beautiful! It was like a painting by one of the old masters, except for the motor lights, and the landscape, and the way we looked. My only distraction was my clock, which I had to watch constantly, because I'd planned everything as carefully as a great entrance. Sure enough, at exactly four forty-two I was passing a certain signboard, just as I'd arranged with Frank. 'Ting — Ting — Ting,' sounded the bell of the mechanical watchman. 'What's that?' Dennis asked. 'Oh, nothing,' I answered, though I must admit that in the back of my head had sprung the ugly thought, 'What if Frank dropped dead this noon? Maybe those pretty, red cheeks meant high blood pressure.'

"'It's a railroad track,' Dennis protested. 'Hadn't you better slow down?'

"'Oh no, we can make it,' I said lightly.

"The locomotive roared just as we struck the track. That gave me a perfect excuse for a convulsive moment. 'I've stalled the darn' thing!' I cried. 'Well, start it!' Dennis said, or, I might say, snapped. 'I'm trying to. Where's the starter?' I got the brake instead. 'I—Oh, Dennis!' With that I let my lovely, mutinous eyelashes fall on my cheek, and my head dropped back.

"'Get out of the way!' Dennis snarled at me, pushed me over, almost breaking my shoulder, and kicked my foot to one side.

"'The beautiful part of this is coming later,' I thought. 'How well I'll play the gratitude!' Then there came from the locomotive such a banshee yell as has seldom torn a brazen throat. 'Something is wrong,' I thought. 'Frank, if Frank it be, is warning me to get off this track. Well, it doesn't much matt—' and before I could even finish thinking the word 'matter' there came another brazen yell, and something heavy fell on my shoulder. My hero had fainted!

"WELL, I opened my eyes and across the fields I could see the locomotive charging towards us, while most of the mechanism of the car was covered by that limp form. Faster than I can say I pushed myself up the back of the seat, scrambled over that lolling mass, and clawed and kicked open the door. On the way I'd grabbed Dennis by the collar, and pulled him around.

"We must have been visible by then, but the engine didn't stop. 'I've killed us both,' I thought, changing my grip to under Dennis' arms, and hauling for all I was worth. There was another screech of that whistle, the glare of the searchlight streamed across us—"

She paused and gasped with the excitement of her story.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Not the double love-death that you seem to expect. The next thing I remember is Frank's voice yelling, 'What kind of a dahlia is that you've picked?' Frank climbed from his cab and helped me pull Dennis to a near-by bank, and went for water—"

"But what happened to Dennis?" I asked. "After all, an ex-football player—"

"Cooky," she stopped me, "you don't play football with engines roaring down on you. Of course, when we brought Dennis round he had a lot of explanations. He has a complex about yelling noises, and strong lights. Besides, he's a fainter, anyway. He fainted when he had to recite Horatius at the Bridge, and when he was inoculated for typhoid. Oh, there were plenty of explanations! In fact, I never expected to hear Dennis talk so much. He even proposed before we got home. I didn't take it as a compliment, though. I think he was just trying to get my mind off what had happened."

"I take it that you refused him?" I said.

"I'd hardly marry a man after he'd made me feel like a coal-heaver! Why, he didn't come out of my experiment half as well as you did. You sprang to my defense in Tony's like Dick Dare himself."

I beamed, half-wittedly pleased by that crumb of praise.

"Play that divine record again, will you, darling?" Vanessa requested.

AS I placed the record on the machine I couldn't resist allowing my professional pride a little expression.

"My advice was pretty good, wasn't it?" I smirked.

"All but your psychological advice," she replied. "That was punkerino!"

"Look here," I protested, "what did you expect me to know about his psychology? I took your word for that. And at least I've cured you. You needed a proposal from him, and you got it."

"It wasn't entirely the proposal that cured me," Vanessa said, those wickedly set eyes laughing. "You see I had my way with Dennis while he was unconscious. I kissed him twice—once on that cruel strong mouth, and once on the cross-line that cuts between his eyebrows. I'm afraid that was all that I wanted."

"Vanessa," I told her, "you outrage every ideal I have regarding your sex."

"My little eighteen-ninety sweetheart!" she called me. "Well, at least it didn't interfere with my career. A marriage would have messed things up. Why don't you start that record?"

I didn't, because her speech had convinced me that she needed to be spanked, and as that was impractical I caught her in my arms and kissed her.

"Why!" she gasped. "Why, Hugh! What's the idea?"

"I thought you might be interested to see what it's like to be loved, not just to love. I can't remember the eighteen-nineties but I can remember when women had a preference that way."

"But you turned into a different person!" She was breathing rather hard.

"Well, here's the record." I was elaborately casual.

She stopped me before I set the needle, however.

"That's not the kind of music for that kind of kiss. Haven't you the Blue Danube, or something?"

"We must think of your career, and not of varieties of the kiss."

"I was just wondering," she informed me, her eyes laughing again, "if it might not deepen my art."

"Of course it would deepen your art," I roared, "but darn your art, and darn your career. I'll make you forget them."

I flung my whole self into the effort.

"I love you, I love you, I love you!" I told her, with each appropriate gesture.

"You're marvelous, Hugh," Vanessa breathed, between two of my very best efforts.

"I'm glad you think so."

"After this," she told me, "I ought to be able to panic them as Juliet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILT WHISKERS

and give your face a new deal

Mennen Lather Shave does it with the stubbornest stubble

W. G. Mennen

"I'm talking to men who *hate* to shave. You men with tough beards and tender skins—let a shaving specialist give you a friendly tip:—

"WILT your WHISKERS—that's the simple secret to a peaceful shave. 'Wilting' means taking *all* the fight and resistance out of your beard. It's the *only* way you'll ever get comfort.

"WILTS WHISKERS—that's the job that Mennen Lather Shave does. It contains specially processed *tri-stearin*—the greatest whisker-wilter known to science!

"Lather up—and notice: the blade cuts clean. No pull. No stalling. No scraping. What about that stubborn stubble? Why, it acts like young fuzz.

Help Yourself to Skin Health

"Every Mennen Shave is also a *Skin Health Treatment*. Mennen lather gets into pores—deep in—loosens imbedded dirt deposits. Those deposits are often the cause of pimples, blackheads, muddy skin. After your Mennen shave you leave your face looking cleaner—*healthier!*"

MENNEN

Lather Shave

2 KINDS: PLAIN and MENTHOL-ICED

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

NEW SIZE 35¢ TUBES NOW 25¢

FOR SHORT TIME ONLY

Stay out of the Moonlight

Continued from page 19

my fault, Wheezer!" Sally cried, for she knew him well enough to call him that, had known him well ever since the day he brought around the preposterous sixty-dollar teething-ring with the big gold handle.

"I didn't mean to, Sally," the gentleman said sternly, "but all the same it is twice and you've been with him each time. Your grandfather was a house-wrecker and there may be some kind of taint in your blood. I don't know about that, but I do know that you've had queer runs of smashing things all your life, Sally. Be a little careful with Steve. I have plans for the boy."

"Who hasn't?" Sally sighed.

"And if he loses a couple of legs or a handful of vertebræ, they cannot be worked out," Mr. Lathrop pursued earnestly and wheezed just once. "It is most important that Steve go to Europe about the first of October. We are counting on him to negotiate certain agreements which may well have a highly stimulating effect upon our entire industry. One doesn't negotiate from a wheel-chair. One walks back and forth and makes gestures."

"I don't think Steve ought to go alone on a trip like that," Sally said soberly. "I think he ought to take along a wife—or somebody."

"He will take along one clerk and the best secretary in New York, and so—"

"Hey, not that red-headed man-eater you've got in your office?" Sally asked swiftly. "She puts stuff in her eyes to make them big like that, you know."

"—and so we will let Steve heal in solitude, as Ronny suggests," Mr. Lathrop plowed on doggedly, "and once he's around again, you will try to see that he's not banged up any more, won't you?"

"Wheezer, I think it's rotten of you to feel that way about me," Sally said warmly. "And I don't see why he can't take along the old stenographer lady with the rheumatism, the one who started business with you."

Benton Lathrop beamed over his rimless glasses. "Run along and play with the mud pies, Sally," he said, chucking her chin, "and don't you let my little boy fall down and hurt himself again."

THAT was on one of the earlier days of August. On one of the earlier days of September he was riding to town as usual in the club car of the 8:39 with Lucius B. Wyeth, sire of Sally, who had escaped from the Squammit Lake summer camp for a few days and was living home. Mr. Lathrop was in a state. He wheezed three to the minute.

"No, not a bone broken and no internal injuries," he conceded. "But—darn it! Steve's in the hospital *again!* I—I—I can't understand it!"

Sally's papa bit the end from his expensive cigar. He was a huge man, bald, with a bulbous nose, and very calm.

"Wheezer," he said, "there's nothing to understand, the way Sally tells it. They were driving along at no great speed—Sally was driving, of course—when the steering-gear broke and they left the road and hit the tree. No great harm done. Not a mark on Sally."

"Well, it'd take an adding-machine to count the marks on my Steve," Mr. Lathrop wheezed sourly. He gazed morosely at the half-completed row of saffron-colored suburban flats they were just passing.

"Your father was a born house-wrecker, Loosh; maybe some of the wrecking instinct carried over to Sally—but me, I'm thinking that it's planets and nothing else! Gad! I wish I hadn't let 'em laugh me out of that astrology woman. She's moved to Chicago now."

"I guess Sally was more shaken up than she let on, at that," Wyeth reflected and opened his paper. "I stuck my head in her room last night to see if she was all right, and she was talking in her sleep. Giggling, sort of. Kept saying she'd saved him again—saved him again. Her head was nice and cool, though. I felt it."

"Because all this may darned well be Saturn playing tag with Venus or Jupiter starting to turn cartwheels, and if it is we ought to do something about it," Mr. Lathrop fretted on. "What I mean, the ghastly periodicity of these things. An accident—and four weeks and another accident—and four weeks and *another* accident! It's well established that the moon—"

"Moon? Huh? Moon?" Mr. Wyeth interrupted and stared owlishly at his friend. He always stared owlishly when his mind had not quite groped its way around any subject. "Funny! Your speaking of the moon reminded me. Just as I was leaving her room last night she laughed in her sleep and said, as near as I could catch it: 'What price full moons now, you slinky snake?' I dunno; some such words, anyway. It sounded kind of goofy. I wonder if I ought to call up Ronny from the office and ask him about that?"

MR. LATHROP'S eyes bulged perceptibly.

"Full moons, eh? Well, there's the clue, like enough! Has she ever been queer about full moons before, Loosh?"

"She's never been queer about anything and she isn't now. She was dreaming about something, that's all."

Mr. Lathrop frowned.

"Planets! That's what it is—planets! And I've no time to go see this woman in Chicago, and all the same something's got to be done. That boy is booked to sail on the fifth of October and, I hope to tell you, we're not going to have another unfortunate happening *then*. We'll make sure those kids are kept far apart four weeks hence, and here's what occurs to me as a swell scheme. My cousin, Cornelia Wynchton—yes, the billionaire Wynchtons, Loosh—is starting one of her world-famous house parties up there near Stockbridge on the fourth. Everybody on earth, socially, 'll be there; women cut their throats and drown themselves in bathtubs when they're not invited. Might mean just about everything to a lovely young girl like Sally, eh? Your wife's told me again and again that I'm a dirty tramp for not sending your folks up to one of those shindigs, and she's right. Well, now I'm going to wangle a mighty pressing invitation from Cornelia for Sally and her mamma. Will you make dead certain that Sally accepts and gets out of Steve's neighborhood early on the fourth?"

"Sure. Do what I can," Mr. Wyeth yawned. When Wheezer went off on one of these pathetic astrological raves, he considered him no better than an old fool.

AT FOUR o'clock on the afternoon of October fourth, Benton (Wheezer) Lathrop dictated contentedly to his red-headed secretary, well aware that even now Sally Wyeth must be up near Stockbridge. At four on the same afternoon, Lucius B. Wyeth dictated contentedly to his tow-headed secretary,

(Continued on page 48)

WILT WHISKERS

and give your face a new deal

Mennen Brushless Shave does it—without greasing up your face

W. G. Mennen

"It's here! After 13 months of work, I've got something I want you to try—my brand new Brushless Shave.

"Common sense will tell you that I'd be foolish to make 'just another' brushless shave. If it is to win your approval, it's *got* to be something decidedly different, decidedly better.

"Well—it is. Let me tell you why!

"First—Mennen Brushless Shave is a real *whisker-wilter*. It contains specially processed tri-stearin (the same famous ingredient as in my lather shave). 'Wilting'—that's THE thing that matters in shaving. Wilting means taking *all* the fight out of the stubble—making the work of the blade easy.

"Second—Mennen Brushless Shave is a *cream—not a grease*... And, therefore, it gives your shave these....

3 Additional Improvements

1. **Washes off easily.** Off the face. Off the razor. Doesn't mess the bowl.
2. **Economical.** It spreads easier, so you can use less (about ⅓ less).
3. **Protects your skin.** Particularly good for dry, easily-irritated skins.

MENNEN

Brushless Shave

IT'S A CREAM—NOT A GREASE

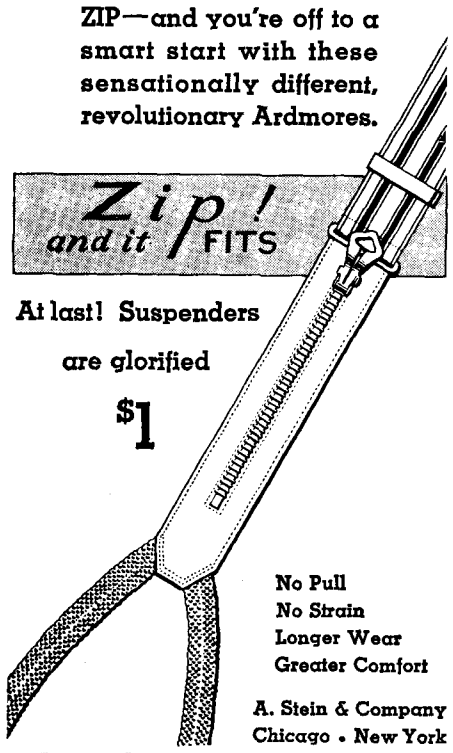
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

NEW 35¢ TUBE NOW 25¢

FOR SHORT TIME ONLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ardmore
New Suspender Style by
PARIS
Made in U. S. A.
ZIP—and you're off to a smart start with these sensationally different, revolutionary Ardmores.



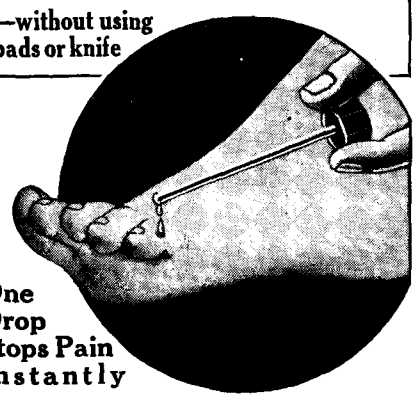
At last! Suspenders are glorified
$1
No Pull
No Strain
Longer Wear
Greater Comfort
A. Stein & Company
Chicago • New York

DANDRUFF
Scalp Irritations
LUCKY TIGER does the work now! Bacteriological tests prove its safety for both adults and children. For years millions have been buying it at their druggist's or barber's, and telling their friends about it. A single application stops that miserable itching, and a single bottle often corrects most annoying scalp irritations. But for

Dry—Unruly Hair
—Use our Whyte-Fox Hair Oil Dressing—a modern creation, not greasy, gummy or sticky.
10¢ For large and generous sample of both send 10¢ to

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Dept. A KANSAS CITY, MO.

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS
—without using pads or knife



One Drop Stops Pain Instantly
Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.
FREEZONE

(Continued from page 47)

for his wife was already rolling along up near Stockbridge and his daughter, who loathed long motor trips, would also get there pretty soon by train, and tonight six of the old poker gang he had known so well when he was poor were coming over to the house and there would be doings. And at four o'clock, nowhere at all near Stockbridge—indeed, right in her own bedroom—Sally Wyeth gave peevish ear to the apologies of Mary Curth (second booth, Ye Beautie Shoppe) for her extreme tardiness.

"Yes'm, I know you said the four-forty was the train you wanted to take up, Miss Wyeth, and I won't be two shakes doing your hair, but I just simply could not get away from her. All the things she had to have done, you'd think she was getting ready for her own wedding!"

"Who had to have done?" Sally asked without a trace of interest.

"Miss Gerda Reeves," Mary explained, laying out her tools. "And after that she had to show me her new traveling clothes and her new steamer clothes. I didn't—"

"We won't bother with my hair just now," Miss Wyeth said, as she wriggled into her own smart traveling gown and reached for her hat.

"What you going to do?" Mary cried blankly and noted—as she told Wheezer Lathrop about nine that evening when, among the last resorts, he called up Ye Beautie Shoppe—that Miss Wyeth's eyes had a queer, unholy sparkle in them, like she'd gone crazy or something. Her laugh was shrill and eerie.

"I had a hunch I ought to stick around!" Miss Wyeth breathed out quite ferociously. "Well, this time I'll make a job of it!". . . And yet she was as collected as you please when, scarce ten minutes later, she asked Watson, the Lathrop butler, if Mr. Stephen chanced to be about at that hour.

"Why, yes, miss, he came home early to finish his packing, he having to be at the office by ten in the morning to pick up some things before he sails at noon. I'll tell him you're here."

"I'll tell him myself," Sally said.

STEVE'S door was open. His grips were on the stool, one locked, the other still agape. He stood there gazing at two framed pictures on his dresser, one of Sally, the other of Gerda. It was like something in a movie.

"Be sure you take along the right one," Sally suggested.

Steve started perceptibly, yet his frown cleared at the sight of her.

"Well, I thought we'd said goodby? I thought you were up with the Wynchtons?"

"There's a Pullman on the evening train. Mother drove up with the Cowans and she just phoned back that she'd forgotten her whole pet toilet case, the same being at Squammit Lake. I have to whizz up and get it. Coming?"

"Not me," Stephen grinned. "Got a date for tonight."

"Doing what?"

"Paddling a canoe on the river."

"You don't paddle canoes till the moon's up and it won't take us much more than three hours to get back from Squammit. I'm scared stiff, driving alone in the dark, Steve. Care to change your mind?"

"I—no, I can't, kid," Stephen said uncomfortably.

"O. K. Anything that happens to me'll be your fault," Sally dimpled. Then she came close to him. "I won't be seeing you again, Steve—not ever really seeing you any more, I suppose. Be brazen and kiss me goodby again, and not too much big brother in it, either."

Stephen kissed her goodby again, thought over the first one for an instant and kissed her goodby still again.

"You're an awfully sweet kid, Sally," he said, not so very steadily.

"It's all right for you to be going to these lengths, is it? I mean, you're not engaged to a dark woman, or anything like that?"

"No, not—well, yet," Stephen muttered.

"Goodby, old-timer," Sally Wyeth whispered and, having kissed him for the very, very last time, turned away.

"Drat your hide, anyhow!" the younger Mr. Lathrop said abruptly. "I can't let you go alone, the way you drive. Only I'm taking the wheel and we're back here by seven-thirty. Is that understood?"

"Just so we get going, master," Miss Wyeth breathed.

Stephen hurried to the closet for his hat and light coat and so failed to observe the small, feverish patch on each of her cheeks or the fanatic shine in her eye, which suggested a dervish just getting ready to whirl like nobody's business.

CAME two o'clock next morning, and Wheezer Lathrop finally hung up the telephone in his study and turned burning, harried eyes upon the assembled company, which included his own wife, Watson the butler, Lucius B. Wyeth and three of the ruined poker party, who had come along when the excitement started on the chance that they might be able to help.

"Not one solitary trace of them!" Mr. Lathrop's wheeze announced. "No such car has been seen tonight within a hundred miles. They're not at your camp, in spite of what Watson thinks he overheard, Loosh. They're gone!"

"Yes, but they went somewhere," Mr. Wyeth pointed out. "When anyone goes, well, elsewhere, they have to be somewhere, don't they?"

Wheezer Lathrop, stricken though he was, peered almost malevolently at Mr. Wyeth.

"No report of a road accident from any of the police stations or any of the troopers' barracks! Every four weeks—and the Curth woman said she looked and acted loony and she said she was going to make a job of it this time. And she has! She's driven him over a cliff or into the bottom of a river!"

"Boloney!" Mr. Wyeth said. "They've probably eloped."

"Why should they? Would they elope without taking any clothes, when Steve's, at least, were all packed?" Wheezer rasped. "No, Loosh, it'd have paid me well to go see that woman in Chicago." Then he dropped his voice to a mortician tremolo and, although he probably didn't half believe it himself, added: "*The bottom of a river!*"

"What did you say about the bottom of a river, Benton?" his wife bleated. She was a dense, considerably overstuffed lady with very pale blue eyes, who frequently prompted the comment that Steve certainly must have got his brains from his father, and she always asked something like that.

YET Wheezer Lathrop was wrong, for—to hark back a little—Steve and Sally Wyeth reached Squammit Lake camp a bit ahead of schedule, without going anywhere near the bottom of a river. It stood black and silent in a chilly waterside gloom fairly peppered with equally black and silent camps, and no lighted window within miles; but the electricity and the telephone were still connected, for people week-ended up here occasionally during the fall. Sally switched on lamps and heaters and shivered.

"Cold, honey?" Stephen asked solicitously.

"Frozen stiff!" Sally chattered her way to the kitchen. "Aha, the refrigerator's still turned on. How about ham and eggs and black coffee?"

"No time. We have to start back."

"Highball, then?"

"One, maybe, to help warm you, kid."

"The vital principal's up in Pop's closet." Sally sparkled and made for the stairs. She was down again, bottle and all, humming, in two or three minutes. Cubes clinked in the kitchen and there was the audible fizz of carbonated water. Miss Wyeth returned with two glasses. Steve looked up at her rather enigmatically from his seat on the big couch.

"Well, I suppose you're going to beach the canoe in a dark spot up near the dam and beg her to make you the happiest man in the world and—why, I never knew you could blush, Steve! Teach me how."

"Could you learn?" Stephen sighed.

"All right, seeing that I asked for it," Sally said and raised her glass. "Well, whatever you think you want, Steve, here's hoping you get it!"

"And the same to you, my child," Stephen said briefly.

He never imbibed in the connoisseur manner, a sniff and a sip and so on. He gulped highballs. He gulped this one. He also shuddered and blinked, for Lucius B. Wyeth was a big, strong man and his closet held potent stuff.

"You look beastly tired, Steve."

"Stone dead," Steve confessed. "Been

"Watch me wow them with ten nails in rapid succession"
Walter Schmidt

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going like mad this past week, making up time lost in the hospital, getting ready to sail and all that."

"Stretch out on the couch for ten minutes and rest."

"Not a chance. We're starting back. Go get your toilet case."

"Stretch out for ten minutes, you poor, dumb brute!" Sally ordered, and stretched him out. "Want me to stroke your head?"

"No, I have to be hit by something before you can properly do that," Steve grinned, but he failed to shrink from her touch.

Came seven o'clock in the evening at Squammit Lake. Two heaters were going and just one light, and that would be out presently, for there is small sense in attracting natives and troopers to an ostensibly empty camp.

Sally returned from her ham and eggs, which do not go so well without fresh bread and butter, and frowned meditatively down on Stephen. He was sleeping heavily; in fact, he was snoring so that the whole place shook and it was probably all right, but in the end Sally went to the telephone, anyway. When she returned from the telephone she passed to the window and gazed at the rising full moon. No doubt she was scratching the end of her nose, although she rarely did that with her thumb.

The telephone began to ring and Stephen stirred restlessly. Sally hurried to the thing and kept her hand on the little gong until the disturbance subsided. She was not a telephone engineer and so had no means of knowing whether a couple of snipped wires were likely to bring down a repair crew. Eventually she tore a page from an old magazine, folded it and wedged it between clapper and gongs, and thereafter Mr. Bell's invention could only buzz faintly. It buzzed faintly, off and on, until nearly midnight.

Came seven o'clock in the morning at Squammit Lake and Sally threw off the blanket, yawned stiffly out of the deep reclining chair and went over for another look at Steve, who was cozily tucked in under the down quilt. He opened his eyes as she stroked his forehead, winked drowsily and thinly asked:

"What—hit me that time, Sally?"

"Nothing at all," Sally said soothingly. "You were just so absolutely exhausted that when you dropped off I let you sleep."

STEPHEN winked some more, caught the shimmer of October sunshine in the east windows and sat erect as suddenly as if someone had rammed a sail-needle up through the couch.

"*All night?*"

"You were sick for sleep, Steve," Sally said, with that sweet, throat-clutching smile of woman's utter self-abnegation.

"Yes, but—why, you're crazy, Sally! The—the scandal of the thing! The—"

"Oh, don't be quaint," Miss Wyeth sighed. "You don't have to marry me and make an honest woman of me. You were—so horribly in need of rest."

Then she sighed again, loudly, quiveringly, breathing out the whole picture of her besmirched future. She moved to the window, pushed back the curtains and moodily stared at Squammit Lake. Stephen arose groggily, gave three or four seconds to wondering which of the dynamite works furnished Lucius B. Wyeth's whisky, got his balance and, having swallowed twice at the mephitic blend of cayenne pepper, saddle-rug dust and raw quinine that was his present laryngeal coating, hurried over to Sally and took her limp, shame-wilted form in his arms.

"I think I'd like to make an honest woman of you, Sally," he said, "if you don't mind sailing for Europe at noon."

"No use, Steve; take it away." Sally smiled forlornly. "You go get yourself a slinky black one."

"I want a blond one. I know what I want—I want you!" Stephen said, much more convincingly, and kissed her; and he added: "Oh, Sally, you're the sweetest kid in the whole world!"

"Well, are you sure about that at last?" Miss Wyeth inquired and kissed Stephen, only this time she put her arms around his neck and *kissed* him.

"Honey—you are—are a sweet kid!" Stephen repeated, when that had gone on for several minutes. He was jerky of breath and there was a new, very satisfactory light in his eye. "Say, do you know we'll have to hustle if we're going to find somebody to marry us in time to catch that boat?"

"I suppose the—captain of the ship could—fix it up, in a—pinch," Sally contrived to say, "if you haven't—cracked quite—all my ribs."

CAME nine o'clock in the morning and Wheezer Lathrop turned again from his telephone and faced what remained of the company—Lucius B. Wyeth and the one survivor of the poker party, who had stayed for breakfast largely because he had never before been served by a real butler and wanted to know how it felt. Mr. Lathrop's wife had just comprehended what he meant by "the bottom of a river" and had gone upstairs to have some hysterics.

"They're married!" Mr. Lathrop said. "They'll be here in half an hour and you're to beat it home, Loosh, and have somebody pack Sally's things and find her passport. They're *married!*"

"Yeah?" Mr. Wyeth said tranquilly. "You don't suppose their children'll wheeze like you do, do you? I mean, the way things skip a generation."

Nevertheless, he left at once and drove home to see if there was a maid who knew how to find and pack Sally's things, and he was hardly inside the door when Dr. Ronald Foster came treading on his heels. Dr. Foster was greatly perturbed; he insisted that they go at once to the nauseating modernistic enclosure Lucius B. Wyeth had been forced to use for a den ever since the comfortable old things were thrown out.

"Professional ethics and the patient's confidential disclosures and all the rest of that rot be damned!" Dr. Foster said violently. "I've just heard that they haven't turned up yet and that you're all half crazy wondering what became of them. Well, I promised to keep my mouth shut, but there's a limit to all asininity, so I'll tell you what became of them. Your infernal kid lured him up to your Squammit Lake camp and drugged him!"

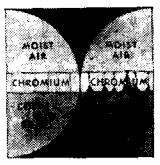
"Says which?" Mr. Wyeth asked, staring owlishly.

"She's obsessed with the idea that the Reeves girl or some other girl is going to marry Steve Lathrop. I tell you, sir, Sally is no more and no less than a mental case!" the physician declaimed. "But I've been thinking it over and I'm through! Through! She called me up from your camp last night and wanted to know if three of those sleeping powders I prescribed for your wife up there early in the summer would injure him. One is the dose, of course, but she'd given him *three* in a highball and she thought—God help us—that he passed out a little too quickly!"

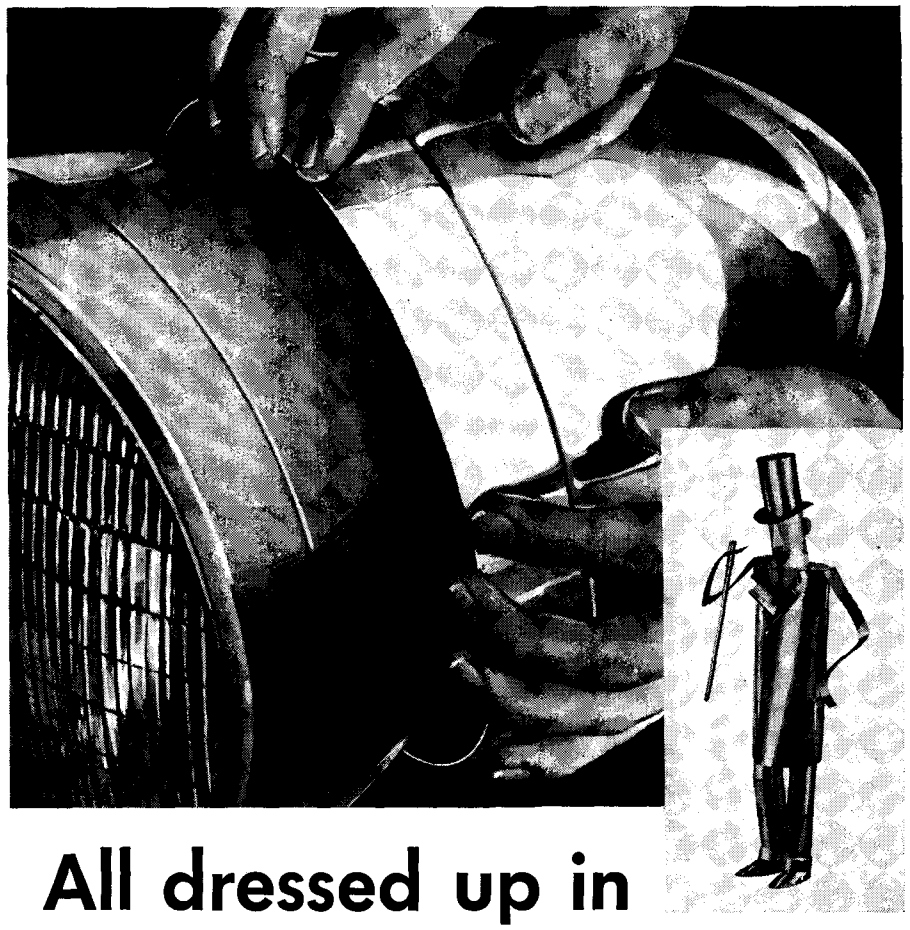
Here Dr. Foster paused and posed, his eyes flashing, one fist resting on the table, and waited for the blast of outraged parental decency. However, now that he had ceased to stare owlishly, Mr. Wyeth only yawned in his face. "What of it?" he said.

He was the hardest man to excite about anything.

Interesting news about COPPER and BRASS



(*Left*) **WHY THERE'S SOLID BRASS** under the chromium plate on well-made cars. Magnified sections of brass and of rustable metal, both chromium plated, are shown here after the same exposure. Moisture has crept through the tiny pores in the plating. Moisture may cause rust. Rust pushes off the plating . . . *Copper and brass can't rust.*

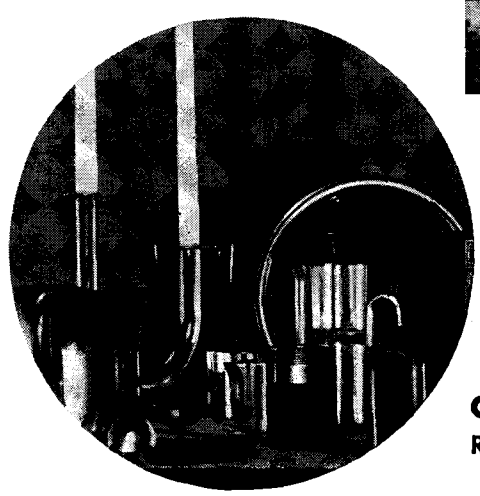


All dressed up in a coat of CHROMIUM...

But is there Solid Copper or Brass underneath?

OF COURSE, you can't actually *lift* that chromium plate off your auto lamp. But if you could, you'd discover it was a handsome coat—*worn on the outside*, and just the merest fraction of an inch thick. But that doesn't matter. *It's what's underneath that counts.* The chromium plate is permanent if the material underneath won't rust through. And it won't—if it's solid copper or brass. *They can't rust!* HINT: Ask—*before* you buy.

(*Left*) **AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM** you'll find this sound piece of copper pipe over 5,000 years old . . . That's the kind of durability you'll get under the surface of the objects shown below. There's solid copper or brass under the gleaming chromium, nickel, lacquer or enamel.



COME INTO THE KITCHEN—and see the lovely new pots and pans. Quick-heating copper, outside. Clean, sanitary chromium or tin, inside. Heirloom quality, throughout. From the cave men to the chefs in our best modern hotels, experts have always preferred to cook in copper.

COPPER & BRASS RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Oats for the Iron Horse

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was President, rising young statesmen won their reputations by fearlessly attacking the railroads. We were troubled by octopuses in those days—economic octopuses—and of them all the railroads were the most terrifying.

The railroads appear in a very different rôle today. President Franklin D. Roosevelt is menaced by no transportation octopus. On the contrary, he is importuned by a railroad Lazarus. Where once the railway magnates threatened, they must now borrow. The beggar's tin cup is their most dangerous weapon.

The most significant fact about the railroads is that in a changing world they have not changed. Revolutions have been wrought in other fields by scientists and inventors but the railroads have been reluctant to change.

So far as the traveling public is aware, not much has happened to the railroads in the last forty years. Of course important improvements have been actually made but railroad travel is no faster today than it was when Chicago opened its World's Fair in 1893. In many sections of the country railroad service is in fact worse than it was a generation ago.

This does not imply that railroad managers are less intelligent or less forceful than other Americans. It does imply that the policies they have pursued have not been astute. They have been defensive. They centered thought on fighting public regulation. They fought the competition of motor trucks and of inland waterways. They deplored the competition of private passenger automobiles. They looked to bankers and to financiers for leadership. In a changing world they were too busy to change.

The railroads sought by legal regulation to restrain the new competition of barges, trucks, automobiles and airplanes. Being themselves regulated, it was natural enough for them to adopt this policy. It would, however, have been far wiser to employ invention and so to improve railroad service as to make competition unprofitable.

This is not impossible. Germany and England are experimenting with cars and train service faster than anything we possess. Seventy to eighty miles is possible, while many of our trains are kept down to thirty or forty miles an hour.

Some American roads have been successfully trying out passenger rates low enough to take traffic from busses.

In various other ways experiments are being made with the purpose of making radical improvements in freight and passenger service. The tragedy from the railroad point of view is that so much time was wasted.

At any rate, the railroads drifted until now something radically different in the way of operation and control is inescapable. Recently banks and insurance companies which own railroad securities created a committee to inquire into their railroad investments.

The committee was first headed by Calvin Coolidge. When Mr. Coolidge died Bernard M. Baruch became chairman. Alfred E. Smith is a member of the committee which employed Harold G. Moulton and a staff of economists to make a technical inquiry. The facts assembled for these investors indicate plainly enough the inevitable changes.

Although it is true that the railroads' loss of traffic because of the depression is the present occasion of their troubles, it is also true that separate and competing ownership and management entail wasteful expenditures which cannot be justified.

Better and cheaper railroad service can be had. It will be necessary, however, to abandon the costly duplication of services now demanded of competing railroads. Operators, not bankers, must be put in control of railroad transportation so as to develop its technical possibilities.

The logic of the situation suggests two important developments:

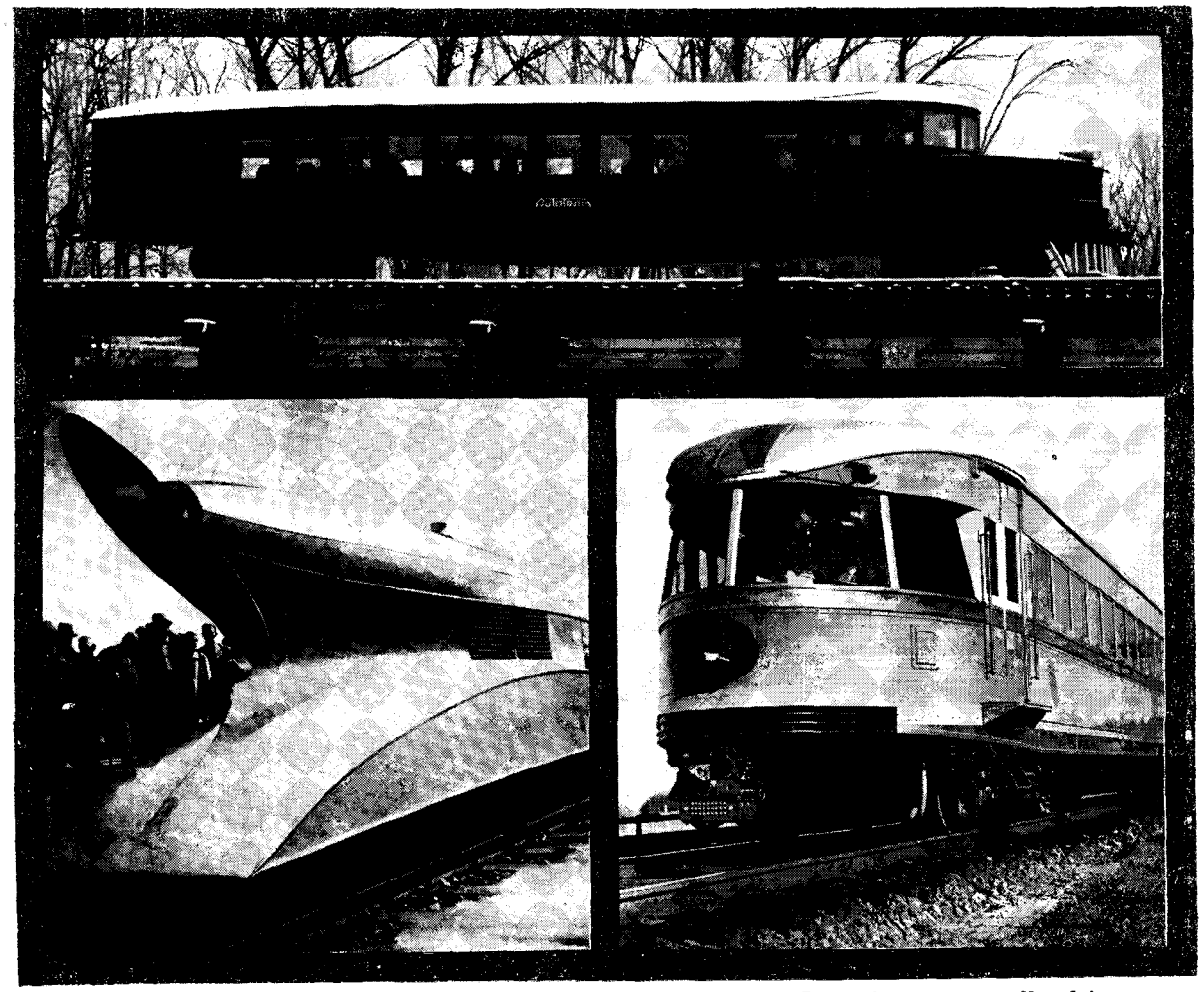
First, the regulation of all the facilities of transportation: Railroads, waterways, motor highways and airlines must be put under the supervision of a single government agency. In no other way is it possible to adopt and to administer a reasonable public policy toward the railroads or toward other forms of transportation.

Second, the railroads must ultimately be merged into a single national system. In no other way is it possible to eliminate the waste of duplicated terminals and service.

There will be no great opposition to this unification if it is wisely managed. Security owners will be glad enough to exchange their railroad bonds for government paper, even at substantial discounts.

The capital structure of some railroads inevitably will be made smaller through reorganization, but a general writing-down of railroad securities is improbable. Rates are not based on the amount of stocks and bonds issued by railroads and so travelers and shippers are not interested. Then an increase of as little as twenty per cent in traffic would remove most of the pressing financial difficulties faced by the roads. During the last decade, furthermore, the Interstate Commerce Commission has approved all new railroad securities actually issued. The interest rates of bonds during the boom years were less than five per cent. Only in a general writing down of capital values would it be necessary or desirable to decapitalize many roads.

When the change is effected the railroads will be able to render better public service than has ever before been possible. Give the competent railroad manager an unfettered opportunity to improve transportation and we shall be pleasantly surprised at the achievements possible.



Above, American high-speed railway coach in service in Michigan. Left, German propeller-driven car which can make 143 miles an hour. Right, electric railway coach for extremely high-speed suburban service

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRING *Tonic*

FOR TIRED POCKETBOOKS

—a new, economical, (and very charming) Hupmobile for no more than you are spending on your old car now!

•

Look at that old car of yours standing at the curb . . . all out of key with Spring's new landscape. And a tiring drain on your pocketbook —with its greedy appetite for gas and oil, its high monthly quota of repair bills.

Why punish your pride and your pocketbook . . . when probably you can drive a Hupmobile for the same money you are spending now?

Figure it out. Your old car—if it hasn't gone too far—may serve as the *entire* down payment on a new Hupmobile. Ask our dealer. The extra money you waste now on gas, oil and repair bills may equal the monthly installments on the new car. Get the figures.

And get this! . . . for $995 you get a Hupmobile with a wheel base 121 inches long . . . you get the speed and power of its magnificent 90-horse power motor . . . you get one of the smartest car designs ever seen at any price. It's the value of the year! The greatest car Hupmobile has ever built. At the most attractive price ever offered.

Careful investors, shrewd spenders, will understand the logic of trading-in their old cars for Hupmobiles. And only Hupmobile will satisfy them. For 25 years it has been built just for the careful investor. For the man who buys with an eye to the future . . . and uses a telescope besides. Who appreciates that Hupmobile's finer engineering, better materials, more careful workmanship mean higher trade-in value, longer life, and lower upkeep costs . . . *a powerful combination.*

Three chassis (Series 321, 322, 326)
Four body styles on each

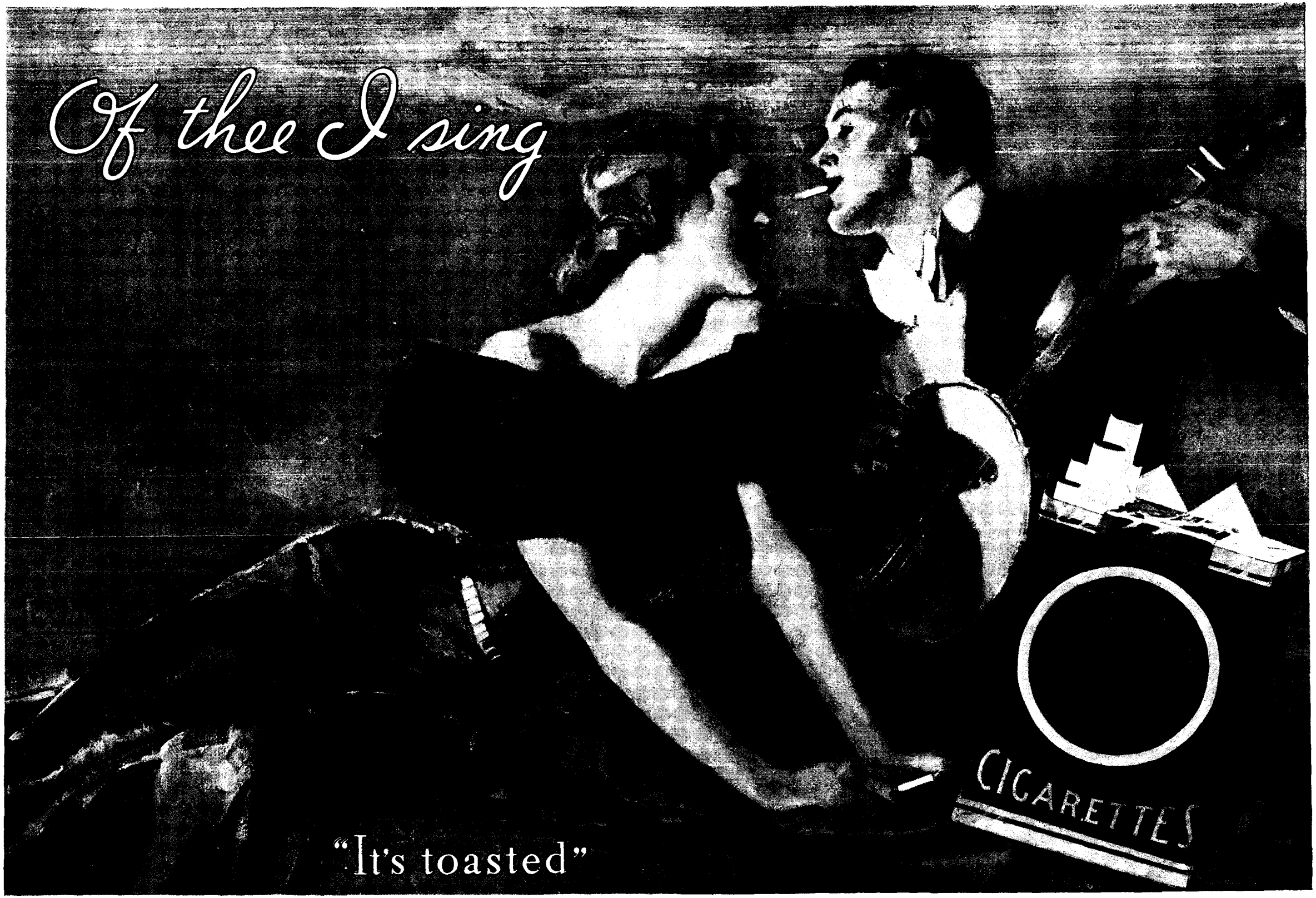
Hupmobile

Sedan prices $995 to $1445 at factory

Cabriolet-Roadster (Series 321) . . . $1095 *(Standard Equipped) at Factory*

HUPMOBILE • THE CAR OF THE CAREFUL INVESTOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED